THE

TATLER.

VOLUME THE THIRD.



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1797.

ORIGINAL DEDICATION

TO TATLER, VOL. III.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM, LORD COWPER [a],

BARON OF WINGHAM.

My Lord,

After having long celebrated the ſuperior graces and excellencies, among men, in an imaginary character, I do myſelf the honour to ſhew my

[a] William Cowper, eſq; ſoon after being called to the bar, was appointed one of king William's council; he ſucceeded ſir Nathan Wright, as lord keeper of the great ſeal, Oct. 11, 1705; was created baron Cowper of Wingham, Nov. 9, 1706, and appointed lord chancellor, May 4, 1707; which poſt he held till Sept. 14, 1710. On the acceſſion of king George he was again appointed lord chancellor, and, on reſigning the great ſeal, was created earl Cowper, and viſcount Fordwich, March 18, 1717-18. He nobly refuſed to accept new-years-gifts from the counſellors at law, which had been long given to his predeceſſors; and, what is ſtill more to his honour, foreſaw and oppoſed the deſtructive meaſures of the South Sea bubble, in 1720. He died Oct. 10, 1723. It is recorded, and ought always to be mentioned to the honour of lord Cowper, that when he was chancellor, though in friendſhip with the duke of Marlborough, and of the ſame political principles, he nobly refuſed, and perſiſted in his refuſal, to put the broad ſeal of his office to a tremendous commiſſion for making his grace generaliſſimo for life.

veneration for tranſcendent merit under my own name, in this addreſs to your lordſhip. The juſt application of thoſe high accompliſhments of which you are maſter, has been an advantage to all your fellow-ſubjects; and it is from the common obligation you have laid upon all the world, that I, though a private man, can pretend to be affected with, or take the liberty to acknowledge, your great talents and public virtues.

It gives a pleaſing proſpect to your friends, that is to ſay, to the friends of your country, that you have paſſed through the higheſt offices, at an age when others uſually do but form to themſelves the hopes of them. They may expect to ſee you in the houſe of lords as many years as you were aſcending to it. It is our common good, that your admirable eloquence can now no longer be employed, but in the expreſſion of your own ſentiments and judgment. The

As lord Cowper was a man of principle, and of the party which Swift abandoned and abuſed, his lordſhip is groſsly miſrepreſented in the pamphlets of that licentious writer, eſpecially in the Examiner, and what he calls his Hiſtory of the Four laſt Years of Q. Anne, compiled from no better materials than the lies of the day, which were coined, and delivered out to him for the purpoſe of writing libels and party papers. For the proof of this, the reader is referred to the Miſcellaneous Works of the Earl of Cheſterfield, 1777, vol. ii. p. 498, 4to. 2 vols. Earl Cowper's public character is well known. He was the patron and friend of Mr. John Hughes, whom, when chancellor, he appointed his ſecretary for the commiſſions of the peace, without any previous ſolicitation. On his reſignation of the great ſeal, he recommended him to his ſucceſſor, lord C. Parker. The curious may ſee vouchers of his taſte and private virtues, in Hughes's Correſpondence, *paſſim*, 3 vols. cr. 8vo. 1772.

ſkilful pleader is now for ever changed into the juſt judge; which latter character your lordſhip exerts with ſo prevailing an impartiality, that you win the approbation even of thoſe who diſſent from you, and you always obtain favour, becauſe you are never moved by it.

This gives you a certain dignity peculiar to your preſent ſituation, and makes the equity, even of a lord high chancellor, appear but a degree towards the magnanimity of a peer of Great Britain.

Forgive me, my lord, when I cannot conceal from you, that I ſhall never hereafter behold you, but I ſhall behold you, as lately, defending the brave and the unfortunate [b].

When we attend to your lordſhip engaged in a diſcourſe, we cannot but reflect upon the many requiſites which the vain-glorious ſpeakers of antiquity have demanded in a man who is to excel in oratory; I ſay, my lord, when we reflect upon the precepts by viewing the example, though there is no excellence propoſed by thoſe rhetoricians wanting, the whole art ſeems to be reſolved into that one motive of ſpeaking, ſincerity in the intention. The graceful manner, the apt geſture, and the aſſumed concern, are impotent helps to perſuaſion, in compariſon of the honeſt countenance of him who utters what he really means. From whence it is, that all the beauties which others attain with labour, are in your lordſhip but the natural effects of the heart that dictates.

[b] The duke of Marlborough.

It is this noble ſimplicity, which makes you ſurpaſs mankind in the faculties wherein mankind are diſtinguiſhed from other creatures, reaſon and ſpeech.

If theſe gifts were communicated to all men in proportion to the truth and ardour of their hearts, I ſhould ſpeak of you with the ſame force as you expreſs yourſelf on any other ſubject. But I reſiſt my preſent impulſe, as agreeable as it is to me; though indeed, had I any pretenſions to a fame of this kind, I ſhould, above all other themes, attempt a panegyric upon my lord Cowper: for the only ſure way to a reputation for eloquence, in an age wherein that perfect orator lives, is to chooſe an argument, upon which he himſelf muſt of neceſſity be ſilent.

I am, my lord,

Your lordſhip's moſt devoted,

moſt obedient, and moſt humble ſervant,

RICHARD STEELE [c].

[c] 'When Steele's patent, as governor of the theatre-royal, paſſed the great ſeal, lord chancellor Cowper, in compliment to ſir Richard, would receive no fee.' Life of C. Cibber, vol. ii. p. 47, edit. 1756, 2 vols. 12mo.

THE

TATLER.

N° 115. Tuesday, January 3, 1709-10.

STEELE AND ADDISON [a].

——*Novum intervenit vitium et calamitas,*
Ut neque spectari, neque cognosci potuerit:
Ita populus studio stupidus in funambulo
Animum occupârat. TER. Prol. de Hecyra.

A tumult so uncommon interven'd,
As neither could be seen, nor understood:
So taken were the people, so engag'd
With a rope-dancer! COLMAN.

Sheer-lane, January 2.

I WENT on Friday last to the opera, and was surprised to find a thin house at so noble an entertainment, until I heard that the tumbler [b] was

[a] N° 115 is not among the papers of Addison republished by Mr. Tickell; nor is it attributed to Addison by Mr. Byron; nevertheless, it is highly probable that Addison was the author of the whole, or at least of a part of it. It is ascribed to Addison. 1. On the strength of the slight alteration directed to be made in it, at the close of N° 117. 2dly, Because what relates to the knight of the Peak, is much in Addison's manner, and apparently of the nature and in the number of the pleasantries and oblique strokes which would never have come into daylight without shelter; the real author was therefore concealed by Steele, both from the public and from Mr. Tickell. See also N° 117, *ad finem.*

[b] See N° 108, written by Addison; parag. 2.

not to make his appearance that night. For my own part, I was fully ſatisfied with the ſight of an actor, who, by the grace and propriety of his action and geſture, does honour to an human figure, as much as the other vilifies and degrades it. Every one will eaſily imagine I mean ſignior Nicolini [c], who ſets off the character he bears in an opera by his action, as much as he does the words of it by his voice. Every limb, and every finger, contributes to the part he acts, inſomuch that a deaf man might go along with him in the ſenſe of it. There is ſcarce a beautiful poſture in an old ſtatue which he does not plant himſelf in, as the different circumſtances of the ſtory give occaſion for it. He performs the moſt ordinary action in a manner ſuitable to the greatneſs of his character, and ſhews the prince even in the giving of a letter, or diſpatching of a meſſage. Our beſt actors are ſomewhat at a loſs to ſupport themſelves with proper geſture, as they move from any conſiderable diſtance to the front of the ſtage; but I have ſeen the perſon of whom I am now ſpeaking enter alone at the remoteſt part of it, and advance from it, with ſuch greatneſs of air, and mien, as ſeemed to fill the ſtage, and at the ſame time commanded the attention of the audience with

[c] Nicholini Grimaldi, called ſignior Nicolini de Napoli, came into England in 1708, and made his firſt appearance in the opera of Camilla. He was dignified with the title of cavaliero di San Marco, not more for his ſinging, than his perſonal merit. Mr. Galliard affirms, as Steele, or whoever was the author of this paper does here, that he was both a fine actor, and a good ſinger. He is commended in like manner in both capacities, Spectator, N° 405.

the majeſty of his appearance. But, notwithſtanding the dignity and elegance of this entertainment, I find for ſome nights paſt, that Punchinello has robbed this gentleman of the greater part of his female ſpectators. The truth of it is, I find it ſo very hard a taſk to keep that ſex under any manner of government, that I have often reſolved to give them over entirely, and leave them to their own inventions. I was in hopes that I had brought them to ſome order, and was employing my thoughts on the reformation of their petticoats, when on a ſudden I received information from all parts, that they run gadding after a puppet-ſhew. I know very well, that what I here ſay will be thought by ſome malicious perſons to flow from envy to Mr. Powell; for which reaſon I ſhall ſet the late diſpute between us in a true light [d]. Mr. Powell and I had ſome difference about four months ago, which we managed by way of letter, as learned men ought to do; and I was very well contented to bear ſuch ſarcaſms as he was pleaſed to throw upon me, and anſwered them with the ſame freedom. In the midſt of this our miſunderſtanding and correſpondence, I happened to give the world an account of the order of eſquires; upon which Mr. Powell was ſo diſingenuous, as to make one of his puppets, I wiſh I knew which of them it was, declare, by way of prologue, that one Iſaac Bickerſtaff, a pretended eſquire, had written a ſcurrilous piece, to the diſhonour of that rank of men; and then,

[d] See N° 44, N° 45, and notes.

with more art than honeſty, concluded, that all the eſquires in the pit were abuſed by his antagoniſt as much as he was. This public accuſation made all the eſquires of that county, and ſeveral of other parts, my profeſſed enemies. I do not in the leaſt queſtion but that he will proceed in his hoſtilities; and I am informed that part of his deſign in coming to town, was to carry the war into my own quarters. I do, therefore, ſolemnly declare, notwithſtanding that I am a great lover of art and ingenuity, that if I hear he opens any of his people's mouths againſt me, I ſhall not fail to write a critique upon his whole performance; for I muſt confeſs, that I have naturally ſo ſtrong a deſire of praiſe, that I cannot bear reproach, though from a piece of timber. As for Punch, who takes all opportunities of beſpattering me, I know very well his original, and have been aſſured by the joiner who put him together, that he was in long diſpute with himſelf, whether he ſhould turn him into ſeveral pegs and utenſils, or make him the man he is. The ſame perſon confeſſed to me, that he had once actually laid aſide his head for a nutcracker. As for his ſcolding wife, however ſhe may value herſelf at preſent, it is very well known, that ſhe is but a piece of crab-tree. This artificer further whiſpered in my ear, that all his courtiers and nobles were taken out of a quick-ſet hedge not far from Iſlington; and that doctor Fauſtus himſelf, who is now ſo great a conjurer, is ſuppoſed to have learned his whole art from an old woman in that neighbourhood, whom he long ſerved in the figure of a broom-ſtaff.

But, perhaps, it may look trivial to inſiſt ſo much upon mens' perſons; I ſhall, therefore, turn my thoughts rather to examine their behaviour, and conſider, whether the ſeveral parts are written up to that character, which Mr. Powell piques himſelf upon, of an able and judicious dramatiſt. I have for this purpoſe provided myſelf with the works of above twenty French critics, and ſhall examine, by the rules which they have laid down upon the art of the ſtage, whether the unity of time, place, and action, be rightly obſerved in any one of this celebrated author's productions; as alſo, whether in the parts of his ſeveral actors, and that of Punch in particular, there is not ſometimes an impropriety of ſentiments, and an impurity of diction.

White's Chocolate-houſe, January 2.

I CAME in here to-day at an hour when only the dead appear in places of reſort and gallantry, and ſaw hung up the eſcutcheon of ſir Hannibal [e], a gentleman who uſed to frequent this place, and was taken up, and interred, by the company of upholders, as having been ſeen here at an unlicenſed hour. The coat of the deceaſed is, three bowls and a jack in a green field; the creſt, a dice-box, with the king of

[e] Sir James Baker, commonly called the knight of the Peak, as this writer has been credibly informed, was the perſon ſuppoſed to be here alluded to, under the fictitious name of ſir Hannibal. He is mentioned under his own name, N° 118, in the poſtſcript of John Partridge's letter from the banks of Styx.

clubs and pam for ſupporters. Some days ago the body was carried out of town with great pomp and ceremony, in order to be buried with his anceſtors at the Peak. It is a maxim in morality, that we are to ſpeak nothing but truth of the living, nothing but good of the dead. As I have carefully obſerved the firſt during his lifetime, I ſhall acquit myſelf as to the latter now he is deceaſed.

He was knighted very young, not in the ordinary form, but by the common conſent of mankind.

He was in his perſon between round and ſquare; in the motion and geſture of his body he was unaffected and free, as not having too great a reſpect for ſuperiors. He was in his diſcourſe bold and intrepid; and, as every one has an excellence as well as a failing, which diſtinguiſhes him from other men, eloquence was his predominant quality, which he had to ſo great perfection, that it was eaſier to him to ſpeak, than to hold his tongue. This ſometimes expoſed him to the deriſion of men who had much leſs parts than himſelf: and indeed his great volubility, and inimitable [f] manner of ſpeaking [g], as well as the great courage he ſhewed on thoſe occaſions, did ſometimes betray him into that figure of ſpeech which is commonly diſtinguiſhed by the name of gaſconade. To mention no other, he profeſſed in this very place, ſome days before he died, that he would

[f] Folio, ineſtimable altered to inimitable, by direction in N° 117.

[g] See N° 36, and N° 73.

be one of the ſix that would undertake to aſſault me; for which reaſon I have had his figure upon my wall until the hour of his death [h]: and am reſolved for the future to bury every one forthwith who I hear has an intention to kill me.

Since I am upon the ſubject of my adverſaries, I ſhall here publiſh a ſhort letter, which I have received from a well-wiſher, and is as follows.

'SAGE SIR,

'YOU cannot but know, there are many ſcribblers, and others, who revile you, and your writings [i]. It is wondered that you do not exert yourſelf, and cruſh them at once.

I am, Sir, with great reſpect,

Your moſt humble admirer and diſciple.'

In anſwer to this, I ſhall act like my predeceſſor Æſop, and give him a fable inſtead of a reply.

It happened one day, as a ſtout and honeſt maſtiff, that guarded the village where he lived

[h] See N° 93, and N° 105.

[i] Steele by being the oſtenſible editor, and ſometimes the author of the publications in the Tatler againſt the ſharpers, to uſe his own words, 'brought a war upon himſelf,' in the courſe of which, he was not only reviled, but threatened with perſonal aſſaults, and aſſaſſination. A proof of this is related on the reſpectable authority of the late admiral Forbes, and ſeems to be alluded to in the preceding part of this very paper. The curious may ſee the particulars, in the account given of lord Forbes in a note on Tat. N° 271. See alſo Steele's Apology, &c. 4to. 1714, p. 84.

againſt thieves and robbers, was very gravely walking, with one of his puppies by his ſide, all the little dogs in the ſtreet gathered about him, and barked at him. The little puppy was ſo offended at this affront done to his ſire, that he aſked him why he would not fall upon them, and tear them to pieces? To which the ſire anſwered with great compoſure of mind, 'If there were no curs, I ſhould be no maſtiff.'

N° 116. Thurſday, January 5, 1709-10.
ADDISON[k].

——*Pars minima eſt ipſa puella ſui.* OVID.

The young lady is the leaſt part of herſelf.

Sheer-lane, January 4.

THE court being prepared for proceeding on the cauſe of the petticoat, I gave orders to bring in a criminal, who was taken up as ſhe went out of the puppet-ſhew about three nights ago, and was now ſtanding in the ſtreet, with a great concourſe of people about her. Word was brought me, that ſhe had endeavoured twice or thrice to come in, but could not do it by reaſon of her petticoat, which was too large for the entrance of my houſe, though I had ordered

[k] This paper, N° 116, is aſcribed to Addiſon on the authority of the MS. notes of Chriſtopher Byron, eſq. communicated by J—n H——y, of M. See N° 74, note. It is likewiſe re-printed as Addiſon's, doubtleſs on the authority of the liſt delivered by Steele to Mr. Tickell.

both the folding doors to be thrown open for its reception. Upon this, I deſired the jury of matrons, who ſtood at my right-hand, to inform themſelves of her condition, and know whether there were any private reaſons why ſhe might not make her appearance ſeparate from her petticoat. This was managed with great diſcretion, and had ſuch an effect, that upon the return of the verdict from the bench of matrons, I iſſued out an order forthwith, that the criminal ſhould be ſtripped of her incumbrances, until ſhe became little enough to enter my houſe. I had before given directions for an engine of ſeveral legs, that could contract or open itſelf like the top of an umbrella, in order to place the petticoat upon it, by which means I might take a leiſurely ſurvey of it, as it ſhould appear in its proper dimenſions. This was all done accordingly; and forthwith, upon the cloſing of the engine, the petticoat was brought into court. I then directed the machine to be ſet upon the table, and dilated in ſuch a manner as to ſhew the garment in its utmoſt circumference; but my great hall was too narrow for the experiment: for, before it was half unfolded, it deſcribed ſo immoderate a circle, that the lower part of it bruſhed upon my face as I ſat in my chair of judicature. I then inquired for the perſon that belonged to the petticoat; and to my great ſurpriſe was directed to a very beautiful young damſel, with ſo pretty a face and ſhape, that I bid her come out of the crowd, and ſeated her upon a little crock at my left hand. 'My pretty maid,' ſaid I, 'do you own yourſelf to

have been the inhabitant of the garment before us?' The girl, I found, had good ſenſe, and told me with a ſmile, that, notwithſtanding it was her own petticoat, ſhe ſhould be very glad to ſee an example made of it; and that ſhe wore it for no other reaſon, but that ſhe had a mind to look as big and burly as other perſons of her quality; that ſhe had kept out of it as long as ſhe could, and until ſhe began to appear little in the eyes of her acquaintance; that if ſhe laid it aſide, people would think ſhe was not made like other women. I always gave great allowances to the fair ſex upon account of the faſhion, and, therefore, was not diſpleaſed with the defence of my pretty criminal. I then ordered the veſt which ſtood before us to be drawn up by a pully to the top of my great hall, and afterwards to be ſpread open by the engine it was placed upon, in ſuch a manner, that it formed a very ſplendid and ample canopy over our heads, and covered the whole court of judicature with a kind of ſilken rotunda, in its form not unlike the cupola of Saint Paul's. I entered upon the whole cauſe with great ſatisfaction as I ſat under the ſhadow of it.

The counſel for the petticoat were now called in, and ordered to produce what they had to ſay againſt the popular cry which was raiſed againſt it. They anſwered the objections with great ſtrength and ſolidity of argument, and expatiated in very florid harangues, which they did not fail to ſet off and furbelow, if I may be allowed the metaphor, with many periodical ſentences and turns of oratory. The chief argu-

ments for their client were taken, firſt, from the great benefit that might ariſe to our woollen manufactory from this invention, which was calculated as follows. The common petticoat has not above four yards in the circumference; whereas this over our heads had more in the ſemi-diameter; ſo that, by allowing it twenty-four yards in the circumference, the five millions of woollen petticoats which, according to ſir William Petty, ſuppoſing what ought to be ſuppoſed in a well-governed ſtate, that all petticoats are made of that ſtuff, would amount to thirty millions of thoſe of the ancient mode. A prodigious improvement of the woollen trade! and what could not fail to ſink the power of France in a few years.

To introduce the ſecond argument, they begged leave to read a petition of the rope-makers, wherein it was repreſented, that the demand for cords, and the price of them, were much riſen ſince this faſhion came up. At this, all the company who were preſent lifted up their eyes into the vault; and I muſt confeſs, we did diſcover many traces of cordage, which were interwoven in the ſtiffening of the drapery.

A third argument was founded upon a petition of the Greenland trade, which likewiſe repreſented the great conſumption of whale-bone which would be occaſioned by the preſent faſhion, and the benefit which would thereby accrue to that branch of the Britiſh trade.

To conclude, they gently touched upon the weight and unwieldineſs of the garment, which they inſinuated might be of great uſe to preſerve the honour of families.

Theſe arguments would have wrought very much upon me, as I then told the company in a long and elaborate diſcourſe, had I not conſidered the great and additional expence which ſuch faſhions would bring upon fathers and huſbands; and, therefore, by no means to be thought of until ſome years after a peace. I further urged, that it would be a prejudice to the ladies themſelves, who could never expect to have any money in the pocket, if they laid out ſo much on the petticoat. To this I added, the great temptation it might give to virgins, of acting in ſecurity like married women, and by that means give a check to matrimony, an inſtitution always encouraged by wiſe ſocieties.

At the ſame time, in anſwer to the ſeveral petitions produced on that ſide, I ſhewed one ſubſcribed by the women of ſeveral perſons of quality, humbly ſetting forth, that, ſince the introduction of this mode, their reſpective ladies had, inſtead of beſtowing on them their caſt gowns, cut them into ſhreds, and mixed them with the cordage and buckram, to complete the ſtiffening of their under petticoats. For which, and ſundry other reaſons, I pronounced the petticoat a forfeiture: but, to ſhew that I did not make that judgment for the ſake of filthy lucre, I ordered it to be folded up, and ſent it as a preſent to a widow-gentlewoman, who has five daughters; deſiring ſhe would make each of them a petticoat out of it, and ſend me back the remainder, which I deſign to cut into ſtomachers, caps, facings of my waiſtcoat-ſleeves, and other garnitures ſuitable to my age and quality.

I would not be underſtood, that while I diſcard this monſtrous invention, I am an enemy to the proper ornaments of the fair ſex. On the contrary, as the hand of nature has poured on them ſuch a profuſion of charms and graces, and ſent them into the world more amiable and finiſhed than the reſt of her works; ſo I would have them beſtow upon themſelves all the additional beauties that art can ſupply them with, provided it does not interfere with, diſguiſe, or pervert thoſe of nature.

I conſider woman as a beautiful romantic animal, that may be adorned with furs and feathers, pearls and diamonds, ores and ſilks. The lynx ſhall caſt its ſkin at her feet to make her a tippet; the peacock, parrot, and ſwan ſhall pay contributions to her muff; the ſea ſhall be ſearched for ſhells, and the rocks for gems; and every part of nature furniſh out its ſhare towards the embelliſhment of a creature that is the moſt conſummate work of it. All this I ſhall indulge them in; but as for the petticoat I have been ſpeaking of, I neither can nor will allow it.

N° 117. Saturday, January 7, 1709-10.
ADDISON[1].

Durate, et voſmet rebus ſervate ſecundis.

VIRG. Æn. i. 211.

Endure the hardſhips of your preſent ſtate,
Live, and reſerve yourſelves for better fate.

DRYDEN.

Sheer-lane, January 6.

WHEN I look into the frame and conſtitution of my own mind, there is no part of it which I obſerve with greater ſatisfaction, than that tenderneſs and concern which it bears for the good and happineſs of mankind. My own circumſtances are indeed ſo narrow and ſcanty, that I ſhould taſte but very little pleaſure, could I receive it only from thoſe enjoyments which are in my own poſſeſſion; but by this great tincture of humanity, which I find in all my thoughts and reflections, I am happier than any ſingle perſon can be, with all the wealth, ſtrength, beauty, and ſucceſs, that can be conferred upon a mortal, if he only reliſhes ſuch a proportion of theſe bleſſings as is veſted in himſelf, and in his own private property. By this

[1] This number is re-printed as Addiſon's, by Mr. Tickell, on the authority, no doubt, of the liſt delivered to him by Steele. It is likewiſe aſcribed to Addiſon, in the MS. notes of Chriſtopher Byron, eſq; communicated by J—n H——y, of Mancheſter. See N° 74, note.

means, every man that does himſelf any real ſervice does me a kindneſs. I come in for my ſhare in all the good that happens to a man of merit and virtue, and partake of many gifts of fortune and power that I was never born to. There is nothing in particular in which I ſo much rejoice as the deliverance of good and generous ſpirits out of dangers, difficulties, and diſtreſſes. And, becauſe the world does not ſupply inſtances of this kind to furniſh out ſufficient entertainments for ſuch an humanity and benevolence of temper, I have ever delighted in reading the hiſtory of ages paſt, which draws together into a narrow compaſs the great occurrences and events that are but thinly ſown in thoſe tracts of time, which lie within our own knowledge and obſervation. When I ſee the life of a great man, who has deſerved well of his country, after having ſtruggled through all the oppoſitions of prejudice and envy, breaking out with luſtre, and ſhining forth in all the ſplendour of ſucceſs, I cloſe my book, and am a happy man for a whole evening.

But ſince in hiſtory events are of a mixed nature, and often happen alike to the worthleſs and the deſerving, inſomuch that we frequently ſee a virtuous man dying in the midſt of diſappointments and calamities, and the vicious ending their days in proſperity and peace; I love to amuſe myſelf with the accounts I meet with in fabulous hiſtories and fictions[m]: for in this kind of writing we have always the pleaſure of

[m] See what is ſaid on the Athenian theatre, N° 82.

ſeeing vice puniſhed, and virtue rewarded. Indeed, were we able to view a man in the whole circle of his exiſtence, we ſhould have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing it cloſe with happineſs or miſery, according to his proper merit: but though our view of him is interrupted by death, before the finiſhing of his adventures, if I may ſo ſpeak, we may be ſure, that the concluſion and cataſtrophe is altogether ſuitable to his behaviour. On the contrary, the whole being of a man, conſidered as an hero or a knight-errant, is comprehended within the limits of a poem or romance, and therefore always ends to our ſatisfaction; ſo that inventions of this kind are like food and exerciſe to a good-natured diſpoſition, which they pleaſe and gratify, at the ſame time that they nouriſh and ſtrengthen. The greater the affliction is in which we ſee our favourites in theſe relations engaged, the greater is the pleaſure we take in ſeeing them relieved.

Among the many feigned hiſtories which I have met with in my reading, there is none in which the hero's perplexity is greater, and the winding out of it more difficult, than that in a French author whoſe name I have forgot. It ſo happens, that the hero's miſtreſs was the ſiſter of his moſt intimate friend, who for certain reaſons was given out to be dead, while he was preparing to leave his country in queſt of adventures. The hero having heard of his friend's death, immediately repaired to his miſtreſs, to condole with her, and comfort her. Upon his arrival in her garden, he diſcovered at a diſtance a man claſped in her arms, and embraced with

the moſt endearing tenderneſs. What ſhould he do? It did not conſiſt with the gentleneſs of a knight-errant either to kill his miſtreſs, or the man whom ſhe was pleaſed to favour. At the ſame time, it would have ſpoiled a romance, ſhould he have laid violent hands on himſelf. In ſhort, he immediately entered upon his adventures; and, after a long ſeries of exploits, found out by degrees that the perſon he ſaw in his miſtreſs's arms was her own brother, taking leave of her before he left his country, and the embrace ſhe gave him nothing elſe but the affectionate farewell of a ſiſter: ſo that he had at once the two greateſt ſatisfactions that could enter into the heart of man, in finding his friend alive whom he thought dead; and his miſtreſs faithful, whom he had believed inconſtant.

There are indeed ſome diſaſters ſo very fatal, that it is impoſſible for any accidents to rectify them. Of this kind was that of poor Lucretia [n]; and yet we ſee Ovid has found an expedient even in this caſe. He deſcribes a beautiful and royal virgin walking on the ſea-ſhore, where ſhe was diſcovered by Neptune, and violated after a long and unſucceſsful importunity. To mitigate her ſorrow, he offers her whatever ſhe could wiſh for. Never certainly was the wit of woman more puzzled in finding out a ſtratagem to retrieve her honour. Had ſhe deſired to be changed into a ſtock or ſtone, a beaſt, fiſh, or fowl, ſhe would have been a loſer by it: or had ſhe deſired to have been made a ſea-nymph,

[n] See N° 84.

or a goddeſs, her immortality would but have perpetuated her diſgrace. ‘ Give me, therefore,’ ſaid ſhe, ‘ ſuch a ſhape as may make me incapable of ſuffering again the like calamity, or of being reproached for what I have already ſuffered.’ To be ſhort, ſhe was turned into a man, and, by that only means, avoided the danger and imputation ſhe ſo much dreaded.

I was once myſelf in agonies of grief that are unutterable, and in ſo great a diſtraction of mind, that I thought myſelf even out of the poſſibility of receiving comfort. The occaſion was as follows. When I was a youth in a part of the army which was then quartered at Dover, I fell in love with an agreeable young woman, of a good family in thoſe parts °, and had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing my addreſſes kindly received, which occaſioned the perplexity I am going to relate.

We were in a calm evening diverting ourſelves upon the top of the cliff with the proſpect of the ſea, and trifling away the time in ſuch little fondneſſes as are moſt ridiculous to people in buſineſs, and moſt agreeable to thoſe in love.

In the midſt of theſe our innocent endearments, ſhe ſnatched a paper of verſes out of my hand, and ran away with them. I was following her, when on a ſudden the ground, though at a conſiderable diſtance from the verge of the precipice, ſunk under her, and threw

° This is all the information on record concerning Steele's firſt wife, by whom he got a plantation in Barbadoes. She died it ſeems a few months after their marriage. His ſecond wife, Mrs. Mary Scurlock, attended the funeral of his firſt.

her down from ſo prodigious an height upon ſuch a range of rocks, as would have daſhed her into ten thouſand pieces, had her body been made of adamant. It is much eaſier for my reader to imagine my ſtate of mind upon ſuch an occaſion, than for me to expreſs it. I ſaid to myſelf, it is not in the power of heaven to relieve me! when I awaked, equally tranſported and aſtoniſhed, to ſee myſelf drawn out of an affliction which, the very moment before, appeared to me altogether inextricable [P].

The impreſſions of grief and horror were ſo lively on this occaſion, that while they laſted they made me more miſerable than I was at the real death of this beloved perſon, which happened a few months after, at a time when the match between us was concluded; inaſmuch as the imaginary death was untimely, and I myſelf in a ſort an acceſſory; whereas her real deceaſe had at leaſt theſe alleviations, of being natural and inevitable.

The memory of the dream I have related ſtill dwells ſo ſtrongly upon me, that I can never read the deſcription of Dover-cliff in Shakſpeare's tragedy of King Lear, without a freſh ſenſe of my eſcape. The proſpect from that place is drawn with ſuch proper incidents, that whoever

[P] One of the fineſt moral tales I ever read is an account in the Tatler, which, though it has every appearance of a real dream, comprehends a moral ſo ſublime and ſo intereſting, that I queſtion whether any man who attends to it can ever forget it; and if he remembers, whether he can ever ceaſe to be the better for it.' Dr. Beattie's Diſſertations, Moral and Critical, 4to. 1783.

can read it without growing giddy muſt have a good head, or a very bad one.

Come on, ſir, here's the place; ſtand ſtill! how fearful
And dizzy 'tis to caſt one's eyes ſo low?
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air,
Show ſcarce as groſs as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers ſamphire—Dreadful trade!
Methinks he ſeems no bigger than his head.
The fiſhermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice, and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminiſh'd to her boat; her boat! a buoy
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight. The murmuring ſurge
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles beats,
Cannot be heard ſo high. I'll look no more,
Leſt my brain turn.

N. B. In the Tatler of Tueſday laſt [N° 115] for 'ineſtimable' read 'inimitable.' Tatler in folio.

*** 'The parcel of letters, value 10s. 3d. with the ſubſequent letter, is received, for which Mr. Bickerſtaff gives his thanks and humble ſervice.'

The expence of this parcel indicates that it was a large one, made up probably of liberal contributions from Bickerſtaff's friends in Ireland. The correction in N° 115, was probably pointed out to Steele in this parcel, and intimated by him immediately, at the requeſt of the real author of that paper, or of the part of it relative to the knight of the Peak, in which Steele, if he had been the author, would never have thought of making ſo ſlight an alteration. The letter from John Partridge, in the following N° 118, was no doubt a part of the parcel announced here; and in this belief the annotator has taken the liberty to join the name of Addiſon to Steele's at the top of that paper, conceiving it to contain ſome of Addiſon's pleaſantries, which Steele concealed both from the public, and Mr. Tickell; and for which he patiently ſuffered himſelf to be 'traduced and calumniated.'

N° 118. Tueſday, January 10, 1709-10.
STEELE AND ADDISON.

Luſiſti ſatis, ediſti ſatis, atque bibiſti,
Tempus abire tibi.—— HOR. 2. Ep. ii. 214.

Already glutted with a farce of age,
'Tis time for thee to quit the wanton ſtage.

FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, January 8.

I THOUGHT to have given over my proſecution of the dead for this ſeaſon, having by me many other projects for the reformation of mankind; but I have received ſo many complaints from ſuch different hands, that I ſhall diſoblige multitudes of my correſpondents, if I do not take notice of them. Some of the deceaſed, who, I thought, had been laid quietly in their graves, are ſuch hobgoblins in public aſſemblies, that I muſt be forced to deal with them as Evander did with his triple-lived adverſary; who, according to Virgil, was forced to kill him thrice over, before he could diſpatch him.

Ter letho ſternendus erat.——
——Thrice I ſent him to the Stygian ſhore.

I am likewiſe informed, that ſeveral wives of my dead men have, ſince the deceaſe of their huſbands, been ſeen in many public places, without mourning or regard to common decency.

I am further adviſed, that ſeveral of the defunct, contrary to the woollen act [q], preſume to dreſs themſelves in lace, embroidery, ſilks, muſlins, and other ornaments forbidden to perſons in their condition. Theſe and other the like informations moving me thereunto, I muſt deſire, for diſtinction ſake, and to conclude this ſubject for ever, that when any of theſe poſthumous perſons appear, or are ſpoken of, that their wives may be called widows; their houſes, ſepulchres; their chariots, hearſes; and their garments, flannel: on which condition, they ſhall be allowed all the conveniencies that dead men can in reaſon deſire.

As I was writing this morning on this ſubject, I received the following letter:

From the banks of Styx.

'Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

'I MUST confeſs, I treated you very ſcurrilouſly when you firſt ſent me hither; but you have diſpatched ſuch multitudes after me to keep me in countenance, that I am very well reconciled both to you, and my condition. We live very lovingly together; for as death makes us all equal, it makes us very much delight in one another's company. Our time paſſes away much after the ſame manner as it did when we were among you; eating, drinking, and ſleeping, are our chief diverſions. Our Quidnuncs between whiles go to a coffee-houſe, where they

[q] 30 Cha. II. c. 3.

have ſeveral warm liquors made of the waters of Lethe, with very good poppy-tea. We that are the ſprightly geniuſes of the place refreſh ourſelves frequently with a bottle of mum, and tell ſtories until we fall aſleep. You would do well to ſend among us Mr. Dodwell's [r] book againſt the immortality of the ſoul, which would be of great conſolation to our whole fraternity, who would be very glad to find that they are dead for good and all, and would in particular make me reſt for ever. Yours,

JOHN PARTRIDGE.

'P. S. Sir James [s] is juſt arrived here in good health.'

The foregoing letter was the more pleaſing to me, becauſe I perceive ſome little ſymptoms in

[r] Henry Dodwell, M. A. a pious and learned writer in the end of the 17th, and the beginning of the 18th century, a native of Dublin, born in 1641; after a very ſtudious and aſcetick courſe of life, he died at Shotteſbrooke, in 1711, and in the 70th year of his age. He was a zealous and conſcientious non-juror, and in order to exalt the powers and dignity of the prieſthood in that communion which he conceived to be the peculium of God, he endeavoured to prove, with his uſual perplexity of learning, that the doctrine of the ſoul's natural mortality was the true and original doctrine, and that immortality was only conferred on the ſoul at baptiſm, by the gift of God, through the hands of one ſet of regularly-ordained clergy.

[s] Not ſir James, the waiter of the coffee-houſe, ludicrouſly ſo called, but the perſon called ſir Hannibal, in N° 115, whoſe real name was ſir James Baker, by courteſy commonly called, or nick-named, the knight of the Peak. Addiſon was moſt probably the author of this letter. See N° 115, introductory note; and N° 117, note *ad finem*.

it of a reſuſcitation; and, having lately ſeen the predictions of this author, which are written in a true proteſtant ſpirit of prophecy, and a particular zeal againſt the French king, I have ſome thoughts of ſending for him from the banks of Styx, and reinſtating him in his own houſe, at the ſign of the Globe in Saliſbury-ſtreet. For the encouragement of him and others, I ſhall offer to their conſideration a letter, which gives me an account of the revival of one of their brethren.

December 31.

'SIR,

'I HAVE peruſed your Tatler of this day [t], and have wept over it with great pleaſure; I wiſh you would be more frequent in your family-pieces. For as I conſider you under the notion of a great deſigner, I think theſe are not your leaſt valuable performances. I am glad to find you have given over your face-painting for ſome time, becauſe I think you have employed yourſelf more in groteſque figures than in beauties; for which reaſon I would rather ſee you work upon hiſtory-pieces, than on ſingle portraits. Your ſeveral draughts of dead men appear to me as pictures of ſtill-life, and have done great good in the place where I live. The eſquire of a neighbouring village, who had been a long time in the number of non-entities, is entirely recovered by them. For theſe ſeveral

[t] See N° 114. On the death of a moſt amiable woman. N° 95, exhibits a beautiful picture of her, and is a very fine family-piece.

years paſt there was not an hare in the county that could be at reſt for him; and, I think, the greateſt exploit he ever boaſted of was, that, when he was high ſheriff of the county, he hunted a fox ſo far, that he could not follow him any farther by the laws of the land. All the hours he ſpent at home were in ſwelling himſelf with October, and rehearſing the wonders he did in the field. Upon reading your papers, he has ſold his dogs, ſhook off his dead companions, looked into his eſtate, got the multiplication-table by heart, paid his tithes, and intends to take upon him the office of church-warden next year. I wiſh the ſame ſucceſs with your other patients, and am, &c.'

Ditto, January 9.

When I came home this evening, a very tight middle-aged woman preſented to me the following petition:

'To the Worſhipful Iſaac Bickerſtaff, eſquire, cenſor of Great Britain. The humble petition of Penelope Prim, widow, Sheweth,

'That your petitioner was bred a clear-ſtarcher and ſempſtreſs, and for many years worked to the Exchange, and to ſeveral aldermens' wives, lawyers' clerks, and merchants' apprentices.

'That through the ſcarcity cauſed by regrators of bread corn, of which ſtarch is made, and the gentry's immoderate frequenting the operas, the ladies, to ſave charges, have their heads waſhed at home, and the beaux put out

their linen to common laundreſſes. So that your petitioner has little or no work at her trade: for want of which, ſhe is reduced to ſuch neceſſity, that ſhe and her ſeven fatherleſs children muſt inevitably periſh, unleſs relieved by your worſhip.

'That your petitioner is informed, that in contempt of your judgment pronounced on Tueſday the third inſtant * againſt the new-faſhioned petticoat, or old-faſhioned fardingal, the ladies deſign to go on in that dreſs. And ſince it is preſumed your worſhip will not ſuppreſs them by force, your petitioner humbly deſires you would order, that ruffs may be added to the dreſs; and that ſhe may be heard by her counſel, who has aſſured your petitioner he has ſuch cogent reaſons to offer to your court, that ruffs and fardingals are inſeperable, that he queſtions not but two thirds of the greateſt beauties about town will have cambric collars on their necks before the end of Eaſter term next. He further ſays, that the deſign of our great grandmothers in this petticoat, was to appear much bigger than the life; for which reaſon they had falſe ſhoulder-blades, like wings, and the ruff above mentioned, to make the upper and lower parts of their bodies appear proportionable; whereas the figure of a woman in the preſent dreſs bears, as he calls it, the figure of a cone, which, as he adviſes, is the ſame with that of an extinguiſher, with a little knob at the upper end, and widening downward, until it ends in a baſis of a moſt enormous circumference.

* See Tat. N° 116.

'Your petitioner, therefore, moſt humbly prays, that you would reſtore the ruff to the fardingal, which in their nature ought to be as inſeperable as the two Hungarian twins [x].

'And your petitioner ſhall ever pray.'

[x] Helen and Judith, two united twin-ſiſters, were born at Tzoni in Hungary, Oct. 26, 1701; lived to the age of twenty-one, and died in a convent at Peterſburg, Feb. 23, 1723. The mother, it is ſaid, ſurvived their birth, bore another child afterwards, and was alive when her ſingular twins were ſhewn here, at a houſe in the Strand, near Charing-Croſs, in 1708.

The writers of a periodical publication at that time ſeem to have examined them carefully, with a view, no doubt, to enable themſelves to anſwer the many and multifarious queſtions of their correſpondents concerning them. But the information given in their work is moſtly of ſuch a nature, that it cannot be tranſcribed here. Thoſe who are deſirous of it may conſult The Britiſh Apollo, vol. i. N°s 35, 36, 37, &c. in folio, an. 1708.

The natural hiſtory of the twins here ſpoken of is well worthy of notice; but, for reaſons very obvious, a detail of it would be improper in this work. The curious may gratify their curioſity, by turning to Buffon, Supplement à L'Hiſt. Natur. tome viii. 12mo 1778; ſuivant la copie en 4to. p. 410, *et ſeqq.* But the narrative in the ſupplement to Buffon above mentioned, is but a lame abſtract from a much more ſatiſfactory account given by M. Juſtus Joannes Tortos, M. from the papers of his father-in-law, Carl. Rayger, ſurgeon in ordinary to the convent in which theſe young women were placed by a prieſt who bought them, and where they died at the time before mentioned, within a few minutes of each other.

This account was tranſmitted to the royal ſociety, and is recorded, for the ſatisfaction of the curious, in the Phil. Tranſac. vol. l. part 1, for the year 1757, art. 39.

Nothing more can be well ſaid of the Hungarian twins here, but that they were well ſhaped, had beautiful faces, and loved each other tenderly; they could read, write, and ſing very prettily: they ſpoke the Hungarian, High, Low

I have examined into the allegations of this petition, and find, by ſeveral ancient pictures of my own predeceſſors, particularly that of dame Deborah Bickerſtaff, my great grandmother, that the ruff and fardingal are made uſe of as abſolutely neceſſary to preſerve the ſymmetry of the figure; and Mrs. Pyramid Bickerſtaff[y], her ſecond ſiſter, is recorded in our family book, with ſome obſervations to her diſadvantage, as the firſt female of our houſe that diſcovered, to any beſides her nurſe and her huſband, an inch below her chin, or above her inſtep. This convinces me of the reaſonableneſs of Mrs. Prim's demand; and, therefore, I ſhall not allow the reviving of any one part of that ancient mode, except the whole is complied with. Mrs. Prim is, therefore, hereby impowered to carry home ruffs to ſuch as ſhe ſhall ſee in the above-men-

Dutch and French languages, and learnt Engliſh when they were in this country.

There is an account, not very diſſimilar, of two united twin-brothers, born in Scotland in 1490, in the reign of James IV. who likewiſe ſpoke ſeveral languages, made a conſiderable proficiency in muſic, and lived twenty-eight years. V. Buchanni Hiſt. Rer. Scot. Edinb. 1700, lib. xiii. p. 350.

[y] Commodes were probably in uſe, if not in faſhion, at the time to which the pedigree in the text has a retroſpect. But, by the apparent derivation of the lady's name from the enormous height of her head-dreſs, the author ſeems to allude to the prepoſterous mode of a period irreconcileable to his genealogy, when the ladies erected ſuch pyramids on their heads, that the face was the center of the body. It is but juſtice to add, that the men at the ſame period wore ſhoes ſo long and picked, that they were forced to ſupport the points by chains from their middle. See Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting, &c. vol. i. p. 38. 8vo. 1785, 5 vols.

tioned petticoats, and require payment on demand.

'Mr. Bickerſtaff has under conſideration the offer from the corporation of Colcheſter of four hundred pounds per annum, to be paid quarterly, provided that all his dead perſons ſhall be obliged to wear the baize [z] of that place [a].'

N° 119. Thurſday, January 12, 1709-10.
ADDISON [b].

In tenui labor—— VIRG. Georg. lib. iv. 6.

In wiſdom haſt thou made them all! PSALM civ. 24.

Sheer-lane, January 11.

I HAVE lately applied myſelf with much ſatisfaction to the curious diſcoveries that have been made by the help of microſcopes, as they are related by authors of our own and other nations. There is a great deal of pleaſure in prying into this world of wonders, which nature has laid out of ſight, and ſeems induſtrious to conceal from us. Philoſophy had ranged over all the

[z] This alludes to the woollen act, 30 Charles II. chap. 3, mentioned in the beginning of this paper.

[a] See Tat. N° 117, note on the poſtage of a parcel of letters, p. 20; which ſeems to juſtify the aſſignment of part at leaſt of this paper, N° 118, to Addiſon.

[b] On the authority of Mr. Tickell, who has re-printed this paper in his edition of Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. ii. p. 235, in which he profeſſes to have been guided entirely with reſpect to Addiſon's papers in the Tatler, by a liſt of them given to him by Steele.

viſible creation, and began to want objects for her inquiries, when the preſent age, by the invention of glaſſes, opened a new and inexhauſtible magazine of rarities, more wonderful and amazing than any of thoſe which aſtoniſhed our forefathers. I was yeſterday amuſing myſelf with ſpeculations of this kind, and reflecting upon the myriads of animals that ſwim in thoſe little ſeas of juices that are contained in the ſeveral veſſels of an human body. While my mind was thus filled with that ſecret wonder and delight, I could not but look upon myſelf as in an act of devotion, and am very well pleaſed with the thought of the great heathen anatomiſt [c], who calls his deſcription of the parts of an human body, An Hymn to the Supreme Being. The reading of the day produced in my imagination an agreeable morning's dream, if I may call it ſuch; for I am ſtill in doubt whether it paſſed in my ſleeping, or waking, thoughts. However it was, I fancied that my good-genius ſtood at my bed's head, and entertained me with the following diſcourſe; for, upon my riſing, it dwelt ſo ſtrongly upon me, that I writ down the ſubſtance of it, if not the very words.

'If,' ſaid he, 'you can be ſo tranſported with thoſe productions of nature which are diſcovered to you by thoſe artificial eyes, that are the works of human invention, how great will your ſurpriſe be, when you ſhall have it in your power to model your own eye as you pleaſe, and

[c] Galenus:—*De Uſu Partium.*

adapt it to the bulk and diſtance of objects, which, with all theſe helps, are by infinite degrees too minute for your perception. We who are unbodied ſpirits can ſharpen our ſight to what degree we think fit, and make the leaſt work of the creation diſtinct, and viſible. This gives us ſuch ideas as cannot poſſibly enter into your preſent conceptions. There is not the leaſt particle of matter which may not furniſh one of us ſufficient employment for a whole eternity. We can ſtill divide it, and ſtill open it, and ſtill diſcover new wonders of Providence, as we look into the different texture of its parts, and meet with beds of vegetables, minerals, and metallic mixtures, and ſeveral kinds of animals that lie hid, and as it were loſt, in ſuch an endleſs fund of matter. I find you are ſurpriſed at this diſcourſe; but as your reaſon tells you there are infinite parts in the ſmalleſt portion of matter, it will likewiſe convince you, that there is as great a variety of ſecrets, and as much room for diſcoveries, in a particle no bigger than the point of a pin, as in the globe of the whole earth. Your microſcopes bring to ſight ſhoals of living creatures in a ſpoonful of vinegar; but we who can diſtinguiſh them in their different magnitudes, ſee among them ſeveral huge leviathans that terrify the little fry of animals about them, and take their paſtime as in an ocean, or the great deep.' I could not but ſmile at this part of his relation, and told him, I doubted not but he could give me the hiſtory of ſeveral inviſible giants, accompanied with their reſpective dwarfs, in caſe that any of theſe

little beings are of an human ſhape. 'You may aſſure yourſelf,' ſaid he, 'that we ſee in theſe little animals different natures, inſtincts, and modes of life, which correſpond to what you obſerve in creatures of bigger dimenſions. We deſcry millions of ſpecies ſubſiſted on a green leaf, which your glaſſes repreſent only in crowds and ſwarms. What appears to your eye but as hair, or down, riſing on the ſurface of it, we find to be woods and foreſts, inhabited by beaſts of prey, that are as dreadful in thoſe their little haunts, as lions and tigers in the deſerts of Libya.' I was much delighted with his diſcourſe, and could not forbear telling him, that I ſhould be wonderfully pleaſed to ſee a natural hiſtory of imperceptibles, containing a true account of ſuch vegetables and animals as grow, and live, out of ſight.' 'Such diſquiſitions,' anſwered he, 'are very ſuitable to reaſonable creatures; and you may be ſure, there are many curious ſpirits among us who employ themſelves in ſuch amuſements. For as our hands, and all our ſenſes, may be formed to what degree of ſtrength, and delicacy, we pleaſe, in the ſame manner as our ſight, we can make what experiments we are inclined to, how ſmall ſoever the matter be in which we make them. I have been preſent at the diſſection of a mite, and have ſeen the ſkeleton of a flea. I have been ſhewn a foreſt of numberleſs trees, which has been picked out of an acorn. Your microſcope can ſhew you in it a complete oak in miniature; and could you ſuit all your organs as we do, you might pluck an acorn from this

little oak, which contains another tree; and ſo proceed from tree to tree, as long as you would think fit to continue your diſquiſitions. It is almoſt impoſſible,' added he, 'to talk of things ſo remote from common life, and the ordinary notions which mankind receive from blunt and groſs organs of ſenſe, without appearing extravagant and ridiculous. You have often ſeen a dog opened, to obſerve the circulation of the blood, or make any other uſeful inquiry; and yet would be tempted to laugh if I ſhould tell you, that a circle of much greater philoſophers than any of the royal ſociety, were preſent at the cutting up of one of thoſe little animals which we find in the blue of a plum: that it was tied down alive before them; and that they obſerved the palpitations of the heart, the courſe of the blood, the working of the muſcles, and the convulſions in the ſeveral limbs, with great accuracy, and improvement.' 'I muſt confeſs,' ſaid I, 'for my own part, I go along with you in all your diſcoveries with great pleaſure: but it is certain, they are too fine for the groſs of mankind, who are more ſtruck with the deſcription of every thing that is great and bulky. Accordingly we find the beſt judge of human nature ſetting forth his wiſdom, not in the formation of theſe minute animals, though indeed no leſs wonderful than the other, but in that of the leviathan and behemoth [d], the horſe and the crocodile.' 'Your obſervation,' ſaid he, 'is very juſt; and I muſt acknowledge, for my own

[d] See Job, chap. xxxix. xl. xli.

part, that although it is with much delight that I ſee the traces of Providence in theſe inſtances, I ſtill take greater pleaſure in conſidering the works of the creation in their immenſity, than in their minuteneſs. For this reaſon, I rejoice when I ſtrengthen my ſight ſo as to make it pierce into the moſt remote ſpaces, and take a view of thoſe heavenly bodies which lie out of the reach of human eyes, though aſſiſted by teleſcopes. What you look upon as one confuſed white in the milky-way, appears to me a long track of heavens, diſtinguiſhed by ſtars that are ranged in proper figures and conſtellations. While you are admiring the ſky in a ſtarry night, I am entertained with a variety of worlds and ſuns placed one above another, and riſing up to ſuch an immenſe diſtance, that no created eye can ſee an end of them [e].'

[e] 'We inhabit a planet of a ſtratum belonging to a compound nebula of the third form. In the crowded part of the Milky Way, I have had fields of view that contained no leſs than 588 ſtars, and theſe were continued for many minutes; ſo that in one quarter of an hour's time, there paſſed through my field of view, no fewer than 116000 ſtars. Among the great number of nebulæ which I have already ſeen, amounting to more than 900, there are many which in all probability are equally extenſive with that we inhabit; and yet they are all ſeparated from each other by conſiderable intervals.

'That the Milky Way is a moſt extenſive ſtratum of ſtars of various ſizes, admits no longer of the leaſt doubt; that our ſun is actually one of the heavenly bodies belonging to it, is as evident.' Herſchel, Philoſ. Tranſ. vol. lxxv. for 1785.

In 1702, Wilſon diſcovered his ingenious improvements on the method of employing ſingle lenſes with ſhort foci, in the uſe of which Leuenhoek and others were very expert and judicious. Wilſon's microſcope ſtill makes a neceſſary part

The latter part of his diſcourſe flung me into ſuch an aſtoniſhment, that he had been ſilent for ſome time before I took notice of it; when on a ſudden I ſtarted up, and drew my curtains, to look if any one was near me, but ſaw nobody, and cannot tell to this moment whether it was my good genius, or a dream, that left me.

of M. Leiburkhun's ſolar microſcope, adapted for the examination of opaque objects. In 1710, Adams publiſhed his method of making ſmall globules, for large magnifiers: there were too at this time micrometors, though very imperfect, and both Gregorian, and Newtonian teleſcopes. By original principles, ſince diſcovered, theſe inſtruments are now artificial eyes much improved, and enable us, with leſs labour and expence, to examine the works of creation both in their minuteneſs and immenſity. For our better teleſcopes, we are chiefly indebted to Meſſrs. Dollonds and Herſchel. The curious may have recourſe for the proof of this, and farther information, to Dr. Prieſtley's Hiſt. of Viſion, Light, and Colours, *paſſim.* 4to. 1772.

N° 120. Saturday, January 14, 1709-10.
ADDISON [f].

——Velut ſilvis, ubi paſſim
Palentes error certo de tramite pellit,
Ille ſiniſtrorſum, hic dextrorſum abit.

HOR. 2. Sat. iii. 48.

When in a wood we leave the certain way,
One error fools us, though we various ſtray,
Some to the left, and ſome to t'other ſide. FRANCIS.

Sheer-lane, January 13.

INSTEAD of conſidering any particular paſſion or character in any one ſet of men, my thoughts were laſt night employed on the contemplation of human life in general; and truly it appears to me, that the whole ſpecies are hurried on by the ſame deſires, and engaged in the ſame purſuits, according to the different ſtages and diviſions of life. Youth is devoted to luſt, middle age to ambition, old age to avarice. Theſe are the three general motives and principles of action both in good and bad men; though it muſt be acknowledged, that they change their names, and refine their natures, according to the temper of the perſon whom they direct and animate. For with the good, luſt becomes virtuous love; ambition, true honour; and avarice, the care of

[f] On the authority of the MS. notes of Chriſtopher Byron, eſq; communicated by J—n H—y, M. See note, or N° 74. It is likewiſe re-printed in Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. ii. p. 238; and therefore was probably marked as Addiſon's in the liſt delivered by Steele to Mr. T. Tickell the editor.

poſterity. This ſcheme of thought amuſed me very agreeably until I retired to reſt, and afterwards formed itſelf into a pleaſing and regular viſion, which I ſhall deſcribe in all its circumſtances, as the objects preſented themſelves, whether in a ſerious or ridiculous manner.

I dreamed that I was in a wood, of ſo prodigious an extent, and cut into ſuch a variety of walks and alleys, that all mankind were loſt and bewildered in it. After having wandered up and down ſome time, I came into the centre of it, which opened into a wide plain, filled with multitudes of both ſexes. I here diſcovered three great roads, very wide and long, that led into three different parts of the foreſt. On a ſudden, the whole multitude broke into three parts, according to their different ages, and marched in their reſpective bodies into the three great roads that lay before them. As I had a mind to know how each of theſe roads terminated, and whither they would lead thoſe who paſſed through them, I joined myſelf with the aſſembly that were in the flower and vigour of their age, and called themſelves 'the band of lovers.' I found, to my great ſurpriſe, that ſeveral old men beſides myſelf had intruded into this agreeable company; as I had before obſerved, there were ſome young men who had united themſelves to 'the band of miſers,' and were walking up the path of Avarice; though both made a very ridiculous figure, and were as much laughed at by thoſe they joined, as by thoſe they forſook. The walk which we marched up, for thickneſs of ſhades, embroidery of flowers, and

melody of birds, with the diſtant purling of ſtreams, and falls of water, was ſo wonderfully delightful, that it charmed our ſenſes, and intoxicated our minds with pleaſure. We had not been long here, before every man ſingled out ſome woman, to whom he offered his addreſſes, and profeſſed himſelf a lover; when on a ſudden we perceived this delicious walk to grow more narrow as we advanced in it, until it ended in many intricate thickets, mazes, and labyrinths, that were ſo mixed with roſes and brambles, brakes of thorns, and beds of flowers, rocky paths, and pleaſing grottos, that it was hard to ſay, whether it gave greater delight or perplexity, to thoſe who travelled in it.

It was here that the lovers began to be eager in their purſuits. Some of their miſtreſſes, who only ſeemed to retire for the ſake of form and decency, led them into plantations that were diſpoſed into regular walks; where, after they had wheeled about in ſome turns and windings, they ſuffered themſelves to be overtaken, and gave their hands to thoſe who purſued them. Others withdrew from their followers into little wilderneſſes, where there were ſo many paths interwoven with each other in ſo much confuſion and irregularity, that ſeveral of the lovers quitted the purſuit, or broke their hearts in the chace. It was ſometimes very odd to ſee a man purſuing a fine woman that was following another, whoſe eye was fixed upon a fourth, that had her own game in view in ſome other quarter of the wilderneſs. I could not but obſerve two things in this place which I thought very parti-

cular: that ſeveral perſons, who ſtood only at the end of the avenues, and caſt a careleſs eye upon the nymphs during their whole flight, often catched them; when thoſe who preſſed them the moſt warmly, through all their turns and doubles, were wholly unſucceſsful: and that ſome of my own age, who were at firſt looked upon with averſion and contempt, by being well acquainted with the wilderneſs, and by dodging their women in the particular corners and alleys of it, catched them in their arms, and took them from thoſe whom they really loved and admired. There was a particular grove, which was called the labyrinth of Coquettes; where many were enticed to the chace, but few returned with purchaſe. It was pleaſant enough to ſee a celebrated beauty, by ſmiling upon one, caſting a glance upon another, beckoning to a third, and adapting her charms and graces to the ſeveral follies of thoſe that admired her, drawing into the labyrinth a whole pack of lovers, that loſt themſelves in the maze, and never could find their way out of it. However, it was ſome ſatisfaction to me, to ſee many of the fair-ones, who had thus deluded their followers, and left them among the intricacies of the labyrinth, obliged, when they came out of it, to ſurrender to the firſt partner that offered himſelf. I now had croſſed over all the difficult and perplexed paſſages that ſeemed to bound our walk, when on the other ſide of them I ſaw the ſame great road running on a little way until it was terminated by two beautiful temples. I ſtood here for ſome time, and ſaw moſt of the multitude who had

been diſperſed amongſt the thickets, coming out two by two, and marching up in pairs towards the temples that ſtood before us. The ſtructure on the right hand was, as I afterwards found, conſecrated to virtuous love, and could not be entered but by ſuch as received a ring, or ſome other token, from a perſon who was placed as a guard at the gate of it. He wore a garland of roſes and myrtles on his head, and on his ſhoulders a robe like an imperial mantle, white and unſpotted all over, excepting only, that where it was claſped at his breaſt, there were two golden turtle doves that buttoned it by their bills, which were wrought in rubies. He was called by the name of Hymen, and was ſeated near the entrance of the temple, in a delicious bower, made up of ſeveral trees, that were embraced by woodbines, jaſmines, and amaranths, which were as ſo many emblems of marriage, and ornaments to the trunks that ſupported them. As I was ſingle, and unaccompanied, I was not permitted to enter the temple, and for that reaſon am a ſtranger to all the myſteries that were performed in it. I had, however, the curioſity to obſerve how the ſeveral couples that entered were diſpoſed of; which was after the following manner. There were two great gates on the backſide of the edifice, at which the whole crowd was let out. At one of theſe gates were two women, extremely beautiful though in a different kind, the one having a very careful and compoſed air, the other a ſort of ſmile, and ineffable ſweetneſs in her countenance. The name of the firſt was Diſcretion, and of the other

Complacency. All who came out of this gate, and put themſelves under the direction of theſe two ſiſters, were immediately conducted by them into gardens, groves, and meadows, which abounded in delights, and were furniſhed with every thing that could make them the proper ſeats of happineſs. The ſecond gate of this temple let out all the couples that were unhappily married, who came out linked together with chains, which each of them ſtrove to break, but could not. Several of theſe were ſuch as had never been acquainted with each other before they met in the great walk, or had been too well acquainted in the thicket. The entrance to this gate was poſſeſſed by three ſiſters, who joined themſelves with theſe wretches, and occaſioned moſt of their miſeries. The youngeſt of the ſiſters was known by the name of Levity, who, with the innocence of a virgin, had the dreſs and behaviour of a harlot. The name of the ſecond was Contention, who bore on her right-arm a muff made of the ſkin of a porcupine; and on her left carried a little lap-dog, that barked and ſnapped at every one that paſſed by her.

The eldeſt of the ſiſters, who ſeemed to have an haughty and imperious air, was always accompanied with a tawny cupid, who generally marched before her with a little mace on his ſhoulder, the end of which was faſhioned into the horns of a ſtag. Her garments were yellow, and her complexion pale. Her eyes were piercing, but had odd caſts in them, and that particular diſtemper, which makes perſons who

are troubled with it ſee objects double. Upon inquiry, I was informed that her name was Jealouſy.

Having finiſhed my obſervations upon this temple and its votaries, I repaired to that which ſtood on the left-hand, and was called the temple of Luſt. The front of it was raiſed on Corinthian pillars, with all the meretricious ornaments that accompanied that order; whereas that of the other was compoſed of the chaſte, and matron-like Ionic. The ſides of it were adorned with ſeveral groteſque figures of goats, ſparrows, heathen gods, ſatyrs, and monſters made up of half men half beaſt. The gates were unguarded, and open to all that had a mind to enter. Upon my going in, I found the windows were blinded, and let in only a kind of twilight, that ſerved to diſcover a prodigious number of dark corners and apartments, into which the whole temple was divided. I was here ſtunned with a mixed noiſe clamour and jollity. On one ſide of me I heard ſinging and dancing; on the other brawls and claſhing of ſwords. In ſhort, I was ſo little pleaſed with the place, that I was going out of it; but found I could not return by the gate where I entered, which was barred againſt all that were come in, with bolts of iron, and locks of adamant. There was no going back from this temple through the paths of pleaſure which led to it. All who paſſed through the ceremonies of the place, went out at an iron wicket, which was kept by a dreadful giant, called Remorſe, that held a ſcourge of ſcorpions in his hand, and drove them into the only outlet

from that temple. This was a paſſage ſo rugged, ſo uneven, and choaked with ſo many thorns and briars, that it was a melancholy ſpectacle to behold the pains and difficulties which both ſexes ſuffered who walked through it. The men, though in the prime of their youth, appeared weak and enfeebled with old age. The women wrung their hands, and tore their hair; and ſeveral loſt their limbs before they could extricate themſelves out of the perplexities of the path in which they were engaged. The remaining part of this viſion, and the adventures I met with in the two great roads of Ambition and Avarice, muſt be the ſubject of another paper.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I have this morning received the following letter from the famous Mr. Thomas Dogget.

'SIR,

'ON Monday next will be acted, for my benefit, the comedy of Love for Love. If you will do me the honour to appear there, I will publiſh on the bills, that it is to be performed at the requeſt of Iſaac Bickerſtaff, eſquire, and queſtion not but it will bring me as great an audience as ever was at the houſe ſince the Morocco Ambaſſador [g] was there. I am, with the greateſt reſpect, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant, THOMAS DOGGET.'

[g] About three years before this time, in 1706, towards the end of April, the Morocco ambaſſador made his public entry into London, and was admitted to his audience. See N° 9, N° 19, N° 122, and notes.

Being naturally an encourager of wit, as well as bound to it in the quality of cenſor, I returned the following anſwer:

'Mr. DOGGET,

'I AM very well pleaſed with the choice you have made of ſo excellent a play, and have always looked upon you as the beſt of comedians; I ſhall therefore come in between the firſt and ſecond act, and remain in the right hand box over the pit until the end of the fourth; provided you take care that every thing be rightly prepared for my reception [h].

[h] In the ſpurious Tatler, conducted by Swift and little Harriſon, there is a paſſage which proves that a perſon dreſſed up for I. Bickerſtaff, eſq; (probably Steele himſelf) actually made his appearance at the theatre, doubtleſs at the time here mentioned. 'The perſon produced as mine in the playhouſe laſt winter, (only two months before) did in no wiſe appertain to me. It was ſuch a one, however, as agreed well with the impreſſion my writings had made, and ſerved the purpoſe I intended it for; which was to continue the awe and reverence due to the character I was veſted with, and at the ſame time to let my enemies ſee how much I was the delight and favourite of this town, &c.'

Spurious Tat. commonly called Tatler, vol. v. N° 28, March 24, 1710.

The ſpurious Tatler, from which the preceding paſſage is quoted, conſiſts of fifty-two numbers; it contains many circumſtances that throw light on the hiſtory of the genuine Tatler. This paper of Swift in particular, N° 28, deſerves ſpecial notice on this account. His mention of the impreſſion of my writings is laughable enough; and his account of himſelf in it, under the feigned name of Hiereus, is ſo arrogant and vain, that a tranſcript of it here, if there were even room for it, would be cenſured as invidious. He deſcribes Steele under the name of Hilario, and even Hiereus is obliged to allow him 'natural wit, a lively turn of humour, and great penetration into human nature.' See ſpurious Tatler, N° 28; genuine Tatler, N° 9, N° 19, N° 122, and notes.

N° 121. Tueſday, January 17, 1709-10.
ADDISON [1].

——Similis tibi, Cynthia, vel tibi, cujus
Turbavit nitidos extinctus paſſer ocellos.

Juv. Sat. vi. 7.

Like Cynthia, or the Leſbias of our years,
Who for a ſparrow's death diſſolve in tears.

From my own Apartment, January 16.

I WAS recollecting the remainder of my viſion, when my maid came to me, and told me, there was a gentlewoman below who ſeemed to be in great trouble, and preſſed very much to ſee me. When it lay in my power to remove the diſtreſs of an unhappy perſon, I thought I ſhould very ill employ my time in attending to matters of ſpeculation, and therefore deſired the lady would walk in. When ſhe entered, I ſaw her eyes full of tears. However, her grief was not ſo great as to make her omit rules; for ſhe was very long and exact in her civilities, which gave me time to view and conſider her. Her clothes were very rich, but tarniſhed; and her words very fine, but ill applied. Theſe diſtinctions made me, without heſitation, though I had never ſeen her before, aſk her, if her lady had any commands for me? She then began to weep

[1] This paper is aſcribed to Addiſon, on the authorities mentioned in the introductory note to the preceding number. See N° 74, note; and Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. ii. p. 242.
N. B. In p. 48, l. 5 from the bottom, for 'it' read 'and.'

afreſh, and with many broken ſighs told me, that their family was in very great affliction.—I beſeeched her to compoſe herſelf, for that I might poſſibly be capable of aſſiſting them.—She then caſt her eye upon my little dog, and was again tranſported with too much paſſion to proceed; but, with much ado, ſhe at laſt gave me to underſtand, that Cupid, her lady's lap-dog, was dangerouſly ill, and in ſo bad a condition, that her lady neither ſaw company, nor went abroad, for which reaſon ſhe did not come herſelf to conſult me: that, as I had mentioned with great affection my own dog, (here ſhe courteſied, and looking firſt at the cur, and then on me, ſaid indeed I had reaſon, for he was very pretty) her lady ſent to me rather than to any other doctor, and hoped I would not laugh at her ſorrow, but ſend her my advice. I muſt confeſs I had ſome indignation to find myſelf treated like ſomething below a farrier [k]; yet well knowing that the beſt as well as moſt tender way of dealing with a woman, is to fall in with her humours, and by that means to let her ſee the abſurdity of them, I proceeded accordingly. 'Pray, madam,' ſaid I, 'can you give me any methodical account of this illneſs, and how Cupid was firſt taken?' 'Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'we have a little ignorant country girl, who is kept to tend him: ſhe was recommended to our family by one that my lady never ſaw but once, at a viſit; and you know perſons of quality are always inclined to ſtrangers; for I could have

[k] Yet Wincheſter the ſurgeon got a good eſtate, cloſe to Barham, for ſetting the leg of a gentleman's dog. A.

helped her to a couſin of my own, but'—'Good madam,' ſaid I, 'you neglect the account of the ſick body, while you are complaining of this girl.' 'No, no, ſir,' ſaid ſhe, 'begging your pardon: but it is the general fault of phyſicians, they are ſo in haſte, that they never hear out the caſe. I ſay, this ſilly girl, after waſhing Cupid, let him ſtand half an hour in the window without his collar, where he catched cold, and in an hour after began to bark very hoarſe. He had, however, a pretty good night, and we hoped the danger was over; but for theſe two nights laſt paſt, neither he nor my lady have ſlept a wink.' 'Has he,' ſaid I, 'taken any thing?' 'No,' ſaid ſhe; 'but my lady ſays he ſhall take any thing that you preſcribe, provided you do not make uſe of Jeſuit's powder, or the cold-bath [1]. Poor Cupid,' continued ſhe, 'has always been phthiſical; and as he lies under ſomething like a chin-cough, we are afraid it will end in a conſumption.' I then aſked her, if ſhe had brought any of his water to ſhew me [m]. Upon this, ſhe ſtared me in the face, and ſaid, 'I am afraid, Mr. Bickerſtaff, you are not ſerious; but,

[1] The Peruvian bark, one of the moſt valuable articles in the materia medica, had found its way into Europe above half a century before this time, but it had not yet overcome prejudices and oppoſition; nor was the preſcription of it ſo general and extenſive as now, that its virtues are better known, and ſo many of its various uſes aſcertained. Concerning the cold-bath, ſee N° 15, and note.

[m] An alluſion, perhaps, to an humorous ſtory, told about this time, of Dr. John Radcliffe, who made it his buſineſs to explode the pernicious tribe of urinal-caſters. See Biogr. Brit. art. Radcliffe, p. 3452, note D.

if you have any receipt that is proper on this occaſion, pray let us have it; for my miſtreſs is not to be comforted.' Upon this I pauſed a little without returning any anſwer, and, after ſome ſhort ſilence, I proceeded in the following manner: 'I have conſidered the nature of the diſtemper, and the conſtitution of the patient; and, by the beſt obſervation that I can make on both, I think it is ſafeſt to put him into a courſe of kitchen phyſic. In the mean time, to remove his hoarſeneſs, it will be the moſt natural way to make Cupid his own druggiſt; for which reaſon I ſhall preſcribe to him, three mornings ſucceſſively, as much powder as will lie on a groat, of that noble remedy which the apothecaries call *Album Græcum*.' Upon hearing this advice, the young woman ſmiled, as if ſhe knew how ridiculous an errand ſhe had been employed in; and indeed I found, by the ſequel of her diſcourſe, that ſhe was an arch baggage, and of a character that is frequent enough in perſons of her employment; who are ſo uſed to conform themſelves in every thing to the humours and paſſions of their miſtreſſes, that they ſacrifice ſuperiority of ſenſe to ſuperiority of condition, and are inſenſibly betrayed into the paſſions and prejudices of thoſe whom they ſerve, without giving themſelves leave to conſider that they are extravagant and ridiculous. However, I thought it very natural, when her eyes were thus open, to ſee her give a new turn to her diſcourſe, and, from ſympathizing with her miſtreſs in her follies, to fall a railing at her. 'You cannot imagine,' ſaid ſhe, 'Mr. Bickerſtaff, what a life

ſhe makes us lead, for the ſake of this little ugly cur. If he dies, we are the moſt unhappy family in town. She chanced to loſe a parrot laſt year, which, to tell you truly, brought me into her ſervice; for ſhe turned off her woman upon it, who had lived with her ten years, becauſe ſhe neglected to give him water, though every one of the family ſays ſhe was as innocent of the bird's death as the babe that is unborn; nay, ſhe told me this very morning, that if Cupid ſhould die, ſhe would ſend the poor innocent wench I was telling you of to Bridewell, and have the milk-woman tried for her life at the Old-Bailey, for putting water into his milk. In ſhort, ſhe talks like any diſtracted creature.'

'Since it is ſo, young woman,' ſaid I, 'I will by no means let you offend her, by ſtaying on this meſſage longer than is abſolutely neceſſary:' and ſo forced her out.

While I am ſtudying to cure thoſe evils and diſtreſſes that are neceſſary or natural to human life, I find my taſk growing upon me, ſince by theſe accidental cares, and acquired calamities, if I may ſo call them, my patients contract diſtempers to which their conſtitution is of itſelf a ſtranger. But this is an evil I have for many years remarked in the fair ſex; and, as they are by nature very much formed for affection and dalliance, I have obſerved, that when by too obſtinate a cruelty, or any other means, they have diſappointed themſelves of the proper objects of love, as huſbands, or children, ſuch virgins have, exactly at ſuch a year, grown fond of lap-dogs, parrots, or other animals. I

know at this time a celebrated toaſt, whom I allow to be one of the moſt agreeable of her ſex, that, in the preſence of her admirers, will give a torrent of kiſſes to her cat, any one of which a Chriſtian would be glad of. I do not at the ſame time deny, but there are as great enormities of this kind committed by our ſex as theirs. A Roman emperor had ſo very great an eſteem for an horſe of his, that he had thoughts of making him a conſul; and ſeveral moderns of that rank of men, whom we call country eſquires, would not ſcruple to kiſs their hounds before all the world, and declare, in the preſence of their wives, that they had rather ſalute a favourite of the pack than the fineſt woman in England. Theſe voluntary friendſhips, between animals of different ſpecies, ſeem to ariſe from inſtinct; for which reaſon I have always looked upon the mutual good will between the eſquire and the hound to be of the ſame nature with that between the lion and the jackall.

The only extravagance of this kind which appears to me excuſable, is one that grew out of an exceſs of gratitude, which I have ſomewhere met with in the life of a Turkiſh emperor. His horſe had brought him ſafe out of a field of battle, and from the purſuit of a victorious enemy. As a reward for ſuch his good and faithful ſervice, his maſter built him a ſtable of marble, ſhod him with gold, fed him in an ivory manger, and made him a rack of ſilver. He annexed to the ſtable ſeveral fields and meadows, lakes, and running ſtreams. At the ſame time he provided for him a ſeraglio of

mares, the moſt beautiful that could be found in the whole Ottoman empire. To theſe were added a ſuitable train of domeſtics, conſiſting of grooms, farriers, rubbers, &c. accommodated with proper liveries and penſions. In ſhort, nothing was omitted that could contribute to the eaſe and happineſs of his life who had preſerved the emperor's.

'By reaſon of the extreme cold, and the changeableneſs of the weather, I have been prevailed upon to allow the free uſe of the fardingal, until the twentieth of February next enſuing.'

*** 'The famous poſture-maſter of Europe, who performs thoſe poſtures that poſture-maſter Clarke, Higgins, or any other never yet did. He extends his body into all deformed ſhapes; makes his hips and ſhoulder bones meet together; ſtands on one leg, extending the other in a direct line half a yard above his head, drinking her majeſty's health. He lays his head on the ground, and turns his body twenty times round, without ſtirring his face from the place; ſits as if his body was ſplit, dividing his legs, that his toes are ſix feet ten inches from toe to toe; and dances any dance on his knees, with his toes in his hands, true to the muſic, &c. See Tat. N° 108, paragr. 2, where this fellow is ſpoken of; Guard. N° 102, and note on Clarke the poſture-maſter.

Brit. Muſ. Harl. MSS. Or, adv. Bagf. Col.

N° 122. Thurſday, January 19, 1709-10.
ADDISON[n].

Cur in theatrum, Cato ſevere, veniſti? MART.

Why to the theatre did Cato come,
With all his boaſted gravity? R. WYNNE.

From my own Apartment, January 18.

I FIND it is thought neceſſary that I who have taken upon me to cenſure the irregularities of the age, ſhould give an account of my own actions, when they appear doubtful, or ſubject to miſconſtruction. My appearing at the play on [o] Monday laſt is looked upon as a ſtep in my conduct which I ought to explain, that others may not be miſled by my example. It is true, in matter of fact, I was preſent at the ingenious entertainment of that day, and placed myſelf in a box which was prepared for me with great civility and diſtinction. It is ſaid of Virgil, when he entered a Roman theatre, where there were many thouſands of ſpectators

[n] This paper is aſcribed to Addiſon, on the ſame authorities quoted in the introductory notes to the two preceding papers.

[o] 'A perſon dreſſed for Iſaac Bickerſtaff did appear at the playhouſe on this occaſion.'—Addiſon's Works, 4to. edit. Birmingham, vol. ii. p. 246. See N° 9, N° 120, and N° 193.

'I remember Mr. Bickerſtaff at the playhouſe, and with what a modeſt decent gravity he behaved himſelf: hence he was ſo well ſupported in his decline, and ſo heartily pitied at his death.' Examiner, vol. iii. N° 46, O. edit. in folio.

preſent, that the whole aſſembly roſe up to do him honour[p]; a reſpect which was never before paid to any but the emperor[q]. I muſt confeſs that univerſal clap, and other teſtimonies of applauſe, with which I was received at my firſt appearance in the theatre of Great Britain, gave me as ſenſible a delight, as the above-mentioned reception could give to that immortal poet. I ſhould be ungrateful, at the ſame time, if I did not take this opportunity of acknowledging the great civilities that were ſhewn me by Mr. Thomas Dogget, who made his compliments to me between the acts, after a moſt ingenious and diſcreet manner; and at the ſame time communicated to me, that the company of upholders deſired to receive me at their door at the end of the Hay-market, and to light me home to my lodgings. That part of the ceremony I forbad, and took particular care during the whole play, to obſerve the conduct of the drama, and give no offence by my own behaviour. Here I think it will not be foreign to my character, to lay down the proper duties of an audience, and what is incumbent upon each individual ſpectator in public diverſions of this nature. Every one ſhould on theſe occaſions ſhew his attention, underſtanding, and virtue. I would undertake to find out all the perſons of ſenſe and breeding by the effect of a ſingle ſentence, and to diſtinguiſh a gentleman as much by his laugh

[p] See N° 86, note. [q] Was not the ſame reſpect paid to Pompey and others, before the time of Auguſtus? A.

as his bow. When we ſee the footman and his lord diverted by the ſame jeſt, it very much turns to the diminution of the one, or the honour of the other. But though a man's quality may appear in his underſtanding and taſte, the regard to virtue ought to be the ſame in all ranks and conditions of men, however they make a profeſſion of it, under the name of honour, religion, or morality. When therefore we ſee any thing divert an audience, either in tragedy or comedy, that ſtrikes at the duties of civil life, or expoſes what the beſt men in all ages have looked upon as ſacred and inviolable; it is the certain ſign of a profligate race of men, who are fallen from the virtue of their forefathers, and will be contemptible in the eyes of their poſterity. For this reaſon I took great delight in ſeeing the generous and diſintereſted paſſion of the lovers in this comedy, which ſtood ſo many trials, and was proved by ſuch a variety of diverting incidents, received with an univerſal approbation. This brings to my mind a paſſage in Cicero, which I could never read without being in love with the virtue of a Roman audience. He there deſcribes the ſhouts and applauſes which the people gave to the perſons who acted the parts of Pylades and Oreſtes, in the nobleſt occaſion that a poet could invent to ſhew friendſhip in perfection. One of them had forfeited his life by an action which he had committed; and as they ſtood in judgment before the tyrant, each of them ſtrove who ſhould be the criminal, that he might ſave the life of his friend. Amidſt the vehemence

of each aſſerting himſelf to be the offender, the Roman audience gave a thunder of applauſe, and by that means, as the author hints, approved in others what they would have done themſelves on the like occaſion [r]. Methinks, a people of ſo much virtue were deſervedly placed at the head of mankind: but, alas! pleaſures of this nature are not frequently to be met with on the Engliſh ſtage.

The Athenians, at a time when they were the moſt polite, as well as the moſt powerful government in the world, made the care of the ſtage one of the chief parts of the adminiſtration: and, I muſt confeſs, I am aſtoniſhed at the ſpirit of virtue which appeared in that people, upon ſome expreſſions in a ſcene of a famous tragedy; an account of which we have in one of Seneca's Epiſtles [s]. A covetous perſon is repreſented ſpeaking the common ſentiments of all who are poſſeſſed with that vice in the following ſoliloquy, which I have tranſlated literally:

'Let me be called a baſe man, ſo I am called a rich one. If a man is rich, who aſks if he is good? The queſtion is, how much we have, not from whence, or by what means, we have it. Every one has ſo much merit as he has wealth. For my own part, let me be rich, oh ye gods! or let me die. The man dies happily, who dies increaſing his treaſure. There is

[r] Cicero, De Amicit. vii. edit. Verburgii, vol. x. p. 3776.
[s] L. A. Senecæ Opera, Lipſ. 1741, 12mo. vol. II. p. 520.

more pleaſure in the poſſeſſion of wealth, than in that of parents, children, wife, or friends.'

The audience were very much provoked by the firſt words of this ſpeech; but when the actor came to the cloſe of it, they could bear no longer. In ſhort, the whole aſſembly roſe up at once in the greateſt fury, with a deſign to pluck him off the ſtage, and brand the work itſelf with infamy. In the midſt of the tumult, the author [t] came out from behind the ſcenes, begging the audience to be compoſed for a little while, and they ſhould ſee the tragical end which this wretch ſhould come to immediately. The promiſe of puniſhment appeaſed the people, who ſat with great attention and pleaſure to ſee an example made of ſo odious a criminal. It is with ſhame and concern that I ſpeak it; but I very much queſtion, whether it is poſſible to make a ſpeech ſo impious as to raiſe ſuch a laudable horror and indignation in a modern audience. It is very natural for an author to make oſtentation of his reading, as it is for an old man to tell ſtories; for which reaſon I muſt beg the reader will excuſe me, if I for once indulge myſelf in both theſe inclinations. We ſee the attention, judgment, and virtue of a whole audience, in the foregoing inſtances. If we would imitate the behaviour of a ſingle ſpectator, let us reflect upon that of Socrates, in a particular which gives me as great an idea

[t] 'Euripides, in medium ipſe proſiluit, pretens, ut expectarent, viderentque, quem admirator auri exitum faceret.'
Seneca, *ut ſupra.*

of that extraordinary man, as any circumſtance of his life, or, what is more, of his death. This venerable perſon often frequented the theatre, which brought a great many thither, out of a deſire to ſee him. On which occaſion it is recorded of him, that he ſometimes ſtood, to make himſelf the more conſpicuous, and to ſatisfy the curioſity of the beholders. He was one day preſent at the firſt repreſentation of a tragedy of Euripides, who was his intimate friend, and whom he is ſaid to have aſſiſted in ſeveral of his plays. In the midſt of the tragedy, which had met with very great ſucceſs, there chanced to be a line that ſeemed to encourage vice and immorality.

This was no ſooner ſpoken, but Socrates roſe from his ſeat, and without any regard to his affection for his friend, or to the ſucceſs of the play, ſhewed himſelf diſpleaſed at what was ſaid, and walked out of the aſſembly [u]. I queſtion not but the reader will be curious to know, what the line was that gave this divine heathen ſo much offence. If my memory fails me not, it was in the part of Hippolitus, who, when he is preſſed by an oath, which he had taken to

[u] The edition of Xenophon now at hand, which is that of Erneſti, in 4 vols. 8vo, having no index, the reader cannot be referred to the particular place where this anecdote of Socrates is related. Perhaps Addiſon does not quote from Xenophon; probably the curious may find the ſtory, with a reference to the original relater of it, in the life of the poet, prefixed by Barnes to his edition of Euripides. The following paſſage in Plato's Theatetus, obviouſly alludes to the reprehenſible line: Ἡ μεν γαρ γλωττα ανελεγκτος ἡμιν εϛαι, ἡ δε φρην, ϐκ ανελεγκτος. Ed. H. Steph. 1578, 3 vols. fol. vol. i. p. 154.

keep ſilence, returned for anſwer, that he had taken the oath with his tongue, but not with his heart. Had a perſon of a vicious character made ſuch a ſpeech, it might have been allowed as a proper repreſentation of the baſeneſs of his thoughts: but ſuch an expreſſion out of the mouth of the virtuous Hippolitus was giving a ſanction to falſehood, and eſtabliſhing perjury by a maxim.

Having got over all interruptions, I have ſet apart to-morrow for the cloſing of my viſion [x].

N° 123. Saturday, January 21, 1709.

ADDISON [y].

Audire, atque togam jubeo componere, quiſquis
Ambitione malâ, aut argenti pallet amore.

HOR. 2. Sat. iii. 77.

Come all, whoſe breaſts with bad ambition riſe,
Or the pale paſſion, that for money dies,——
Compoſe your robes—— FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, January 20.

A CONTINUATION OF THE VISION.

WITH much labour and difficulty I paſſed through the firſt part of my viſion, and recovered the centre of the wood, from whence I

[x] See N° 120.

[y] This paper N° 123, is aſcribed to Addiſon on the authorities mentioned in the introductory notes to the three preceding papers. It appears that the publication of the Tatler

had the proſpect of the three great roads. I here joined myſelf to the middle-aged party of mankind, who marched behind the ſtandard of Ambition. The great road lay in a direct line, and was terminated by the temple of Virtue. It was planted on each ſide with laurels, which were intermixed with marble trophies, carved pillars, and ſtatues of lawgivers, heroes, ſtateſmen, philoſophers, and poets. The perſons who travelled up this great path were ſuch whoſe thoughts were bent upon doing eminent ſervices to mankind, or promoting the good of their country. On each ſide of this great road were ſeveral paths, that were alſo laid out in ſtraight lines, and ran parallel with it. Theſe were moſt of them covered walks, and received into them men of retired virtue, who propoſed to themſelves the ſame end of their journey, though they choſe to make it in ſhade and obſcurity. The edifices at the extremity of the walk were ſo contrived, that we could not ſee the temple of Honour, by reaſon of the temple of Virtue, which ſtood before it. At the gates of this temple we were met by the goddeſs of it, who conducted us into that of Honour, which was joined to the other edifice by a beautiful triumphal arch,

was entirely entruſted to Addiſon at this time, for he is the author of ſeven ſucceſſive papers, from N° 116 to N° 123 incluſive.

This, perhaps, might be the firſt occaſion on which Addiſon's avidity, not ſatisfied with the air of renown, began, with great eagerneſs, to lay hold on his proportion of the profits, which he probably conſidered as fees of office, with which he made it his rule never to diſpenſe even to his friends.

and had no entrance into it. When the deity of the inner ſtructure had received us, ſhe preſented us in a body to a figure that was placed over the high-altar, and was the emblem of Eternity. She ſat on a globe, in the midſt of a golden zodiac, holding the figure of a ſun in one hand, and a moon in the other. Her head was veiled, and her feet covered. Our hearts glowed within us, as we ſtood amidſt the ſphere of light which this image caſt on every ſide of it.

Having ſeen all that happened to this band of adventurers, I repaired to another pile of building that ſtood within view of the temple of Honour, and was raiſed in imitation of it, upon the very ſame model; but at my approach to it, I found, that the ſtones were laid together without mortar, and that the whole fabric ſtood upon ſo weak a foundation, that it ſhook with every wind that blew. This was called the temple of Vanity. The goddeſs of it ſat in the midſt of a great many tapers, that burned day and night, and made her appear much bettter than ſhe would have done in open day-light. Her whole art was, to ſhew herſelf more beautiful and majeſtic than ſhe really was. For which reaſon ſhe had painted her face, and wore a cluſter of falſe jewels upon her breaſt: but what I more particularly obſerved was, the breadth of her petticoat, which was made altogether in the faſhion of a modern fardingal. This place was filled with hypocrites, pedants, free-thinkers, and prating politicians; with a rabble of thoſe who have only titles to make them great men. Female votaries crowded the

temple, choaked up the avenues of it, and were more in number than the ſand upon the ſea-ſhore. I made it my buſineſs, in my return towards that part of the wood from whence I firſt ſet out, to obſerve the walk which led to this temple; for I met in it ſeveral who had begun their journey with the band of virtuous perſons, and travelled ſome time in their company: but upon examination I found, that there were ſeveral paths which led out of the great road into the ſides of the wood, and ran into ſo many crooked turns and windings, that thoſe who travelled through them, often turned their backs upon the temple of Virtue; then croſſed the ſtraight road, and ſometimes marched in it for a little ſpace, until the crooked path which they were engaged in, again led them into the wood. The ſeveral alleys of theſe wanderers had their particular ornaments. One of them I could not but take notice of in the walk of the miſchievous pretenders to politics, which had at every turn the figure of a perſon, whom by the inſcription I found to be Machiavel [z], pointing out the way with an extended finger, like a Mercury.

I was now returned in the ſame manner as before, with a deſign to obſerve carefully every thing that paſſed in the region of Avarice, and the occurrences in that aſſembly, which was made up of perſons of my own age. This body of travellers had not gone far in the third great road, before it led them inſenſibly into a deep valley, in which they journied ſeveral days with

[z] See Spect. N° 408, and note.

great toil and uneaſineſs, and without the neceſſary refreſhments of food and ſleep. The only relief they met with was in a river that ran through the bottom of the valley on a bed of golden ſand. They often drank of this ſtream, which had ſuch a particular quality in it, that though it refreſhed them for a time, it rather inflamed than quenched their thirſt. On each ſide of the river was a range of hills full of precious ore; for where the rains had waſhed off the earth, one might ſee in ſeveral parts of them long veins of gold, and rocks that looked like pure ſilver. We were told, that the deity of the place had forbidden any of his votaries to dig into the bowels of theſe hills, or convert the treaſures they contained to any uſe, under pain of ſtarving. At the end of the valley ſtood the temple of Avarice, made after the manner of a fortification, and ſurrounded with a thouſand triple-headed dogs, that were placed there to keep off beggars. At our approach they all fell a barking, and would have very much terrified us, had not an old woman, who called herſelf by the forged name of Competency, offered herſelf for our guide. She carried under her garment a golden bough, which ſhe no ſooner held up in her hand, but the dogs lay down, and the gates flew open for our reception. We were led through an hundred iron doors before we entered the temple. At the upper end of it ſat the god of Avarice, with a long filthy beard, and a meagre ſtarved countenance; encloſed with heaps of ingots, and pyramids of money, but half naked and ſhiver-

ing with cold. On his right hand was a fiend called Rapine, and on his left a particular favourite, to whom he had given the title of Parſimony. The firſt was his collector, and the other his caſhier.

There were ſeveral long tables placed on each ſide of the temple, with reſpective officers attending behind them. Some of theſe I inquired into. At the firſt table was kept the office of Corruption. Seeing a ſolicitor extremely buſy, and whiſpering every body that paſſed by, I kept my eye upon him very attentively, and ſaw him often going up to a perſon that had a pen in his hand, with a multiplication table, and an almanac, before him, which, as I afterwards heard, was all the learning he was maſter of. The ſolicitor would often apply himſelf to his ear, and at the ſame time convey money into his hand, for which the other would give him out a piece of paper or parchment, ſigned and ſealed in form. The name of this dexterous and ſucceſsful ſolicitor was Bribery. At the next table was the office of Extortion. Behind it ſat a perſon in a bob wig, counting over great ſums of money. He gave out little purſes to ſeveral; who, after a ſhort tour, brought him in return ſacks full of the ſame kind of coin. I ſaw at the ſame time a perſon called Fraud, who ſat behind a counter with falſe ſcales, light weights, and ſcanty meaſures; by the ſkilful application of which inſtruments, ſhe had got together an immenſe heap of wealth. It would be endleſs to name the ſeveral officers, or deſcribe the votaries, that attended in this temple.

There were many old men panting and breathleſs, repoſing their heads on bags of money; nay, many of them actually dying, whoſe very pangs and convulſions, which rendered their purſes uſeleſs to them, only made them graſp them the faſter. There were ſome tearing with one hand all things, even to the garments and fleſh of many miſerable perſons who ſtood before them; and with the other hand throwing away what they had ſeized to harlots, flatterers, and panders, that ſtood behind them.

On a ſudden the whole aſſembly fell a trembling; and, upon inquiring, I found that the great room we were in was haunted with a ſpectre, that many times a day appeared to them, and terrified them to diſtraction.

In the midſt of their terror and amazement, the apparition entered, which I immediately knew to be Poverty. Whether it were by my acquaintance with this phantom, which had rendered the ſight of her more familiar to me, or however it was, ſhe did not make ſo indigent or frightful a figure, in my eye, as the god of this loathſome temple. The miſerable votaries of this place were, I found, of another mind. Every one fancied himſelf threatened by the apparition, as ſhe ſtalked about the room; and began to lock their coffers, and tie their bags, with the utmoſt fear and trembling.

I muſt confeſs, I look upon the paſſion which I ſaw in this unhappy people, to be of the ſame nature with thoſe unaccountable antipathies which ſome perſons are born with, or rather as a kind of phrenzy, not unlike that which throws

a man into terrors and agonies, at the ſight of ſo uſeful and innocent a thing as water. The whole aſſembly was ſurpriſed, when, inſtead of paying my devotions to the deity whom they all adored, they ſaw me addreſs myſelf to the phantom.

'Oh Poverty!' ſaid I, 'my firſt petition to thee is, that thou wouldeſt never appear to me hereafter; but if thou wilt not grant me this, that then thou wouldeſt not bear a form more terrible than that in which thou appeareſt to me at preſent. Let not thy threats and menaces betray me to any thing that is ungrateful, or unjuſt. Let me not ſhut my ears to the cries of the needy. Let me not forget the perſon that has deſerved well of me. Let me not, for any fear of thee, deſert my friend, my principles, or my honour. If Wealth is to viſit me, and to come with her uſual attendants, Vanity and Avarice, do thou, O Poverty! haſten to my reſcue; but bring along with thee the two ſiſters, in whoſe company thou art always chearful, Liberty and Innocence.'

The concluſion of this viſion muſt be deferred to another opportunity.

*** A plain gold watch, made by Tompion, with a gold hook and chain, a cornelian ſeal ſet in gold, and a Cupid ſifting hearts, was dropt from a lady's ſide in, or near, Great Marlborough-ſtreet, on Thurſday night laſt. Whoever took it up, if they will bring it to Mr. Plaiſtow's, at the Hand and Star between the two Temple-gates, in Fleet-ſtreet, ſhall receive five guineas reward.—Tat. folio. See N° 124, let. 2d. ſigned John Hammond.

N° 124. Tueſday, January 24, 1709.
STEELE.

——*Ex humili ſumma ad faſtigia rerum*
Extollit, quoties voluit Fortuna jocari.

JUV. Sat. iii. 39.

Fortune can, for her pleaſure, fools advance,
And toſs them on the wheels of Chance.

DRYDEN.

From my own Apartment, January 23.

I WENT on Saturday laſt to make a viſit in the city; and, as I paſſed through Cheapſide, I ſaw crowds of people turning down towards the Bank, and ſtruggling who ſhould firſt get their money into the new-erected lottery. It gave me a great notion of the credit of our preſent government, and adminiſtration, to find people preſs as eagerly to pay money, as they would to receive it; and, at the ſame time, a due reſpect for that body of men who have found out ſo pleaſing an expedient for carrying on the common cauſe, that they have turned a tax into a diverſion. The cheerfulneſs of ſpirit, and the hopes of ſucceſs, which this project has occaſioned in this great city, lightens the burden of the war, and puts me in mind of ſome games which, they ſay, were invented by wiſe men, who were lovers of their country, to make their fellow-citizens undergo the tedioufneſs and fatigues of a long ſiege. I think there is a kind of homage due to fortune, if I may call it ſo,

and that I ſhould be wanting to myſelf, if I did not lay in my pretences to her favour, and pay my compliments to her, by recommending a ticket to her diſpoſal. For this reaſon, upon my return to my lodgings, I ſold off a couple of globes and a teleſcope [a], which, with the caſh I had by me, raiſed the ſum that was requiſite for that purpoſe. I find by my calculations, that it is but an hundred and fifty thouſand to one againſt my being worth a thouſand pounds per annum for thirty-two years; and if any Plumb in the city will lay me an hundred and fifty thouſand pounds to twenty ſhillings, which is an even bet, that I am not this fortunate man, I will take the wager, and ſhall look upon him as a man of ſingular courage and fair-dealing; having given orders to Mr. Morphew to ſubſcribe ſuch a policy in my behalf, if any perſon accepts of the offer. I muſt confeſs, I have had ſuch private intimations from the twinkling of a certain ſtar in ſome of my aſtronomical obſervations, that I ſhould be unwilling to take fifty pounds a year for my chance, unleſs it were to oblige a particular friend. My chief buſineſs at preſent is, to prepare my mind for this change of fortune: for as Seneca, who was a greater moraliſt, and a much richer man, than I ſhall be with this addition to my preſent income, ſays, *Munera iſta Fortunæ putatis? Inſidiæ ſunt.* 'What we look upon as gifts and preſents of Fortune, are traps and ſnares which ſhe lays for the unwary.'

[a] See N° 128, let. 1.

I am arming myſelf againſt her favours with all my philoſophy; and, that I may not loſe myſelf in ſuch a redundance of unneceſſary and ſuperfluous wealth, I have determined to ſettle an annual penſion out of it upon a family of Palatines, and by that means give theſe unhappy ſtrangers a taſte of Britiſh property. At the ſame time, as I have an excellent ſervant-maid, whoſe diligence in attending me has increaſed in proportion to my infirmities, I ſhall ſettle upon her the revenue ariſing out of the ten pounds, and amounting to fourteen ſhillings per annum; with which ſhe may retire into Wales, where ſhe was born a gentlewoman, and paſs the remaining part of her days in a condition ſuitable to her birth and quality. It was impoſſible for me to make an inſpection into my own fortune on this occaſion, without ſeeing, at the ſame time, the fate of others who are embarked in the ſame adventure. And indeed it was a great pleaſure to me to obſerve, that the war, which generally impoveriſhes thoſe who furniſh out the expence of it, will by this means give eſtates to ſome, without making others the poorer for it. I have lately ſeen ſeveral in liveries, who will give as good of their own very ſuddenly; and took a particular ſatisfaction in the ſight of a young country-wench, whom I this morning paſſed by as ſhe was whirling her mop, with her petticoats tucked up very agreeably, who, if there is any truth in my art, is within ten months of being the handſomeſt great fortune in town. I muſt confeſs, I was ſo ſtruck with the foreſight of what ſhe is to be,

that I treated her accordingly, and ſaid to her, 'Pray, young lady, permit me to paſs by.' I would for this reaſon adviſe all maſters and miſtreſſes to carry it with great moderation and condeſcenſion towards their ſervants until next Michaelmas, leſt the ſuperiority at that time ſhould be inverted. I muſt likewiſe admoniſh all my brethren and fellow-adventurers, to fill their minds with proper arguments for their ſupport and conſolation in caſe of ill ſucceſs. It ſo happens in this particular, that though the gainers will have reaſon to rejoice, the loſers will have no reaſon to complain. I remember, the day after the thouſand pound prize was drawn in the penny lottery [b], I went to viſit a ſplenetic acquaintance of mine, who was under much dejection, and ſeemed to me to have ſuffered ſome great diſappointment. Upon inquiry, I found he had put two-pence for himſelf and his ſon into the lottery, and that neither of them had drawn the thouſand pounds. Hereupon this unlucky perſon took occaſion to enumerate the misfortunes of his life, and concluded

[b] This penny-lottery ſeems to have been a private undertaking, not warranted by act of parliament, or intended to raiſe any part of the public revenue, as may be reaſonably inferred from what follows. In the year 1698, the penny-lottery, here ſpoken of, was drawn at the theatre in Dorſet-garden, as appears from the title of the following pamphlet, apparently alluded to here.

'The Wheel of Fortune: or, Nothing for a Penny. Being remarks on the drawing of the Penny-Lottery at the Theatre-royal in Dorſet-garden. With the characters of ſome of the honourable truſtees, and all due acknowledgment to his honour the undertaker. Written by a perſon who was curſed mad that he had not the thouſand pounds lot.' 4to. 1698.

with telling me, that he never was ſucceſsful in any of his undertakings. I was forced to comfort him with the common reflection upon ſuch occaſions, that men of the greateſt merit are not always men of the greateſt ſucceſs, and, that perſons of his character muſt not expect to be as happy as fools. I ſhall proceed in the like manner with my rivals and competitors for the thouſand pounds a year, which we are now in purſuit of; and, that I may give general content to the whole body of candidates, I ſhall allow all that draw prizes to be fortunate, and all that miſs them to be wiſe.

I muſt not here omit to acknowledge, that I have received ſeveral letters upon this ſubject, but find one common error running through them all, which is, that the writers of them believe their fate in theſe caſes depends upon the aſtrologer, and not upon the ſtars; as in the following letter from one, who, I fear, flatters himſelf with hopes of ſucceſs, which are altogether groundleſs, ſince he does not ſeem to me ſo great a fool as he takes himſelf to be.

'SIR,

'COMING to town, and finding my friend Mr. Partridge dead and buried, and you the only conjurer in repute, I am under a neceſſity of applying myſelf to you for a favour, which nevertheleſs I confeſs it would better become a friend to aſk, than one who is, as I am, altogether a ſtranger to you; but poverty, you know, is impudent: and as that gives me the occaſion, ſo that alone could give me the confidence to be thus importunate.

'I am, ſir, very poor, and very deſirous to be otherwiſe: I have got ten pounds, which I deſign to venture in the lottery now on foot. What I deſire of you is, that by your art, you will chooſe ſuch a ticket for me as ſhall ariſe a benefit ſufficient to maintain me. I muſt beg leave to inform you, that I am good for nothing, and muſt therefore inſiſt upon a larger lot than would ſatisfy thoſe who are capable, by their own abilities, of adding ſomething to what you ſhould aſſign them; whereas I muſt expect an abſolute independent maintenance, becauſe, as I ſaid, I can do nothing. It is poſſible, after this free confeſſion of mine, you may think I do not deſerve to be rich; but I hope you will likewiſe obſerve, I can ill afford to be poor. My own opinion is, that I am well qualified for an eſtate, and have a good title to luck in a lottery; but I reſign myſelf wholly to your mercy, not without hopes that you will conſider, the leſs I deſerve, the greater the generoſity in you. If you reject me, I have agreed with an acquaintance of mine to bury me for my ten pounds. I once more recommend myſelf to your favour, and bid you adieu!'

I cannot forbear publiſhing another letter which I have received, becauſe it redounds to my own credit, as well as to that of a very honeſt footman.

January 23, 1709-10.

'Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

'I AM bound in juſtice to acquaint you, that I put an advertiſement into your laſt

paper [c] about a watch which was loſt, and was brought to me on the very day your paper came out, by a footman; who told me, that he would have brought it, if he had not read your diſcourſe of that day againſt avarice; but that, ſince he had read it, he ſcorned to take a reward for doing what in juſtice he ought to do.

I am, ſir, &c.

JOHN HAMMOND.'

N° 125. Thurſday, January 26, 1709-10.
STEELE.

Quem mala ſtultitia, et quæcunque inſcitia veri
Cæcum agit, inſanum Chryſippi porticus, et grex
Autumat; hæc populos, hæc magnus formula reges,
Excepto Sapiente, tenet. HOR. 2 Sat. iii. 43.

Whom vicious paſſions, or whom falſehood blind,
Are by the Stoics held of the mad kind.
All but the wiſe are by this proceſs bound,
The ſubject nations, and the monarch crown'd.

FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, January 25.

THERE is a ſect of ancient philoſophers, who, I think, have left more volumes behind them, and thoſe better written, than any other of the fraternities in philoſophy. It was a maxim of this ſect, that all thoſe who do not live up to the principles of reaſon and virtue are madmen. Every one who governs himſelf by theſe rules is allowed the title of wiſe, and reputed to be

[c] See N° 123, adv.

in his ſenſes: and every one, in proportion as he deviates from them, is pronounced frantic and diſtracted. Cicero having choſen this maxim for his theme, takes occaſion to argue from it very agreeably with Clodius, his implacable adverſary, who had procured his baniſhment. 'A city,' ſays he, 'is an aſſembly diſtinguiſhed into bodies of men, who are in poſſeſſion of their reſpective rights and privileges, caſt under proper ſubordinations, and in all its parts obedient to the rules of law and equity.' He then repreſents the government from whence he was baniſhed, at a time when the conſul, ſenate, and laws had loſt their authority, as a commonwealth of lunatics. For this reaſon he regards his expulſion from Rome, as a man would being turned out of Bedlam, if the inhabitants of it ſhould drive him out of their walls as a perſon unfit for their community [d]. We are therefore to look upon every man's brain to be touched, however he may appear in the general conduct of his life, if he has an unjuſtifiable ſingularity in any part of his converſation or behaviour: or if he ſwerves from right reaſon, however common his kind of madneſs may be, we ſhall not excuſe him for its being epidemical; it being our preſent deſign to clap up all ſuch as have the marks of madneſs upon them, who are now permitted to go about the ſtreets for no other reaſon, but becauſe they do no miſchief in their fits. Abundance of imaginary great men are

[d] Cic. Tuſc. Diſp. L. III. 4, &c. Orat. pro Dom. 33, &c. edit. Verburgii, vol. viii. p. 2697, and vol. iv. p. 2287.

put in ſtraw to bring them to a right ſenſe of themſelves. And is it not altogether as reaſonable, that an inſignificant man, who has an immoderate opinion of his merits, and a quite different notion of his own abilities from what the reſt of the world entertain, ſhould have the ſame care taken of him as a beggar who fancies himſelf a duke or a prince? Or why ſhould a man, who ſtarves in the midſt of plenty, be truſted with himſelf, more than he who fancies he is an emperor in the midſt of poverty? I have ſeveral women of quality in my thoughts, who ſet ſo exorbitant a value upon themſelves, that I have often moſt heartily pitied them, and wiſhed them for their recovery under the ſame diſcipline with the pewterer's wife[c]. I find, by ſeveral hints in ancient authors, that when the Romans were in the height of power and luxury, they aſſigned out of their vaſt dominions an iſland called Anticyra, as an habitation for madmen. This was the Bedlam of the Roman empire, whither all perſons who had loſt their wits uſed to reſort from all parts of the world in queſt of them. Several of the Roman emperors were adviſed to repair to this iſland; but moſt of them, inſtead of liſtening to ſuch ſober counſels, gave way to their diſtraction, until the people knocked them on the head

[c] In the year 1717, The Cenſor, ſpeaking of a new-faſhioned black hood which he thought unbecoming, ſays, 'I am confident that had the famous pewterer's wife in Bedlam ſurvived to have ſeen this dreſs, her pride would ſcarce have gone far enough to have encouraged the faſhion by falling into it.' Cenſor, N° 25, Vol. i. 3 Vols. 1717, 2d edit. 12mo.

as deſpairing of their cure. In ſhort, it was as uſual for men of diſtempered brains to take a voyage to Anticyra in thoſe days, as it is in ours for perſons who have a diſorder in their lungs to go to Montpelier [f].

The prodigious crops of hellebore with which this whole iſland abounded, did not only furniſh them with incomparable tea, ſnuff, and Hungary water; but impregnated the air of the country with ſuch ſober and ſalutiferous ſteams, as very much comforted the heads, and refreſhed the ſenſes, of all that breathed in it. A diſcarded ſtateſman, that at his firſt landing appeared ſtark ſtaring mad, would become calm in a week's time; and, upon his return home, live eaſy and ſatisfied in his retirement. A mopeing lover would grow a pleaſant fellow by that time he had rid thrice about the iſland; and a hair-brained rake, after a ſhort ſtay in the country, go home again a compoſed, grave, worthy gentleman.

I have premiſed theſe particulars before I enter on the main deſin of this paper, becauſe I would not be thought altogether notional in what I have to ſay, and paſs only for a projector in

[f] For many years paſt, people have diſcontinued to reſort to Montpelier for the cure of this diſorder; the air of the place having been thought peculiarly improper for the complaint. It is now ſaid, that the air of it is much mended, by draining a moraſs, or planting or deſtroying a wood. A.

Biſhop Atterbury, who reſided there during part of the ſummer of 1729, repreſents it to be ſo uncomfortable, that he was forced to take ſhelter at Vigan in the Cevennes, ten leagues diſtant, to avoid the heats. His daughter, Mrs. Morice, was ordered thither by her phyſicians, but died before ſhe reached Montpelier. N.

morality. I could quote Horace and Seneca, and ſome other ancient writers of good repute upon the ſame occaſion; and make out by their teſtimony, that our ſtreets are filled with diſtracted perſons; that our ſhops, and taverns, private and public houſes, ſwarm with them; and that it is very hard to make up a tolerable aſſembly without a majority of them. But what I have already ſaid is, I hope, ſufficient to juſtify the enſuing project, which I ſhall therefore give ſome account of without any further preface.

1. It is humbly propoſed, that a proper receptacle, or habitation, be forthwith erected for all ſuch perſons as, upon due trial and examination, ſhall appear to be out of their wits.

2. That, to ſerve the preſent exigency, the college in Moorfields [g] be very much extended at both ends; and that it be converted into a ſquare, by adding three other ſides to it.

3. That nobody be admitted into theſe three additional ſides, but ſuch whoſe phrenzy can lay no claim to an apartment in that row of building which is already erected.

4. That the architect, phyſician, apothecary, ſurgeon, keepers, nurſes, and porters, be all and each of them cracked; provided that their phrenzy does not lie in the profeſſion, or employment, to which they ſhall ſeverally and reſpectively be aſſigned.

'N. B. It is thought fit to give the foregoing notice, that none may preſent himſelf here for any poſt of honour, or profit, who is not duly qualified.'

[g] See N° 30.

5. That over all the gates of the additional buildings there be figures placed in the ſame manner as over the entrance of the edifice already erected [h]; provided they repreſent ſuch diſtractions only as are proper for thoſe additional buildings; as of an envious man gnawing his own fleſh; a gameſter pulling himſelf by the ears, and knocking his head againſt a marble pillar; a covetous man warming himſelf over a heap of gold; a coward flying from his own ſhadow; and the like.

Having laid down this general ſcheme of my deſign, I do hereby invite all perſons, who are willing to encourage ſo public-ſpirited a project, to bring in their contributions as ſoon as poſſible; and to apprehend forthwith any politician, whom they ſhall catch raving in a coffee-houſe, or any free-thinker, whom they ſhall find publiſhing his deliriums, or any other perſon who ſhall give the like manifeſt ſigns of a crazed imagination: and I do at the ſame time give this public notice to all the madmen about this great city, that they may return to their ſenſes with all imaginable expedition, leſt, if they ſhould come into my hands, I ſhould put them into a regimen which they would not like: for if I find any one of them perſiſt in his frantic behaviour, I will make him in a month's time as famous as ever Oliver's porter was [i].

[h] The beautiful ſtatues by Cibber.

[i] See N° 51, note on Oliver's porter.

N° 126. Saturday, January 28, 1709-10.
STEELE.

Anguillam caudâ tenes. T. D'URFEY.
You have got an eel by the tail.

From my own Apartment, January 27.

THERE is no ſort of company ſo agreeable as that of women, who have good ſenſe without affectation, and can converſe with men without any private deſign of impoſing chains and fetters. Belvidera, whom I viſited this evening, is one of theſe. There is an invincible prejudice in favour of all ſhe ſays, from her being a beautiful woman; becauſe ſhe does not conſider herſelf as ſuch when ſhe talks to you. This amiable temper gives a certain tincture to all her diſcourſe, and made it very agreeable to me until we were interrupted by Lydia, a creature who has all the charms that can adorn a woman. Her attractions would indeed be irreſiſtible, but that ſhe thinks them ſo, and is always employing them in ſtratagems and conqueſts. When I turned my eye upon her as ſhe ſat down, I ſaw ſhe was a perſon of that character, which, for the further information of my country correſpondents, I had long wanted an opportunity of explaining. Lydia is a finiſhed coquette; which is a ſect among women of all others the moſt miſchievous, and makes the greateſt havoc and diſorder in ſociety. I went on in the diſcourſe I was in

with Belvidera, without ſhewing that I had obſerved any thing extraordinary in Lydia: upon which I immediately ſaw her look me over as ſome very ill-bred fellow; and caſting a ſcornful glance on my dreſs, give a ſhrug at Belvidera. But, as much as ſhe deſpiſed me, ſhe wanted my admiration, and made twenty offers to bring my eyes her way: but I reduced her to a reſtleſſneſs in her ſeat, and impertinent playing of her fan, and many other motions and geſtures, before I took the leaſt notice of her. At laſt I looked at her with a kind of ſurpriſe, as if ſhe had before been unobſerved by reaſon of an ill light where ſhe ſat. It is not to be expreſſed what a ſudden joy I ſaw ariſe in her countenance, even at the approbation of ſuch a very old fellow: but ſhe did not long enjoy her triumph without a rival; for there immediately entered Caſtabella, a lady of a quite contrary character, that is to ſay, as eminent a prude as Lydia is a coquette. Belvidera gave me a glance, which methought intimated, that they were both curioſities in their kind, and worth remarking. As ſoon as we were again ſeated, I ſtole looks at each lady, as if I was comparing their perfections. Belvidera obſerved it, and began to lead me into a diſcourſe of them both to their faces, which is to be done eaſily enough; for one woman is generally ſo intent upon the faults of another, that ſhe has not reflection enough to obſerve when her own are repreſented. 'I have taken notice, Mr. Bickerſtaff,' ſaid Belvidera, 'that you have, in ſome parts of your writings, drawn characters of our ſex, in which you have

not, to my apprehenſion, been clear enough, and diſtinct; particularly in thoſe of a prude and a coquette.' Upon the mention of this, Lydia was rouzed with the expectation of ſeeing Caſtabella's picture, and Caſtabella with the hopes of that of Lydia. 'Madam,' ſaid I to Belvidera, 'when we conſider nature, we ſhall often find very contrary effects flow from the ſame cauſe. The prude and coquette, as different as they appear in their behaviour, are in reality the ſame kind of women. The motive of action in both is the affectation of pleaſing men. They are ſiſters of the ſame blood and conſtitution; only one chooſes a grave, and the other a light dreſs. The prude appears more virtuous, the coquette more vicious, than ſhe really is. The diſtant behaviour of the prude tends to the ſame purpoſe as the advances of the coquette; and you have as little reaſon to fall into deſpair from the ſeverity of the one, as to conceive hopes from the familiarity of the other. What leads you into a clear ſenſe of their character is, that you may obſerve each of them has the diſtinction of ſex in all her thoughts, words, and actions. You can never mention any aſſembly you were lately in, but one aſks you with a rigid, the other with a ſprightly air, "Pray, what men were there?" As for prudes, it muſt be confeſſed, that there are ſeveral of them, who, like hypocrites, by long practice of a falſe part, become ſincere; or at leaſt delude themſelves into a belief that they are ſo.'

For the benefit of the ſociety of ladies, I ſhall propoſe one rule to them as a teſt of their virtue.

I find, in a very celebrated modern author, that the great foundreſs of Pietiſts, madame de Bourignon [k], who was no leſs famous for the ſanctity of her life than for the ſingularity of ſome of her opinions, uſed to boaſt, that ſhe had not only the ſpirit of continency in herſelf, but that ſhe had alſo the power of communicating it to all who beheld her. This the ſcoffers of thoſe days called, 'The gift of infrigidation,' and took occaſion from it to rally her face, rather than admire her virtue. I would therefore adviſe the prude, who has a mind to know the integrity of her own heart, to lay her hand ſeriouſly upon it, and to examine herſelf, whether

[k] The author ſeems to have been indebted for what is ſaid here of madam de Bourignon, and her gift, &c. to Bayle's curious life of this devotee, publiſhed in 1697, to which he probably refers.

Antoinette Bourignon was born at Liſle in 1616, ſo deformed, that it was debated for ſome days in the family, whether it was not proper to ſtifle her as a monſter; ſhe died at Franeker in the province of Friſe in 1680.

Although ſhe pretended to inſpiration, and boaſted of extraordinary communications with God, ſhe appears by all accounts to have been exceedingly defective in the eſſential duties of humility and charity. She was a woman of ſuch ill conditions and odd behaviour, that nobody could live with her; and ſeriouſly maintained, that anger was a virtue. She contrived to accumulate money, but continued always uncharitable upon principle, alleging the errors of her underſtanding, in defence of the inhumanity of her conduct. She publiſhed reaſonings againſt her obligations to beneficence, which look like the dictates of an unfeeling heart, and the perverſe diſputations of a corrupt mind. Where our rule is clear and ſafe, exceptions muſt always be doubtful, and dangerous. Lamentable are the conditions of the children of miſery, after all that the moſt extenſive humanity can do for their relief.

ſhe could ſincerely rejoice in ſuch a gift of conveying chaſte thoughts to all her male beholders. If ſhe has any averſion to the power of inſpiring ſo great a virtue, whatever notion ſhe may have of her perfection, ſhe deceives her own heart, and is ſtill in the ſtate of prudery. Some perhaps will look upon the boaſt of madam de Bourignon, as the utmoſt oſtentation of a prude.

If you would ſee the humour of a coquette puſhed to the laſt exceſs, you may find an inſtance of it in the following ſtory; which I will ſet down at length, becauſe it pleaſed me when I read it, though I cannot recollect in what author [1].

'A young coquette widow in France, having been followed by a Gaſcon of quality, who had boaſted among his companions of ſome favours which he had never received; to be revenged of him, ſent for him one evening, and told him, it was in his power to do her a very particular ſervice. The Gaſcon, with much profeſſion of his readineſs to obey her commands, begged to hear in what manner ſhe deſigned to employ him. "You know," ſaid the widow, "my friend Belinda; and muſt often have heard of the jealouſy of that impotent wretch her huſband. Now it is abſolutely neceſſary, for the carrying on a certain affair, that his wife and I ſhould be together a whole night. What I have to aſk of you is, to dreſs yourſelf in her night-clothes, and lie by him a whole night in her place, that he may not miſs her while ſhe is with me."

[1] See N° 2.

The Gaſcon, though of a very lively and undertaking complexion, began to ſtartle at the propoſal. " Nay," ſays the widow, " if you have not the courage to go through what I aſk of you, I muſt employ ſomebody elſe that will." " Madam," ſays the Gaſcon, " I will kill him for you if you pleaſe; but for lying with him! ——How is it poſſible to do it without being diſcovered?" " If you do not diſcover yourſelf," ſays the widow, " you will lie ſafe enough, for he is paſt all curioſity. He comes in at night while ſhe is aſleep, and goes out in a morning before ſhe awakes; and is in pain for nothing, ſo he knows ſhe is there." " Madam," replied the Gaſcon, " how can you reward me for paſſing a night with this old fellow?" The widow anſwered with a laugh, " Perhaps by admitting you to paſs a night with one you think more agreeable." He took the hint; put on his night-clothes; and had not been a-bed above an hour before he heard a knocking at the door, and the treading of one who approached the other ſide of the bed, and who he did not queſtion was the good man of the houſe.' I do not know whether the ſtory would be better by telling you in this place, or at the end of it, that the perſon who went to bed to him was our young coquette widow. The Gaſcon was in a terrible fright every time ſhe moved in the bed, or turned towards him; and did not fail to ſhrink from her, until he had conveyed himſelf to the very ridge of the bed. I will not dwell upon the perplexity he was in the whole night, which was augmented, when he obſerved that it was

now broad day, and that the huſband did not yet offer to get up and go about his buſineſs. All that the Gaſcon had for it, was to keep his face turned from him, and to feign himſelf aſleep, when, to his utter confuſion, the widow at laſt puts out her arm, and pulls the bell at her bed's head. In came her friend, and two or three companions, to whom the Gaſcon had boaſted of her favours. The widow jumped into a wrapping gown, and joined with the reſt in laughing at this man of intrigue.

*** Propoſals for printing the Lucubrations of Iſaac Bickerſtaff, eſq; by ſubſcriptions, are to be ſeen, and ſubſcriptions taken by Charles Lillie, a perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort-buildings, in the Strand; and John Morphew, Stationers-hall. See N° 80, note.

N. B. The ſame propoſals are advertiſed at the end of the next paper in the original folio, with the following variation and addition: Propoſals for printing, &c. by ſubſcriptions, 'in two volumes 8vo. on a large character and fine royal paper,' &c. Then follows again, the advertiſement concerning the ſpurious edition of the Tatler, in a ſmall volume, before given.

N° 127. Tueſday, January 31, 1709-10.
STEELE.

Nimirum inſanus paucis videatur, eò quòd
Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem.
HOR. 2. Sat. iii. 120.

By few, forſooth, a madman he is thought,
For half mankind the ſame diſeaſe have caught.
FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, January 30.

THERE is no affection of the mind ſo much blended in human nature, and wrought into our very conſtitution, as pride. It appears under a multitude of diſguiſes, and breaks out in ten thouſand different ſymptoms. Every one feels it in himſelf, and yet wonders to ſee it in his neighbour. I muſt confeſs, I met with an inſtance of it the other day, where I ſhould very little have expected it. Who would believe the proud perſon I am going to ſpeak of is a cobbler upon Ludgate-hill? This artiſt being naturally a lover of reſpect, and conſidering that his circumſtances are ſuch that no man living will give it him, has contrived the figure of a beau in wood, who ſtands before him in a bending poſture, with his hat under his left arm, and his right hand extended in ſuch a manner as to hold a thread, a piece of wax, or an awl, according to the particular ſervice in which his maſter thinks fit to employ him. When I ſaw him, he held a candle in this obſequious poſture.

I was very well pleaſed with the cobbler's invention, that had ſo ingeniouſly contrived an inferior, and ſtood a little while contemplating this inverted idolatry, wherein the image did homage to the man. When we meet with ſuch a fantaſtic vanity in one of this order, it is no wonder if we may trace it through all degrees above it, and particularly through all the ſteps of greatneſs. We eaſily ſee the abſurdity of pride, when it enters into the heart of a cobbler; though in reality it is altogether as ridiculous and unreaſonable, wherever it takes poſſeſſion of an human creature. There is no temptation to it from the reflection upon our being in general, or upon any comparative perfection, whereby one man may excel another. The greater a man's knowledge is, the greater motive he may ſeem to have for pride; but in the ſame proportion as the one riſes, the other ſinks, it being the chief office of wiſdom to diſcover to us our weakneſſes and imperfections.

As folly is the foundation of pride, the natural ſuperſtructure of it is madneſs. If there was an occaſion for the experiment, I would not queſtion to make a proud man a lunatic in three weeks time; provided I had it in my power to ripen his phrenzy with proper applications. It is an admirable reflection in Terence, where it is ſaid of a paraſite, *Hic homines ex ſtultis facit inſanos.* 'This fellow,' ſays he, 'has an art of converting fools into madmen [m].' When I was in France, the region of complaiſance and

[m] See N° 208.

vanity, I have often obſerved, that a great man, who has entered a levee of flatterers humble and temperate, has grown ſo inſenſibly heated by the court which was paid him on all ſides, that he has been quite diſtracted before he could get into his coach.

If we conſult the collegiates of Moorfields, we ſhall find moſt of them are beholden to their pride for their introduction into that magnificent palace. I had, ſome years ago, the curioſity to enquire into the particular circumſtances of theſe whimſical freeholders; and learned from their own mouths the condition and character of each of them. Indeed I found that all I ſpoke to were perſons of quality. There were at that time five ducheſſes, three earls, two heathen gods, an emperor, and a prophet. There were alſo a great number of ſuch as were locked up from their eſtates, and others who concealed their titles. A leatherſeller of Taunton whiſpered me in the ear, that he was the duke of Monmouth, but begged me not to betray him. At a little diſtance from him ſat a taylor's wife, who aſked me, as I went, if I had ſeen the ſword-bearer? upon which I preſumed to aſk her, who ſhe was? and was anſwered, 'My lady mayoreſs.'

I was very ſenſibly touched with compaſſion towards theſe miſerable people; and, indeed, extremely mortified to ſee human nature capable of being thus diſfigured. However, I reaped this benefit from it, that I was reſolved to guard myſelf againſt a paſſion which makes ſuch havoc in the brain, and produces ſo much diſorder in

the imagination. For this reaſon I have endeavoured to keep down the ſecret ſwellings of reſentment, and ſtifle the very firſt ſuggeſtions of ſelf-eſteem; to eſtabliſh my mind in tranquility, and over-value nothing in my own, or in another's, poſſeſſion.

For the benefit of ſuch whoſe heads are a little turned, though not to ſo great a degree as to qualify them for the place of which I have been now ſpeaking, I ſhall aſſign one of the ſides of the college which I am erecting for the cure of this dangerous diſtemper.

The moſt remarkable of the perſons, whoſe diſturbance ariſes from pride, and whom I ſhall uſe all poſſible diligence to cure, are ſuch as are hidden in the appearance of quite contrary habits and diſpoſitions. Among ſuch I ſhall, in the firſt place, take care of one who is under the moſt ſubtle ſpecies of pride that I have obſerved in my whole experience.

This patient is a perſon for whom I have great reſpect, as being an old courtier, and a friend of mine in my youth. The man has but a bare ſubſiſtence, juſt enough to pay his reckoning with us at the Trumpet[n]: but by having ſpent the beginning of his life in the hearing of great men, and perſons of power, he is always promiſing to do good offices, to introduce every man he converſes with into the world; will deſire one of ten times his ſubſtance to let him ſee him ſometimes, and hints to him that he does not forget him. He an-

[n] See N° 132.

ſwers to matters of no conſequence with great circumſpection; but, however, maintains a general civility in his words and actions, and an inſolent benevolence to all whom he has to do with. This he practiſes with a grave tone and air; and though I am his ſenior by twelve years, and richer by forty pounds per annum, he had yeſterday the impudence to commend me to my face, and tell me, he ſhould be always ready to encourage me. In a word, he is a very inſignificant fellow, but exceeding gracious. The beſt return I can make him for his favours is, to carry him myſelf to Bedlam, and ſee him well taken care of.

The next perſon I ſhall provide for is of a quite contrary character; that has in him all the ſtiffneſs and inſolence of quality, without a grain of ſenſe or good-nature to make it either reſpected or beloved. His pride has infected every muſcle of his face; and yet, after all his endeavours to ſhew mankind that he contemns them, he is only neglected by all that ſee him, as not of conſequence enough to be hated.

For the cure of this particular ſort of madneſs, it will be neceſſary to break through all forms with him, and familiarize his carriage by the uſe of a good cudgel. It may likewiſe be of great benefit to make him jump over a ſtick half a dozen times every morning.

A third, whom I have in my eye, is a young fellow, whoſe lunacy is ſuch, that he boaſts of nothing but what he ought to be aſhamed of. He is vain of being rotten, and talks publicly

of having committed crimes which he ought to be hanged for by the laws of his country.

There are ſeveral others whoſe brains are hurt with pride, and whom I may hereafter attempt to recover; but ſhall conclude my preſent liſt with an old woman, who is juſt dropping into her grave, that talks of nothing but her birth. Though ſhe has not a tooth in her head, ſhe expects to be valued for the blood in her veins; which ſhe fancies is much better than that which glows in the cheeks of Belinda°, and ſets half the town on fire.

° There were at this period many ladies celebrated for their beauty; but 'as beautiful as madam Spanheim,' was a proverbial expreſſion. This diſtinguiſhed beauty was the daughter of baron Spanheim, then ambaſſador extraordinary at our court from the king of Pruſſia. She was happily married about two months after the date of this paper, to the marquis of Montandre. Her father the baron died here the November following, aged 81, when the queen preſented his daughter with a thouſand guineas, the uſual preſent when ſuch ambaſſadors take their leave.

N° 128. Thurſday, February 2, 1709-10.
STEELE.

——*Veniunt à dote ſagittæ.* Juv. Sat. vi. 138.
——The dowery ſhot the darts.

Now artful Cupid takes his ſtand
Upon a widow's jointure-land,
For he in all his am'rous battels
No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattels.
HUDIBRAS, Part I. Canto iii. l. 311.

From my own Apartment, February 1.

THIS morning I received a letter from a fortune hunter, which being better in its kind, than men of that character uſually write, I have thought fit to communicate to the public.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQ.

'SIR,

'I TAKE the boldneſs to recommend to your care the encloſed letter, not knowing how to communicate it, but by your means, to the agreeable country-maid you mention with ſo much honour in your diſcourſe concerning the lottery.

'I ſhould be aſhamed to give you this trouble without offering at ſome ſmall requital: I ſhall therefore direct a new pair of globes, and a teleſcope [p] of the beſt maker, to be left for you

[p] See N° 124, *paſſim.*

at Mr. Morphew's, as a teſtimony of the great reſpect with which I am

Your moſt humble ſervant, &c.'

TO MOPSA IN SHEER-LANE.

Jan. 27, 1709-10.

'Faireſt unknown,

'It being diſcovered by the ſtars, that about three months hence you will run the hazard of being perſecuted by many worthleſs pretenders to your perſon, unleſs timely [q] prevented; I now offer my ſervice for your ſecurity againſt the perſecution that threatens you. This is therefore to let you know that I have conceived a moſt extraordinary paſſion for you; and that for ſeveral days I have been perpetually haunted with the viſion of a perſon I have never yet ſeen. To ſatisfy you that I am in my ſenſes, and that I do not miſtake you for any one of higher rank, I aſſure you, that in your daily employment you appear to my imagination more agreeable in a ſhort ſcanty petticoat, than the fineſt woman of quality in her ſpreading fardingal; and that the dextrous twirl of your mop has more native charms, than the ſtudied airs of a lady's fan. In a word, I am captivated with your menial qualifications: the domeſtic virtues adorn you, like attendant Cupids; cleanlineſs and healthful induſtry wait on all your motions; and duſt and and cobwebs fly your approach.

[q] Timeouſly, the adj. for the adv.

'Now, to give you an honeſt account of myſelf, and that you may ſee my deſigns are honourable, I am an eſquire of an ancient family, born to about fifteen hundred pounds a year; half of which I have ſpent in diſcovering myſelf to be a fool, and with the reſt I am reſolved to retire with ſome plain honeſt partner, and ſtudy to be wiſer. I had my education in a laced coat, and a French dancing-ſchool; and, by my travel into foreign parts, have juſt as much breeding to ſpare, as you may think you want, which I intend to exchange as faſt as I can for old Engliſh honeſty and good ſenſe. I will not impoſe on you by a falſe recommendation of my perſon, which, to ſhew you my ſincerity, is none of the handſomeſt, being of a figure ſomewhat ſhort; but what I want in length, I make out in breadth. But, in amends for that and all other defects, if you can like me when you ſee me, I ſhall continue to you, whether I find you fair, black, or brown,

The moſt conſtant of Lovers.'

This letter ſeems to be written by a wag, and for that reaſon I am not much concerned for what reception Mopſa ſhall think fit to give it; but the following certainly proceeds from a poor heart, that languiſhes under the moſt deplorable misfortune that poſſibly can befal a woman. A man that is treacherouſly dealt with in love, may have recourſe to many conſolations. He may gracefully break through all oppoſition to his miſtreſs, or explain with his rival; urge

his own conſtancy, or aggravate the falſehood by which it is repaid. But a woman that is ill-treated, has no refuge in her griefs but in ſilence and ſecrecy. The world is ſo unjuſt, that a female heart which has been once touched, is thought for ever blemiſhed. The very grief in this caſe is looked upon as a reproach, and a complaint, almoſt a breach of chaſtity. For theſe reaſons we ſee treachery and falſehood are become, as it were, male vices, and are ſeldom found, never acknowledged, in the other ſex. This may ſerve to introduce Statira's letter; which, without any turn of art, has ſomething ſo pathetical and moving in it, that I verily believe it to be true, and therefore heartily pity the injured creature that writ it.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQ.

'SIR,

'You ſeem in many of your writings to be a man of a very compaſſionate temper, and well acquainted with the paſſion of love. This encourages me to apply myſelf to you in my preſent diſtreſs, which I believe you will look upon to be very great, and treat with tenderneſs, notwithſtanding it wholly ariſes from love, and that it is a woman that makes this confeſſion. I am now in the twenty-third year of my age, and have for a great while entertained the addreſſes of a man, who I thought loved me more than life. I am ſure I did him; and muſt own to you, not without ſome confuſion, that I have thought on nothing elſe for theſe two long years,

but the happy life we ſhould lead together, and the means I ſhould uſe to make myſelf ſtill dearer to him. My fortune was indeed much beyond his; and as I was always in the company of my relations, he was forced to diſcover his inclinations, and declare himſelf to me by ſtories of other perſons, kind looks, and many ways, which he knew too well that I underſtood. Oh! Mr. Bickerſtaff, it is impoſſible to tell you how induſtrious I have been to make him appear lovely in my thoughts. I made it a point of conſcience to think well of him, and of no man elſe: but he has ſince had an eſtate fallen to him, and makes love to another of a greater fortune than mine. I could not believe the report of this at firſt; but about a fortnight ago, I was convinced of the truth of it by his own behaviour. He came to make our family a formal viſit, when, as there were ſeveral in company, and many things talked of, the diſcourſe fell upon ſome unhappy woman, who was in my own circumſtances. It was ſaid by one in the room, that they could not believe the ſtory could be true, becauſe they did not believe any man could be ſo falſe. Upon which, I ſtole a look upon him with an anguiſh not to be expreſſed. He ſaw my eyes full of tears, yet had the cruelty to ſay, that he could ſee no falſehood in alterations of this nature, where there had been no contracts, or vows, interchanged. Pray, do not make a jeſt of miſery, but tell me ſeriouſly your opinion of his behaviour; and, if you can have any pity for my condition, publiſh this in your next paper; that being the only way I

have of complaining of his unkindneſs, and ſhewing him the injuſtice he has done me.

I am, your humble ſervant,

The unfortunate STATIRA.'

The name my correſpondent gives herſelf, puts me in mind of my old reading in romances, and brings into my thoughts a ſpeech of the renowned Don Bellianis, who, upon a complaint made to him of a diſcourteous knight, that had left his injured paramour in the ſame manner, dries up her tears with a promiſe of relief. 'Diſconſolate damſel,' quoth he, 'a foul diſgrace it were to all right-worthy profeſſors of chivalry, if ſuch a blot to knighthood ſhould paſs unchaſtiſed. Give me to know the abode of this recreant lover, and I will give him as a feaſt to the fowls of the air, or drag him bound before you at my horſe's tail.'

I am not aſhamed to own myſelf a champion of diſtreſſed damſels, and would venture as far to relieve them as Don Bellianis; for which reaſon I do invite this lady to let me know the name of the traitor who has deceived her; and do promiſe, not only her, but all the fair ones of Great Britain, who lie under the ſame calamity, to employ my right-hand for their redreſs, and ſerve them to my laſt drop of ink.

N° 129. Saturday, February 4, 1709-10.
STEELE AND ADDISON[r].

Ingenio manus eſt et cervix cæſa. JUV. Sat. x. 120.

His wit's rewarded with the fatal loſs
Of hand and head———— R. WYNNE[s].

From my own Apartment, February 3.

WHEN my paper for to-morrow was prepared for the preſs, there came in this morning a mail from Holland, which brought me ſeveral advices from foreign parts, and took my thoughts

[r] 'For the benefit of my readers, I think myſelf obliged here to let them know, that I always make uſe of an old-faſhioned e, which very little differs from an o. This has been the reaſon that my printer ſometimes miſtakes the one for the other, as in my laſt paper I find *thoſe* for *theſe*, *beheld* for *behold*, *Corvix* for *Cervix*, and the like.' The advertiſement given here, is ſubjoined to N° 131, in the original edition of the Tatler in folio, and inclines the annotator to believe that Addiſon wrote, or aſſiſted in writing this paper and N° 130, to which the advertiſement refers, and alſo that he was concerned in N° 131, at the concluſion of which the advertiſement above was originally printed. It is but juſtice to the reader to acknowledge, that not one of the two firſt papers, here attributed to Addiſon, is re-printed in Mr. Tickell's edition of Addiſon's Works, certainly then they were not mentioned as Addiſon's in Steele's liſt; nor are they, or either of them, aſcribed to Addiſon in Mr. Byron's MS. notes; the aſſignment of them to Addiſon here is only on conjecture, grounded on what has been ſaid in a note on Tat. N° 77.

[s] There is no motto in the original paper in folio; it is added here according to a direction at the end of N° 130, in the original edition in folio.

off domeſtic affairs. Among others, I have a letter from a burgher of Amſterdam, who makes me his compliments, and tells me he has ſent me ſeveral draughts of humorous and ſatirical pictures by the beſt hands of the Dutch nation. They are a trading people, and, in their very minds, mechanics. They expreſs their wit in manufacture, as we do in manuſcript. He informs me, that a very witty hand has lately repreſented the preſent poſture of public affairs in a landſcape, or rather a ſea-piece, wherein the potentates of the alliance are figured as their intereſts correſpond with, or affect each other, under the appearance of commanders of ſhips. Theſe veſſels carry the colours of the reſpective nations concerned in the preſent war. The whole deſign ſeems to tend to one point, which is, that ſeveral ſquadrons of Britiſh and Dutch ſhips are battering a French man of war, in order to make her deliver up a long-boat with Spaniſh colours. My correſpondent informs me, that a man muſt underſtand the compaſs perfectly well, to be able to comprehend the beauty and invention of this piece; which is ſo ſkilfully drawn, that the particular views of every prince in Europe are ſeen according as the ſhips lie to the main figure in the picture, and as that figure may help, or retard, their ſailing. It ſeems this curioſity is now on board a ſhip bound for England, and with other rarities, made a preſent to me. As ſoon as it arrives, I deſign to expoſe it to public view at my ſecretary Mr. Lillie's, who ſhall have an explication of all the terms of art; and

I doubt not but it will give as good content as the moving picture in Fleet-ſtreet [t].

But, above all the honours I have received from the learned world abroad, I am moſt delighted with the following epiſtle from Rome.

" ' *Paſquin of Rome to Iſaac Bickerſtaff, of Great-Britain, Greeting.*

' SIR,

' YOUR reputation has paſſed the Alps, and would have come to my ears by this time, if I had any. In ſhort, ſir, you are looked upon here as a northern droll, and the greateſt virtuoſo among the Tramontanes. Some indeed ſay, that Mr. Bickerſtaff and Paſquin are only names invented to father compoſitions, which the natural parent does not care for owning. But, however that is, all agree, that there are ſeveral perſons who, if they durſt attack you, would endeavour to leave you no more limbs than I have. I need not tell you that my adverſaries have joined in a confederacy with

[t] ADVERTISEMENT. O. F. N° 126, and N° 128.

To be ſeen daily, at the Duke of Marlborough's Head in Fleet-ſtreet, a new moving picture, drawn by the beſt hand, with great variety of curious motions and figures, which form a moſt agreeable proſpect. It has the general approbation of all who ſee it, and far exceeds the original formerly ſhewn at the ſame place.

N. B. This picture was never expoſed to public view, before the beginning of the preſent year 1710.—See N° 115, advert.

[u] See N° 130, advert.

Time to demoliſh me, and that, if I were not a very great wit, I ſhould make the worſt figure in Europe, being abridged of my legs, arms, noſe and ears. If you think fit to accept of the correſpondence of ſo facetious a cripple, I ſhall from time to time ſend you an account of what happens at Rome. You have only heard of it from Latin and Greek authors; nay, perhaps, have read no accounts from hence, but of a triumph, ovation, or apotheoſis, and will doubtleſs, be ſurpriſed to ſee the deſcription of a proceſſion, jubilee, or canonization. I ſhall, however, ſend you what the place affords, in return to what I ſhall receive from you. If you will acquaint me with your next promotion of general officers, I will ſend you an account of our next advancement of ſaints. If you will let me know who is reckoned the braveſt warrior in Great Britain, I will tell you who is the beſt fiddler in Rome. If you will favour me with an inventory of the riches that were brought into your nation by admiral Wager, I will not fail giving you an account of a pot of medals that has been lately dug up here, and are now under the examination of our miniſters of ſtate [x].

[x] The pot of medals here mentioned as dug up in Italy, might perhaps be fanciful, and introduced probably to heighten the humour of Paſquin's letter. But it is certain, that treaſures of medals were fortunately found, and ſhamefully neglected, in many provinces of France, during the courſe of about twenty years preceding the date of this paper. F. Chamillart, a contemporary writer, who furniſhes this information, laments the loſs of them. He mentions and bewails, particularly, a treaſure of one hundred thouſand medals, all coined in the 3d century, from the reign of Caracalla to

'There is one thing, in which I desire you would be very particular. What I mean is an exact list of all the religions in Great Britain, as likewise the habits, which are said here to be the great points of conscience in England; whether they are made of serge or broad-cloth, of silk or linen. I should be glad to see a model of the most conscientious dress among you, and desire you will send me a hat of each religion; as likewise, if it be not too much trouble, a cravat. It would also be very acceptable here to receive an account of those two religious orders, which are lately sprung up amongst you, the whigs and the tories, with the points of doctrine, severities in discipline, penances, mortifications, and good works, by which they differ one from another. It would be no less kind, if you would explain to us a word, which they do not understand even at our English monastery, "Toasts[y]," and let us know whether the ladies so called are nuns or lay-sisters. In return, I will send you the secret history of several cardinals, which I have by me in manuscript, with the gallantries, amours, politics, and intrigues, by which they made their way to the holy purple.

that of Posthumus, found in Lower Bretagne in 1676, which were all, some few excepted, melted down. Such as are curious to know more of this matter may gratify their curiosity, by consulting Dissertations du Rever. Pere Etienne Chamillart, &c. sur plusieurs Medailles & Pierres gravées de son Cabinet & autres Monumens d'Antiquité, a Paris, 1711, 4to.

[y] See N° 24, and N° 31.

'But, when I propoſe a correſpondence, I muſt not tell you what I intend to adviſe you of hereafter, and neglect to give you what I have at preſent. The pope has been ſick for this fortnight of a violent tooth-ache, which has very much raiſed the French faction, and put the conclave into a great ferment. Every one of the pretenders to the ſucceſſion is grown twenty years older than he was a fortnight ago. Each candidate tries who ſhall cough and ſtoop moſt; for theſe are at preſent the great gifts that recommend to the apoſtolical ſeat; which he ſtands the faireſt for, who is likely to reſign it the ſooneſt. I have known the time, when it uſed to rain louis d'ors on ſuch occaſions; but, whatever is the matter, there are very few of them to be ſeen at preſent at Rome, inſomuch, that it is thought a man might purchaſe infallibility at a very reaſonable rate. It is nevertheleſs hoped, that his holineſs may recover, and bury theſe his imaginary ſucceſſors.

'There has lately been found an human tooth in a catacomb, which has engaged a couple of convents in a law-ſuit; each of them pretending, that it belonged to the jaw-bone of a ſaint, who was of their order. The college have ſat upon it thrice; and I find there is a diſpoſition among them to take it out of the poſſeſſion of both the contending parties, by reaſon of a ſpeech, which was made by one of the cardinals, who, by reaſon of its being found out of the company of any other bones, aſſerted, that it might be one of the teeth which was coughed

out by Ælia, an old woman, whoſe loſs is recorded in Martial[z].

'I have nothing remarkable to communicate to you of ſtate affairs, excepting only, that the pope[a] has lately received an horſe from the German ambaſſador, as an acknowledgment for the kingdom of Naples, which is a fief of the church. His holineſs refuſed this horſe from the Germans ever ſince the duke of Anjou has been poſſeſſed of Spain; but as they lately took care to accompany it with a body of ten thouſand more, they have at laſt overcome his holineſs's modeſty, and prevailed upon him to accept the preſent.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient, humble ſervant,

PASQUIN,'

'P. S. Marforio[b] is very much yours.'

[z] Mart. Epigr. lib. i. 20. Collect. *Piſaurenſis*, &c. 4to. 1766. tom. iii. p. 347.

[a] The pope prudently waited to know who would get, and keep, poſſeſſion of Naples. A.

[b] See N° 130, adv.

*** Appendix Librorum ſub Stephanorum nominibus impreſſorum; may be had gratis, on large or ſmall paper, by all gentlemen, &c. who have Hiſtoria de Vitis Stephanorum, of Chr. Bateman, at the Bible and Crown, in Paternoſter-row.

N. B. It is preſumed this will not be pirated, for the benefit of the poor.

N° 130. Tueſday, February 7, 1709-10.
STEELE AND ADDISON[c].

——*Tamen me*
Cum magnis vixiſſe, invita fatebitur uſque
Invidia—— HOR. 2. Sat. i. 75.

Spite of herſelf ev'n envy muſt confeſs,
That I the friendſhip of the great poſſeſs.
FRANCIS.

Sheer-lane, February 6.

I FIND ſome of the moſt polite Latin authors, who wrote at a time when Rome was in its glory, ſpeak with a certain noble vanity of the brightneſs and ſplendour of the age in which they lived. Pliny often compliments his emperor Trajan upon this head; and, when he would animate him to any thing great, or diſſuade him from any thing that was improper, he inſinuates, that it is befitting, or unbecoming, the *claritas et nitor ſeculi*, that period of time which was made illuſtrious by his reign. When we caſt our eyes back on the hiſtory of mankind, and trace them through their ſeveral ſucceſſions to their firſt original, we ſometimes ſee them breaking out in great and memorable actions, and towering up to the utmoſt heights of virtue and knowledge; when perhaps, if we carry our obſervations to a little diſtance, we ſee them ſunk into ſloth and ignorance, and altogether

[c] See introductory note to N° 129.

loſt in darkneſs and obſcurity. Sometimes the whole ſpecies is aſleep for two or three generations, and then again awakens into action; flouriſhes in heroes, philoſophers, and poets; who do honour to human nature, and leave ſuch tracks of glory behind them, as diſtinguiſh the years in which they acted their part from the ordinary courſe of time.

Methinks a man cannot, without a ſecret ſatisfaction, conſider the glory of the preſent age, which will ſhine as bright as any other in the hiſtory of mankind. It is ſtill big with great events, and has already produced changes and revolutions, which will be as much admired by poſterity, as any that have happened in 'the days of our fathers, or in the old times before them.' We have ſeen kingdoms divided and united, monarchs erected and depoſed, nations transferred from one ſovereign to another; conquerors raiſed to ſuch a greatneſs, as has given a terror to Europe, and thrown down by ſuch a fall, as has moved their pity.

But it is ſtill a more pleaſing view to an Engliſhman, to ſee his own country give the chief influence to ſo illuſtrious an age, and ſtand in the ſtrongeſt point of light amidſt the diffuſed glory that ſurrounds it.

If we begin with learned men, we may obſerve, to the honour of our country, that thoſe who make the greateſt figure in moſt arts and ſciences, are univerſally allowed to be of the Britiſh nation; and, what is more remarkable, that men of the greateſt learning are among the men of the greateſt quality.

A nation may indeed abound with perſons of ſuch uncommon parts and worth, as may make them rather a misfortune than a bleſſing to the public. Thoſe, who ſingly might have been of infinite advantage to the age they live in, may, by riſing up together in the ſame criſis of time, and by interfering in their purſuits of honour, rather interrupt than promote the ſervice of their country. Of this we have a famous inſtance in the republic of Rome, when Cæſar, Pompey, Cato, Cicero, and Brutus, endeavoured to recommend themſelves at the ſame time to the admiration of their contemporaries. Mankind was not able to provide for ſo many extraordinary perſons at once, or find out poſts ſuitable to their ambition and abilities. For this reaſon they were all as miſerable in their deaths, as they were famous in their lives, and occaſioned not only the ruin of each other, but alſo that of the commonwealth.

It is therefore a particular happineſs to a people, when the men of ſuperior genius and character are ſo juſtly diſpoſed in the high places of honour, that each of them moves in a ſphere which is proper to him, and requires thoſe particular qualities in which he excels.

If I ſee a general commanding the forces of his country, whoſe victories are not to be paralleled in ſtory, and who is as famous for his negotiations as his victories [d]; and at the ſame

[d] Steele very happily takes occaſion here to pay his compliments to ſome of the principal people in the higher departments of the ſtate; and firſt to the duke of Marlborough, commander in chief of her majeſty's forces.

time ſee the management of a nation's treaſury in the hands of one, who has always diſtinguiſhed himſelf by a generous contempt of his own private wealth, and an exact frugality of that which belongs to the public [e]; I cannot but think a people under ſuch an adminiſtration may promiſe themſelves conqueſts abroad, and plenty at home. If I were to wiſh for a proper perſon to preſide over the public councils, it ſhould certainly be one as much admired for his univerſal knowledge of men and things, as for his eloquence, courage, and integrity, in the exerting of ſuch extraordinary talents [f].

Who is not pleaſed to ſee a perſon in the higheſt ſtation in the law, who was the moſt eminent in his profeſſion, and the moſt accompliſhed orator at the bar [g]? Or at the head of the fleet a commander, under whoſe conduct the common enemy received ſuch a blow, as he has never been able to recover [h]?

Were we to form to ourſelves the idea of one, whom we ſhould think proper to govern a diſtant kingdom, conſiſting chiefly of thoſe who differ from us in religion, and are influenced by foreign politics; would it not be ſuch a one as had ſignalized himſelf by an uniform and unſhaken zeal for the proteſtant intereſt, and by his dexte-

[e] Sidney lord Godolphin was then lord high-treaſurer of England.

[f] The great lord Somers was at this time lord preſident of the council.

[g] Lord chancellor Cowper is here alluded to. See Tat. N° 39, note; and N° 4, note, on lord C. Cowper.

[h] Edward Ruſſel, earl of Orford, firſt lord commiſſioner of the admiralty. *Ibid.*

rity in defeating the ſkill and artifice of its enemies[1]? In ſhort, if we find a great man popular for his honeſty and humanity, as well as famed for his learning and great ſkill in all the languages of Europe; or a perſon eminent for thoſe qualifications, which make men ſhine in public aſſemblies, or for that ſteadineſs, conſtancy, and good ſenſe, which carry a man to the deſired point through all the oppoſition of tumult and prejudice, we have the happineſs to behold them all in poſts ſuitable to their characters.

Such a conſtellation of great perſons, if I may ſo ſpeak, while they ſhine out in their own diſtinct capacities, reflect a luſtre upon each other, but in a more particular manner on their ſovereign, who has placed them in thoſe proper ſituations, by which their virtues become ſo beneficial to all her ſubjects. It is the anniverſary of the birth-day of this glorious queen, which naturally led me into this field of contemplation, and, inſtead of joining in the public exultations that are made on ſuch occaſions, to entertain my thoughts with the more ſerious pleaſure of ruminating upon the glories of her reign.

While I behold her ſurrounded with triumphs, and adorned with all the proſperity and ſucceſs which Heaven ever ſhed on a mortal, and ſtill conſidering herſelf as ſuch; though the perſon appears to me exceeding great, that has theſe

[1] Thomas earl of Wharton had recently been honoured with the title of lord lieutenant of Ireland, and Addiſon was his ſecretary, who ſeems to be delicately alluded to in the following paragraph.

juſt honours paid to her; yet I muſt confeſs, ſhe appears much greater in that ſhe receives them with ſuch a glorious humility, and ſhews ſhe has no further regard for them, than as they ariſe from theſe great events, which have made her ſubjects happy. For my own part, I muſt confeſs, when I ſee private virtues in ſo high a degree of perfection, I am not aſtoniſhed at any extraordinary ſucceſs that attends them, but look upon public triumphs as the natural conſequences of religious retirements.

ADVERTISEMENT.

'Finding ſome perſons have miſtaken Paſquin, who was mentioned in my laſt, for one who has been pilloried at Rome, I muſt here advertiſe them, that it is only a maimed ſtatue ſo called, on which the private ſcandal of that city is generally paſted. Marforio is a perſon of the ſame quality, who is uſually made to anſwer whatever is publiſhed by the other; the wits of that place, like too many of our own country, taking pleaſure in ſetting innocent people together by the ears. The mentioning of this perſon, who is a great wit, and a great cripple, put me in mind of Mr. Eſtcourt [k], who is under the ſame circumſtances. He was formerly my apothecary, and being at preſent diſabled by the gout and ſtone, I muſt recommend him to the public, on Thurſday next that admirable play of Ben Jonſon's, called The Silent Woman,

[k] See N° 51, note; Life of C. Cibber, ed. 12mo. 1756, vol. i. p. 172, and p. 219; and Chetwood's Gen. Hiſt. of the Stage, 12mo. 1749, p. 140.

being appointed to be acted for his benefit. It would be indecent for me to appear twice in a ſeaſon at theſe ludicrous diverſions; but as I always give my man [1] and my maid one day in the year, I ſhall allow them this, and am promiſed by Mr. Eſtcourt, my ingenious apothecary, that they ſhall have a place kept for them in the firſt row of the middle gallery.'

N° 131. Thurſday, February 9, 1709-10.

ADDISON [m].

Scelus eſt jugulare Falernum,
Et dare Campano toxica ſæva mero. MART. i. 19.

How great the crime, how flagrant the abuſe!
T' adulterate generous wine, with noxious juice.
R. WYNNE.

Sheer-lane, February 8.

THERE is in this city a certain fraternity of chemical operators, who work under-ground in holes, caverns, and dark retirements, to conceal their myſteries from the eyes and obſervation of mankind. Theſe ſubterraneous philoſophers are daily employed in the tranſmutation of liquors, and, by the power of magical drugs and incan-

[1] No mention is made of Bickerſtaff's man elſewhere; his maid comes with a lantern to light him home from the club. Tat. N° 132. A.

[m] This paper is aſcribed to Addiſon, on the authorities of the liſt delivered by Steele to Mr. Tickell; and of C. Byron, eſq; in his MS. notes, communicated by J——n H——y. M. See N° 74, note; Addiſon's Works, 4to, vol. ii. p. 253; and N° 129, introductory note.

tations, raiſing under the ſtreets of London the choiceſt products of the hills and valleys of France. They can ſqueeze Bourdeaux out of the ſloe, and draw Champagne from an apple. Virgil, in that remarkable prophecy,

Incultiſque rubens pendebit ſentibus uva.

VIRG. Ecl. iv. 29.

The ripening grape ſhall hang on every thorn,

ſeems to have hinted at this art, which can turn a plantation of northern hedges into a vineyard. Theſe adepts are known among one another by the name of Wine-brewers; and, I am afraid, do great injury, not only to her majeſty's cuſtoms, but to the bodies of many of her good ſubjects.

Having received ſundry complaints againſt theſe inviſible workmen, I ordered the proper officer of my court to ferret them out of their reſpective caves, and bring them before me, which was yeſterday executed accordingly.

The perſon who appeared againſt them was a merchant, who had by him a great magazine of wines, that he had laid in before the war; but theſe gentlemen, as he ſaid, had ſo vitiated the nation's palate, that no man could believe his to be French, becauſe it did not taſte like what they ſold for ſuch. As a man never pleads better than where his own perſonal intereſt is concerned, he exhibited to the court, with great eloquence, that this new corporation of druggiſts had inflamed the bills of mortality, and puzzled the college of phyſicians with diſeaſes, for which they neither knew a name, or cure. He accuſed ſome of giving all their cuſtomers colics and

megrims; and mentioned one who had boaſted he had a tun of claret by him, that in a fortnight's time ſhould give the gout to a dozen of the healthfuleſt men in the city, provided that their conſtitutions were prepared for it by wealth and idleneſs. He then enlarged, with a great ſhow of reaſon, upon the prejudice which theſe mixtures and compoſitions had done to the brains of the Engliſh nation; 'as is too viſible,' ſaid he, 'from many late pamphlets, ſpeeches, and ſermons, as well as from the ordinary converſations of the youth of this age.' He then quoted an ingenious perſon, who would undertake to know by a man's writings the wine he moſt delighted in; and on that occaſion named a certain ſatiriſt, whom he had diſcovered to be the author of a lampoon, by a manifeſt taſte of the ſloe, which ſhewed itſelf in it by much roughneſs and little ſpirit.

In the laſt place, he aſcribed to the unnatural tumults and fermentations which theſe mixtures raiſe in our blood, the diviſions, heats, and animoſities, that reign among us; and, in particular, aſſerted moſt of the modern enthuſiaſms and agitations to be nothing elſe but the effects of adulterated port.

The counſel for the brewers had a face ſo extremely inflamed, and illuminated with carbuncles, that I did not wonder to ſee him an advocate for theſe ſophiſtications. His rhetoric was likewiſe ſuch as I ſhould have expected from the common draught, which I found he often drank to a great exceſs. Indeed, I was ſo ſurpriſed at his figure and parts, that I ordered

him to give me a taſte of his uſual liquor; which I had no ſooner drank, than I found a pimple riſing in my forehead; and felt ſuch a ſenſible decay in my underſtanding, that I would not proceed in the trial until the fume of it was entirely diſſipated.

This notable advocate had little to ſay in the defence of his clients, but that they were under a neceſſity of making claret, if they would keep open their doors; it being the nature of mankind to love every thing that is prohibited. He further pretended to reaſon, that it might be as profitable to the nation to make French wine as French hats; and concluded with the great advantage that this practice had already brought to part of the kingdom. Upon which he informed the court, that the lands in Herefordſhire were raiſed two years purchaſe ſince the beginning of the war.

When I had ſent out my ſummons to theſe people, I gave at the ſame time orders to each of them to bring the ſeveral ingredients he made uſe of in diſtinct phials, which they had done accordingly, and ranged them into two rows on each ſide of the court. The workmen were drawn up in ranks behind them. The merchant informed me, that in one row of phials were the ſeveral colours they dealt in, and in the other, the taſtes. He then ſhewed me, on the right-hand, one who went by the name of Tom Tintoret, who, as he told me, was the greateſt maſter in his colouring of any vintner in London. To give me a proof of his art, he took a glaſs of fair water; and, by the infuſion of three

drops out of one of his phials, converted it into a moſt beautiful pale Burgundy. Two more of the ſame kind heightened it into a perfect Languedoc: from thence it paſſed into a florid Hermitage: and, after having gone through two or three other changes, by the addition of a ſingle drop, ended in a very deep Pontac. This ingenious virtuoſo, ſeeing me very much ſurpriſed at his art, told me, that he had not an opportunity of ſhewing it in perfection, having only made uſe of water for the ground-work of his colouring; but that, if I were to ſee an operation upon liquors of ſtronger bodies, the art would appear to a much greater advantage. He added, that he doubted not but it would pleaſe my curioſity to ſee the cyder of one apple take only a vermillion, when another, with a leſs quantity of the ſame infuſion, would riſe into a dark purple, according to the different texture of parts in the liquor. He informed me alſo, that he could hit the different ſhades and degrees of red, as they appear in the pink and the roſe, the clove and the carnation, as he had Rheniſh or Moſelle, Perry or White Port, to work in.

I was ſo ſatisfied with the ingenuity of this virtuoſo, that, after having adviſed him to quit ſo diſhoneſt a profeſſion, I promiſed him, in conſideration of his great genius, to recommend him as a partner to a friend of mine, who has heaped up great riches as a ſcarlet-dyer.

The artiſts on my other hand were ordered, in the ſecond place, to make ſome experiments of their ſkill before me: upon which the famous

Harry Sippet ſtepped out, and aſked me what I would be pleaſed to drink? At the ſame time he filled out three or four white liquors in a glaſs, and told me, that it ſhould be what I pleaſed to call for; adding very learnedly, that the liquor before him was as the naked ſubſtance, or firſt matter of his compound, to which he and his friend, who ſtood over-againſt him, could give what accidents or form they pleaſed. Finding him ſo great a philoſopher, I deſired he would convey into it the qualities and eſſence of right Bourdeaux. 'Coming, coming, ſir,' ſaid he, with the air of a drawer; and, after having caſt his eye on the ſeveral taſtes and flavours that ſtood before him, he took up a little cruet, that was filled with a kind of inky juice, and pouring ſome of it out into the glaſs of white wine, preſented it to me; and told me this was the wine over which moſt of the buſineſs of the laſt term had been diſpatched. I muſt confeſs, I looked upon that ſooty drug, which he held up in his cruet, as the quinteſſence of Engliſh Bourdeaux; and therefore deſired him to give me a glaſs of it by itſelf, which he did with great unwillingneſs. My cat at that time ſat by me upon the elbow of my chair; and, as I did not care for making the experiment upon myſelf, I reached it to her to ſip of it, which had like to have coſt her her life; for, notwithſtanding it flung her at firſt into freakiſh tricks, quite contrary to her uſual gravity, in leſs than a quarter of an hour ſhe fell into convulſions; and, had it not been a creature more tenacious

of life than any other, would certainly have died under the operation.

I was ſo incenſed by the tortures of my innocent domeſtic, and the unworthy dealings of theſe men, that I told them, if each of them had as many lives as the injured creature before them, they deſerved to forfeit them for the pernicious arts which they uſed for their profit. I therefore bid them look upon themſelves as no better than as a kind of aſſaſſins and murderers within the law. However, ſince they had dealt ſo clearly with me, and laid before me their whole practice, I diſmiſſed them for that time; with a particular requeſt, that they would not poiſon any of my friends and acquaintance, and take to ſome honeſt livelihood without loſs of time.

For my own part, I have reſolved hereafter to be very careful in my liquors; and have agreed with a friend of mine in the army, upon their next march, to ſecure me two hogſheads of the beſt ſtomach-wine in the cellars of Verſailles, for the good of my Lucubrations, and the comfort of my old age.

Nº 132. Saturday, February 11, 1709-10.

STEELE.

Habeo ſenectuti magnam gratiam, quæ mihi ſermonis aviditatem auxit, potionis et cibi ſuſtulit. TULL. de Sen.

I am much beholden to old age, which has increaſed my eagerneſs for converſation, in proportion as it has leſſened my appetites of hunger and thirſt.

Sheer-lane, February 10.

AFTER having applied my mind with more than ordinary attention to my ſtudies, it is my uſual cuſtom to relax and unbend it in the converſation of ſuch as are rather eaſy than ſhining companions. This I find particularly neceſſary for me before I retire to reſt, in order to draw my ſlumbers upon me by degrees, and fall aſleep inſenſibly. This is the particular uſe I make of a ſet of heavy honeſt men, with whom I have paſſed many hours with much indolence, though not with great pleaſure. Their converſation is a kind of preparative for ſleep: it takes the mind down from its abſtractions, leads it into the familiar traces of thought, and lulls it into that ſtate of tranquillity, which is the condition of a thinking man when he is but half awake. After this, my reader will not be ſurpriſed to hear the account which I am about to give of a club of my own contemporaries, among whom I paſs two or three hours every evening. This I look upon as taking my firſt nap before I go to bed. The truth of it is, I ſhould think my-

ſelf unjuſt to poſterity, as well as to the ſociety at the Trumpet [n], of which I am a member, did not I in ſome part of my writings give an account of the perſons among whom I have paſſed almoſt a ſixth part of my time for theſe laſt forty years. Our club conſiſted originally of fifteen: but, partly by the ſeverity of the law in arbitrary times, and partly by the natural effects of old age, we are at preſent reduced to a third part of that number: in which, however, we have this conſolation, that the beſt company is ſaid to conſiſt of five perſons. I muſt confeſs, beſides the aforementioned benefit which I meet with in the converſation of this ſelect ſociety, I am not the leſs pleaſed with the company, in that I find myſelf the greateſt wit amongſt them, and am heard as their oracle in all points of learning and difficulty.

Sir Jeoffery Notch, who is the oldeſt of the club, has been in poſſeſſion of the right-hand chair time out of mind, and is the only man among us that has the liberty of ſtirring the fire. This our foreman is a gentleman of an ancient family, that came to a great eſtate ſome years before he had diſcretion, and run it out in hounds, horſes, and cock-fighting; for which reaſon he looks upon himſelf as an honeſt, worthy gentleman, who has had misfortunes in the world, and calls every thriving man a pitiful upſtart.

Major Matchlock is the next ſenior, who ſerved in the laſt civil wars, and has all the battles by heart. He does not think any action

[n] A public-houſe in Shire-lane. See N° 127.

in Europe worth talking of ſince the fight of Marſton-Moor [o]; and every night tells us of his having been knocked off his horſe at the riſing of the London apprentices [p]; for which he is in great eſteem among us.

Honeſt old Dick Reptile is the third of our ſociety. He is a good-natured indolent man, who ſpeaks little himſelf, but laughs at our jokes; and brings his young nephew along with him, a youth of eighteen years old, to ſhew him good company, and give him a taſte of the world. This young fellow ſits generally ſilent; but whenever he opens his mouth, or laughs at any thing that paſſes, he is conſtantly told by his uncle, after a jocular manner, 'Ay, ay, Jack, you young men think us fools; but we old men know you are.'

The greateſt wit of our company next to myſelf, is a bencher of the neighbouring inn, who in his youth frequented the ordinaries about Charing-croſs, and pretends to have been intimate with Jack Ogle. He has about ten diſtichs of Hudibras without book, and never leaves the club until he has applied them all. If any modern wit be mentioned, or any town frolic ſpoken of, he ſhakes has head at the dulneſs of the preſent age, and tells us a ſtory of Jack Ogle.

[o] The battle of Marſton-Moor happened on July 2, 1644.

[p] July 14, 1647, the London apprentices preſented a petition ſigned by above 10,000 hands; and on the 26th, they forced their way into the houſe, menacing until votes had paſſed deſirable to their demands. See the Parliamentary Hiſtory, vol. xvi. p. 180, 181.

For my own part, I am eſteemed among them, becauſe they ſee I am ſomething reſpected by others; though at the ſame time I underſtand by their behaviour, that I am conſidered by them as a man of a great deal of learning, but no knowledge of the world; inſomuch, that the major ſometimes, in the height of his military pride, calls me the philoſopher: and ſir Jeoffery, no longer ago than laſt night, upon a diſpute what day of the month it was then in Holland, pulled his pipe out of his mouth, and cried, 'What does the ſcholar ſay to it?'

Our club meets preciſely at ſix a clock in the evening [q]; but I did not come laſt night until half an hour after ſeven, by which means I eſcaped the battle of Naſeby, which the major uſually begins at about three quarters after ſix: I found alſo, that my good friend the bencher had already ſpent three of his diſtichs; and only waited an opportunity to hear a ſermon ſpoken of, that he might introduce the couplet where 'a ſtick' rhimes to 'eccleſiaſtic.' At my entrance into the room, they were naming a red petticoat and a cloak, by which I found that the bencher had been diverting them with a ſtory of Jack Ogle [r].

[q] Clubs at the univerſities met at ſix till 1730; now, in 1797, they do not meet before nine in the evening, or later. A.

[r] Jack Ogle, ſaid to have been deſcended from a decent family in Devonſhire, was a man of ſome genius, and great extravagance, but rather artful than witty. The extenſive knowledge which he is reported to have had of gaming, muſt have been built on the ruins of his moral character; for every profeſſed gameſter is ſo much the worſe man, in proportion as he is ſkilled in his profeſſion.

I had no ſooner taken my ſeat, but ſir Jeoffery, to ſhew his good-will towards me, gave me a pipe of his own tobacco, and ſtirred up the fire. I look upon it as a point of morality, to be obliged by thoſe who endeavour to oblige me; and therefore, in requital for his kindneſs, and to ſet the converſation a-going, I took the beſt occaſion I could to put him upon telling us the ſtory of old Gantlett, which he always does with very particular concern. He traced up his deſcent on both ſides for ſeveral generations, deſcribing his diet and manner of life, with his ſeveral battles, and particularly that in which he fell. This Gantlett was a game cock, upon whoſe head the knight, in his youth, had won five hundred pounds, and loſt two thouſand. This naturally ſet the major upon the account

Ogle had an only ſiſter, more beautiful, it is ſaid, than was neceſſary, to arrive, as ſhe did, at the honour of being a miſtreſs to the duke of York. King Charles II. was wont to ſay of the duke's miſtreſſes, that he ſuppoſed they were preſcribed by his prieſts, in the way of penance. This ſiſter Ogle laid under very frequent contributions, to ſupply his wants, and ſupport his extravagance. It is ſaid, that by the intereſt of her royal keeper, Ogle was placed as a private gentleman, in the firſt troop of foot-guards, at that time under the command of the duke of Monmouth. To this æra of Ogle's life, the ſtory of the red petticoat refers. He had pawned his trooper's cloak, and, to ſave appearances at a review, had borrowed his landlady's red petticoat, which he carried rolled up *en croupe* behind him; the duke of Monmouth ſmoakt it, and, willing to enjoy the confuſion of a detection, gave order to 'cloak all,' with which Ogle, after ſome heſitation, was obliged to comply; although he could not cloak, he ſaid he would petticoat with the beſt of them.

Such as are curious to know more of the ſilly hiſtory and pranks of this mad fellow, may conſult Memoirs of Gameſters, &c. 1714, 12mo. p. 183.

of Edge-hill fight [s], and ended in a duel of Jack Ogle's.

Old Reptile was extremely attentive to all that was ſaid, though it was the ſame he had heard every night for theſe twenty years, and, upon all occaſions, winked upon his nephew to mind what paſſed.

This may ſuffice to give the world a taſte of our innocent converſation, which we ſpun out until about ten of the clock, when my maid [t] came with a lantern to light me home. I could not but reflect with myſelf, as I was going out, upon the talkative humour of old men, and the little figure which that part of life makes in one who cannot employ his natural propenſity in diſcourſes which would make him venerable. I muſt own, it makes me very melancholy in company, when I hear a young man begin a ſtory; and I have often obſerved, that one of a quarter of an hour long in a man of five-and-twenty, gathers circumſtances every time he tells it, until it grows into a long Canterbury tale of two hours by that time he is threeſcore.

The only way of avoiding ſuch a trifling and frivolous old age is, to lay up in our way to it ſuch ſtores of knowledge and obſervation, as may make us uſeful and agreeable in our declining years. The mind of man in a long life will become a magazine of wiſdom or folly, and will conſequently diſcharge itſelf in ſomething impertinent, or improving. For which reaſon,

[s] The battle of Edge-hill was fought on Sunday Oct. 23, 1642. [t] See N° 130. adv. and note. A.

as there is nothing more ridiculous than an old trifling ſtory-teller, ſo there is nothing more venerable than one who has turned his experience to the entertainment and advantage of mankind.

In ſhort, we who are in the laſt ſtage of life, and are apt to indulge ourſelves in talk, ought to conſider, if what we ſpeak be worth being heard, and endeavour to make our diſcourſe like that of Neſtor, which Homer compares to the flowing of honey for its ſweetneſs.

I am afraid I ſhall be thought guilty of this exceſs I am ſpeaking of, when I cannot conclude without obſerving, that Milton certainly thought of this paſſage in Homer, when, in his deſcription of an eloquent ſpirit, he ſays,

'His tongue dropped manna.'

N° 133. Tueſday, February 14, 1709.
ADDISON AND STEELE[u].

Dum tacent, clamant. TULL.
There Silence pleads aloud.

Sheer-lane, February 13.

SILENCE is ſometimes more ſignificant and ſublime than the moſt noble and moſt expreſſive eloquence, and is on many occaſions the indication of a great mind. Several authors have treated of ſilence as a part of duty and diſcretion; but none of them have conſidered it in this light. Homer compares the noiſe and clamour of the Trojans, advancing towards the enemy, to the cackling of cranes, when they invade an army of pigmies. On the contrary, he makes his countrymen and favourites, the Greeks, move forward in a regular and determined march, and in the depth of ſilence. I find in the accounts, which are given us of ſome of the more eaſtern nations, where the inhabitants are diſpoſed by their conſtitutions and climates to higher ſtrains of thought, and more elevated raptures than what we feel in the northern regions of the world,

[u] This paper is aſcribed to Addiſon, on the authorities of the liſt delivered by Steele to Mr. Tickell, and of the MS notes of C. Byron, eſq; communicated by J——n H——y. M. See N° 74, note, and Addiſon's Works, 4to, vol. iii. p. 256.

that ſilence is a religious excerciſe among them. For when their public devotions are in the greateſt fervour, and their hearts lifted up as high as words can raiſe them, there are certain ſuſpenſions of ſound and motion for a time, in which the mind is left to itſelf, and ſuppoſed to ſwell with ſuch ſecret conceptions, as are too big for utterance. I have myſelf been wonderfully delighted with a maſter-piece of muſic, when, in the very tumult and ferment of their harmony, all the voices and inſtruments have ſtopped ſhort on a ſudden; and after a little pauſe recovered themſelves again as it were, and renewed the concert in all its parts. [x] 'I have thought that' this ſhort interval of ſilence has had more muſic in it than any the ſame ſpace of time before or after it. There are two inſtances of ſilence in the two greateſt of poets that ever wrote, which have ſomething in them as ſublime as any of the ſpeeches in their whole works. The firſt is that of Ajax, in the eleventh book of the Odyſſey. Ulyſſes, who had been the rival of this great man in his life, as well as the occaſion of his death, upon meeting his ſhade in the region of departed heroes, makes his ſubmiſſion to him with an humility next to adoration, which the other paſſes over with dumb, ſullen majeſty, and ſuch a ſilence as, to uſe the words of Longinus, had more greatneſs in it than any thing he could have ſpoken.

[x] In the O. F. and firſt 8vo editions, it was 'methoughts.' In conſequence of an obſervation of bp. Lowth, the editor has taken the liberty here to alter the text. See Introd. to Engl. Gram. 2d ed. 1763, p. 145.

The next inſtance I ſhall mention is in Virgil, where the poet doubtleſs imitates this ſilence of Ajax in that of Dido; though I do not know that any of his commentators have taken notice of it. Æneas, finding among the ſhades of deſpairing lovers the ghoſt of her who had lately died for him, with the wound ſtill freſh upon her, addreſſes himſelf to her with expanded arms, floods of tears, and the moſt paſſionate profeſſions of his own innocence, as to what had happened; all which Dido receives with the dignity and diſdain of a reſenting lover and an injured queen; and is ſo far from vouchſafing him an anſwer, that ſhe does not give him a ſingle look. The poet repreſents her as turning away her face from him while he ſpoke to her; and, after having kept her eyes ſome time upon the ground, as one that heard, and contemned his proteſtations, flying from him into the grove of myrtle, and into the arms of another, whoſe fidelity had deſerved her love [y].

I have often thought our writers of tragedy have been very defective in this particular, and that they might have given great beauty to their works, by certain ſtops and pauſes in the repreſentation of ſuch paſſions as it is not in the power of language to expreſs. There is ſomething like this in the laſt act of Venice Preſerved, where Pierre is brought to an infamous execution, and begs of his friend, as a reparation for paſt injuries, and the only favour he could do him, to reſcue him from the ignominy of

[y] Sichæus.

the wheel by ſtabbing him. As he is going to make this dreadful requeſt, he is not able to communicate it; but withdraws his face from his friend's ear, and burſts into tears. The melancholy ſilence that follows hereupon, and continues until he has recovered himſelf enough to reveal his mind to his friend, raiſes in the ſpectators a grief that is inexpreſſible, and an idea of ſuch a complicated diſtreſs in the actor, as words cannot utter. It would look as ridiculous to many readers, to give rules and directions for proper ſilences, as for 'penning a whiſper:' but it is certain, that in the extremity of moſt paſſions, particularly ſurpriſe, admiration, aſtoniſhment, nay, rage itſelf, there is nothing more graceful than to ſee the play ſtand ſtill for a few moments, and the audience fixed in an agreeable ſuſpenſe, during the ſilence of a ſkilful actor.

But ſilence never ſhews itſelf to ſo great an advantage, as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation, provided that we give no juſt occaſion for them. We might produce an example of it in the behaviour of one, in whom it appeared in all its majeſty, and one, whoſe ſilence, as well as his perſon, was altogether divine. When one conſiders this ſubject only in its ſublimity, this great inſtance could not but occur to me; and ſince I only make uſe of it to ſhew the higheſt example of it, I hope I do not offend in it. To forbear replying to an unjuſt reproach, and overlook it with a generous, or, if poſſible, with an entire neglect of it, is one of the moſt heroic acts of a great mind: and

I muſt confeſs, when I reflect upon the behaviour of ſome of the greateſt men in antiquity, I do not ſo much admire them, that they deſerved the praiſe of the whole age they lived in, as becauſe they contemned the envy and detraction of it.

All that is incumbent on a man of worth, who ſuffers under ſo ill a treatment, is to lie by for ſome time in ſilence and obſcurity, until the prejudice of the times be over, and his reputation cleared. I have often read, with a great deal of pleaſure, a legacy of the famous lord Bacon, one of the greateſt geniuſes that our own, or any country has produced. After having bequeathed his ſoul, body, and eſtate, in the uſual form, he adds, ' My name and memory I leave to foreign nations, and to my countrymen after ſome time be paſſed over.'

At the ſame time that I recommend this philoſophy to others, I muſt confeſs I am ſo poor a proficient in it myſelf, that if in the courſe of my Lucubrations it happens, as it has done more than once, that my paper is duller than in conſcience it ought to be, I think the time an age until I have an opportunity of putting out another, and growing famous again for two days.

I muſt not cloſe my diſcourſe upon ſilence, without informing my reader, that I have by me an elaborate treatiſe on the apoſiopeſis, called an *et cætera*; it being a figure much uſed by ſome learned authors, and particularly by the great Littelton, who, as my lord chief juſtice Coke obſerves, had a moſt admirable talent at an *&c.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

To oblige the pretty fellows, and my fair readers, I have thought fit to inſert the whole paſſage above-mentioned relating to Dido, as it is tranſlated by Mr. Dryden [z].

Not far from thence, the mournful fields appear;
So call'd from lovers that inhabit there.
The ſouls, whom that unhappy flame invades,
In ſecret ſolitude, and myrtle ſhades,
Make endleſs moans; and, pining with deſire,
Lament too late their unextinguiſh'd fire.
Here Procris, Eriphyle here, he found
Baring her breaſt, yet bleeding with the wound
Made by her ſon. He ſaw Paſiphae there,
With Phædra's ghoſt, a foul inceſtuous pair:
There Laodamia with Evadne moves:
Unhappy both; but loyal in their loves.
Cœneus, a woman once, and once a man;
But ending in the ſex ſhe firſt began.
Not far from theſe Phœnician Dido ſtood;
Freſh from her wound, her boſom bath'd in blood:
Whom, when the Trojan hero hardly knew,
Obſcure in ſhades, and with a doubtful view,
(Doubtful as he who runs thro' duſky night,
Or thinks he ſees the moon's uncertain light,)
With tears he firſt approach'd the ſullen ſhade,
And as his love inſpir'd him, thus he ſaid:

'Unhappy queen! then is the common breath
Of rumour true, in your reported death?
And I, alas! the cauſe. By heav'n I vow,
And all the Powers that rule the realms below,

[z] Æneid, book vi. 46.

Unwilling I forſook your friendly ſtate!
Commanded by the gods, and forc'd by fate;
Thoſe gods, that fate, whoſe unreſiſted might
Have ſent me to theſe regions void of light,
Through the vaſt empire of eternal night.
Nor dar'd I to preſume, that preſs'd with grief,
My flight ſhould urge you to this dire relief.
Stay, ſtay your ſteps, and liſten to my vows;
'Tis the laſt interview that fate allows!'

In vain he thus attempts her mind to move,
With tears and prayers, and late repenting love.
Diſdainfully ſhe look'd; then turning round,
But fix'd her eyes unmov'd upon the ground;
And what he ſays, and ſwears, regards no more
Than the deaf rocks, when the loud billows roar;
But whirl'd away, to ſhun his hateful ſight,
Hid in the foreſt, and the ſhades of night:
Then ſought Sichæus through the ſhady grove,
Who anſwer'd all her cares, and equal'd all her love.

N° 134. Thurſday, February 16, 1709.
STEELE.

———*Quis talia fando*
Myrmidonum, Dolopumpe, aut duri miles Ulyſſei,
Temperet à lacrymis? VIRG. Æn. ii. 8.

——— Such woes
Not even the hardeſt of our foes could hear,
Nor ſtern Ulyſſes tell without a tear. DRYDEN.

Sheer-lane, February 15.

I WAS awakened very early this morning by the diſtant crowing of a cock, which I thought had the fineſt pipe I ever heard. He ſeemed to me to ſtrain his voice more than ordinary, as if he deſigned to make himſelf heard to the remoteſt corner of this lane. Having entertained myſelf a little before I went to bed with a diſcourſe on the tranſmigration of men into other animals, I could not but fancy that this was the ſoul of ſome drowſy bellman who uſed to ſleep upon his poſt, for which he was condemned to do penance in feathers, and diſtinguiſh the ſeveral watches of the night under the outſide of a cock. While I was thinking of the condition of this poor bellman in maſquerade, I heard a great knocking at my door, and was ſoon after told by my maid, that my worthy friend the tall black gentleman, who frequents the coffee-houſes hereabouts, deſired to ſpeak with me. This ancient Pythagorean[a], who

[a] See N° 81, note on Pythagoras, and tranſmigration.

has as much honeſty as any man living, but good nature to an exceſs, brought me the following petition; which I am apt to believe he penned himſelf, the petitioner not being able to expreſs his mind on paper under his preſent form, however famous he might have been for writing verſes when he was in his original ſhape.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE,

CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

'The humble petition of Job Chanticleer, in behalf of himſelf and many other poor ſufferers in the ſame condition,

'SHEWETH, From my Coop in Clare-market, Feb. 13, 1709.

'THAT whereas your petitioner is truly deſcended of the ancient family of the Chanticleers, at Cock-hall, near Rumford in Eſſex, it has been his misfortune to come into the mercenary hands of a certain ill-diſpoſed perſon, commonly called an higler, who, under the cloſe confinement of a pannier, has conveyed him and many others up to London; but hearing by chance of your worſhip's great humanity towards Robin-red-breaſts and Tom-tits [b], he is emboldened to beſeech you to take his deplorable condition into your tender conſideration, who otherwiſe muſt ſuffer, with many thouſands more as innocent as himſelf, that in-

[b] See N° 112, letters.

human barbarity of a Shrove-Tueſday perſecution [c]. We humbly hope, that our courage and vigilance may plead for us on this occaſion.

'Your poor petitioner moſt earneſtly implores your immediate protection from the inſolence of the rabble, the batteries of cat-ſticks, and a painful lingering death.

And your petitioner, &c.'

Upon delivery of this petition, the worthy gentleman, who preſented it, told me the cuſtoms of many wiſe nations of the Eaſt, through which he had travelled; that nothing was more frequent than to ſee a derviſe lay out a whole year's income in the redemption of larks or linnets, that had unhappily fallen into the hands of bird-catchers: that it was alſo uſual to run between a dog and a bull to keep them from hurting one another, or to loſe the uſe of a limb in parting a couple of furious maſtiffs. He then inſiſted upon the ingratitude and diſingenuity [d] of treating in this manner a neceſſary and domeſtic animal, that has made the whole houſe keep good hours, and called up the cook maid for five years together. 'What would a Turk [e] ſay,' continued he, 'ſhould he hear, that it is a common entertainment in a nation, which

[c] The original date of this paper is 'From Tueſday Feb. 14, to Thurſday Feb. 16, 1709.'

[d] Diſingenuouſneſs.

[e] The word Turk, is uſed here to ſignify a ſavage, or a barbarian; but in the language of Turky it means a ſhepherd, or herdſman. Kæmperi Amœnit. Exotic. p. 12, and p. 70, 1712, 4to.

pretends to be one of the moſt civilized of Europe, to tie an innocent animal to a ſtake, and put him to an ignominious death, who has perhaps been the guardian and proveditor of a poor family, as long as he was able to get eggs for his miſtreſs?'

I thought what this gentleman ſaid was very reaſonable; and have often wondered, that we do not lay aſide a cuſtom, which makes us appear barbarous to nations much more rude and unpoliſhed than ourſelves. Some French writers have repreſented this diverſion of the common people much to our diſadvantage, and imputed it to natural fierceneſs and cruelty of temper; as they do ſome other entertainments peculiar to our nation: I mean thoſe elegant diverſions of bull-baiting and prize-fighting, with the like ingenious recreations of the bear-garden[f]. I wiſh I knew how to anſwer this reproach which is caſt upon us, and excuſe the death of ſo many innocent cocks, bulls, dogs, and bears, as have been ſet together by the ears, or died untimely deaths, only to make us ſport.

It will be ſaid, that theſe are the entertainments of common people. It is true; but they are the entertainments of no other common people. Beſides, I am afraid, there is a tincture of the ſame ſavage ſpirit in the diverſions of thoſe of higher rank, and more refined reliſh. Rapin obſerves, that the Engliſh theatre very much delights in bloodſhed, which he likewiſe repreſents as an indication of our tempers. I

[f] See N° 31, and note on the bear garden, N° 28.

muſt own, there is ſomething very horrid in the public executions of an Engliſh tragedy. Stabbing and poiſoning, which are performed behind the ſcenes in other nations, muſt be done openly among us, to gratify the audience.

When poor Sandford [g] was upon the ſtage, I have ſeen him groaning upon a wheel, ſtuck with daggers, impaled alive, calling his executioners, with a dying voice, 'cruel dogs and villains!' and all this to pleaſe his judicious ſpectators, who were wonderfully delighted with ſeeing a man in torment ſo well acted. The truth of it is, the politeneſs of our Engliſh ſtage, in regard to decorum, is very extraordinary. We act murders, to ſhew our intrepidity; and adulteries, to ſhew our gallantry: both of them are frequent in our moſt taking plays, with this difference only, that the former are done in the ſight of the audience, and the latter wrought up to ſuch an height upon the ſtage, that they are almoſt put in execution before the actors can get behind the ſcenes.

[g] Sandford was an excellent actor in diſagreeable characters; he had a low and crooked perſon, and ſuch bodily defects as were too ſtrong to be admitted into great or amiable characters, ſo that he was the ſtage villain, not by choice, but from neceſſity. It was ſo unuſual to ſee Sandford an innocent man in a play, that, as if the author had impoſed on the audience the moſt frontleſs or incredible abſurdity, a play was fairly damned, merely becauſe Sandford happened to perform the part of an honeſt ſtateſman in it. C. Cibber, in his Apology, &c. has given a lively entertaining account of this player, with ſome curious reflections on the general caſt of the characters which he played in a maſterly manner, and in which he was admired by the judicious, and praiſed by the crowd. Edit. 12mo. vol. i. p. 98, *et ſeq.* See Tat. N° 188; and Examiner, vol. iv. N° 11, in folio.

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I would not have it thought that there is juſt ground for thoſe conſequences which our enemies draw againſt us from theſe practices; but methinks one would be ſorry for any manner of occaſion for ſuch miſrepreſentations of us. The virtues of tenderneſs, compaſſion, and humanity, are thoſe by which men are diſtinguiſhed from brutes, as much as by reaſon itſelf; and it would be the greateſt reproach to a nation, to diſtinguiſh itſelf from all others by any defect in theſe particular virtues. For which reaſons, I hope that my dear countrymen will no longer expoſe themſelves by an effuſion of blood, whether it be of theatrical heroes, cocks, or any other innocent animals, which we are not obliged to ſlaughter for our ſafety, convenience, or nouriſhment. When any of theſe ends are not ſerved in the deſtruction of a living creature, I cannot but pronounce it a great piece of cruelty, if not a kind of murder.

N° 135. Saturday, February 18, 1709-10.
STEELE.

Quòd ſi in hoc erro, quòd animos hominum immortales eſſe credam, libenter erro; nec mihi hunc errorem, quo delector, dum vivo, extorqueri volo: ſin mortuus, ut quidam minuti philoſophi cenſent, nihil ſentiam; non vereor, ne hunc errorem meum mortui philoſophi irrideant.

CICERO, *De Senect. cap. ult.* ed. *Verburgii*, vol. x. p. 3758.

But if I err in believing that the ſouls of men are immortal, I willingly err; nor while I live would I wiſh to have this delightful error extorted from me: and if after death I ſhall feel nothing, as ſome minute philoſophers think, I am not afraid leſt dead philoſophers ſhould laugh at me for the error.

Sheer-lane, February 17.

SEVERAL letters, which I have lately received, give me information, that ſome well-diſpoſed perſons have taken offence at my uſing the word freethinker as a term of reproach. To ſet, therefore, this matter in a clear light, I muſt declare, that no one can have a greater veneration than myſelf for the freethinkers of antiquity; who acted the ſame part in thoſe times, as the great men of the reformation did in ſeveral nations of Europe, by exerting themſelves againſt the idolatry and ſuperſtition of the times in which they lived. It was by this noble impulſe that Socrates and his diſciples, as well as all the philoſophers of note in Greece, and Cicero, Seneca, with all the learned men of Rome, endeavoured to enlighten their contemporaries

amidſt the darkneſs and ignorance in which the world was then ſunk and buried.

The great points, which theſe freethinkers endeavoured to eſtabliſh and inculcate into the minds of men, were the formation of the univerſe, the ſuperintendency of Providence, the perfection of the divine nature, the immortality of the ſoul, and the future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments. They all complied with the religion of their country, as much as poſſible, in ſuch particulars as did not contradict and pervert theſe great and fundamental doctrines of mankind. On the contrary, the perſons who now ſet up for freethinkers are ſuch as endeavour, by a little traſh of words and ſophiſtry, to weaken and deſtroy thoſe very principles, for the vindication of which freedom of thought at firſt became laudable and heroic. Theſe apoſtates from reaſon and good ſenſe, can look at the glorious frame of nature, without paying an adoration to Him that raiſed it; can conſider the great revolutions in the univerſe, without lifting up their minds to that ſuperior Power which hath the direction of it; can preſume to cenſure the Deity in his ways towards men; can level mankind with the beaſts that periſh; can extinguiſh in their own minds all the pleaſing hopes of a future ſtate, and lull themſelves into a ſtupid ſecurity againſt the terrors of it. If one were to take the word prieſtcraft out of the mouths of theſe ſhallow monſters, they would be immediately ſtruck dumb. It is by the help of this ſingle term that they endeavour to diſappoint the good works of the moſt learned and

venerable order of men, and harden the hearts of the ignorant againſt the very light of nature, and the common received notions of mankind. We ought not to treat ſuch miſcreants as theſe upon the foot of fair diſputants; but to pour out contempt upon them, and ſpeak of them with ſcorn and infamy, as the peſts of ſociety, the revilers of human nature, and the blaſphemers of a Being, whom a good man would rather die than hear diſhonoured. Cicero, after having mentioned the great heroes of knowledge that recommended this divine doctrine of the immortality of the ſoul, calls thoſe ſmall pretenders to wiſdom, who declared againſt it, certain 'minute philoſophers,' uſing a diminutive even of the word 'little,' to expreſs the deſpicable opinion he had of them. The contempt he throws upon them in another paſſage [h] is yet more remarkable; where, to ſhew the mean thoughts he entertains of them, he declares he would rather be in the wrong with Plato, than in the right with ſuch company. There is indeed nothing in the world ſo ridiculous as one of theſe grave philoſophical freethinkers, that hath neither paſſions nor appetites to gratify, no heats of blood, nor vigour of conſtitution, that can turn his ſyſtems of infidelity to his advantage, or raiſe pleaſures out of them which are inconſiſtent with the belief of an hereafter. One that has neither wit, gallantry, mirth, or youth, to indulge by theſe notions, but only a poor,

[h] Cicero, Tuſc. Diſp. lib. i. 17, ed. Verburgii, vol. viii. p. 1587.

joyleſs, uncomfortable vanity of diſtinguiſhing himſelf from the reſt of mankind, is rather to be regarded as a miſchievous lunatic, than a miſtaken philoſopher. A chaſte infidel, a ſpeculative libertine, is an animal that I ſhould not believe to be in nature, did I not ſometimes meet with this ſpecies of men, that plead for the indulgence of their paſſions in the midſt of a ſevere ſtudious life, and talk againſt the immortality of the ſoul over a diſh of coffee.

I would fain aſk a minute philoſopher, what good he propoſes to mankind by the publiſhing of his doctrines? Will they make a man a better citizen or father of a family; a more endearing huſband, friend, or ſon? Will they enlarge his public or private virtues, or correct any of his frailties or vices? What is there either joyful or glorious in ſuch opinions? Do they either refreſh or enlarge our thoughts? Do they contribute to the happineſs, or raiſe the dignity of human nature? The only good, that I have ever heard pretended to, is, that they baniſh terrors, and ſet the mind at eaſe. But whoſe terrors do they baniſh? It is certain, if there were any ſtrength in their arguments, they would give great diſturbance to minds that are influenced by virtue, honour, and morality, and take from us the only comforts and ſupports of affliction, ſickneſs, and old age. The minds therefore, which they ſet at eaſe, are only thoſe of impenitent criminals and malefactors, and which, *to* the good of mankind, ſhould be in perpetual terror and alarm.

I muſt confeſs, nothing is more uſual than for a free-thinker, in proportion as the inſolence of ſcepticiſm is abated in him by years and knowledge, or humbled and beaten down by ſorrow or ſickneſs, to reconcile himſelf to the general conceptions of reaſonable creatures; ſo that we frequently ſee the apoſtates turning from their revolt towards the end of their lives, and employing the refuſe of their parts in promoting thoſe truths which they had before endeavoured to invalidate.

The hiſtory of a gentleman in France is very well known, who was ſo zealous a promoter of infidelity, that he had got together a ſelect company of diſciples, and travelled into all parts of the kingdom to make converts. In the midſt of his fantaſtical ſucceſs he fell ſick, and was reclaimed to ſuch a ſenſe of his condition, that, after he had paſſed ſome time in great agonies and horrors of mind, he begged thoſe who had the care of burying him, to dreſs his body in the habit of a capuchin, that the devil might not run away with it; and, to do further juſtice upon himſelf, deſired them to tie an halter about his neck, as a mark of that ignominious puniſhment, which in his own thoughts he had ſo juſtly deſerved.

I would not have perſecution ſo far diſgraced, as to wiſh theſe vermin might be animadverted on by any legal penalties; though I think it would be highly reaſonable, that thoſe few of them who die in the profeſſions of their infidelity, ſhould have ſuch tokens of infamy fixed

upon them, as might diſtinguiſh thoſe bodies which are given up by the owners to oblivion and putrefaction, from thoſe which reſt in hope, and ſhall riſe in glory. But, at the ſame time that I am againſt doing them the honour of the notice of our laws, which ought not to ſuppoſe there are ſuch criminals in being, I have often wondered how they can be tolerated in any mixed converſations, while they are venting theſe abſurd opinions; and ſhould think that if, on any ſuch occaſions, half a dozen of the moſt robuſt Chriſtians in the company would lead one of theſe gentlemen to a pump, or convey him into a blanket, they would do very good ſervice both to church and ſtate. I do not know how the laws ſtand in this particular; but I hope, whatever knocks, bangs, or thumps, might be given with ſuch an honeſt intention, would not be conſtrued as a breach of the peace [i]. I dare

[i] It might be wrong to paſs over what ſeems inconſiſtent and reprehenſible in this paper, without annotation.

Words of the moſt harmleſs and honourable meanings are liable to be uſed as terms of reproach; witneſs the word freethinker, which has been often applied to perſons who would have been better denoted by the term of half-thinkers, and whoſe indiſcretions in thinking, ſpeaking, and writing, on religious ſubjects, have been too frequently as odious, as any things ſo contemptible can be. Nevertheleſs, the conditions of men, and the intereſts of their ſocieties in this world, require forbearance from puniſhment; and if it were proper to take things ſo deep here, it would not be difficult to ſhew, that the miſchiefs aſcribed to forbearance in all ſuch caſes, are not indeed owing to toleration, but only to the want of it. The province of governors is to maintain peace, and to take care that no man ſhall actually injure another with impunity. Now if governors, all things conſidered, judge it wiſeſt and beſt not to ſubject

ſay, they would not be returned by the perſon who receives them; for whatever theſe fools may ſay in the vanity of their hearts, they are too wiſe to riſque their lives upon the uncertainty of their opinions.

any perſon to legal penalties, for thinking freely, or publiſhing freely his thoughts on religious ſubjects; certainly the governed can have no right to uſurp at once the legiſlative and executive powers, and in caſes, or on pretexts of this nature, to make uſe of ſuch inflictions on one another, as, 'knocks, bangs, thumps,' and the arbitrary diſcipline of 'pumps,' and 'blankets.' Suppoſing, what would ſeldom if ever happen, that this wild juſtice was adminiſtered always with honeſt intentions, with what comfort or ſecurity could men live together, if every ſingle inſtance of ſuch ſavage behaviour was not to be conſtrued a breach of the peace, and puniſhed with condign rigour? Certainly the givers and receivers of knocks, &c. would never agree on the ſcore of intention; and ſuch well-meant corrections, would no doubt be returned, and re-returned with intereſt, and beyond all juſt proportion to the injuries ſuſtained.

'The beginning of ſtrife, is, as when one letteth out water; it is therefore beſt, to leave off contention before it be meddled with.' Sore then as this evil is, or may be thought, innocent argumentation ſeems to be the only method allowable for its prevention, or remedy; and that nice judgment is requiſite in the application and uſe of even this method, appears from a paſſage in the book juſt quoted, chap. xxvi. ver. 4 and 5.

It likewiſe deſerves notice in this account, that the ſame weighty reaſons which conclude againſt the extreme degrees of perſecution for thinking and uttering thoughts freely on religious ſubjects, conclude as forcibly againſt all the intermediate forms of perſecution. In all caſes of this ſort, where one man differs from another juſt as much as that other does from him, if they may not ſet fire to each other, or to each other's houſes, without being guilty of crimes the moſt atrocious in their nature, and the moſt pernicious in their conſequences, neither can they innocently have recourſe to 'pumps' and 'blankets.' The ſame reaſons lead us to conclude, that we have juſt as much and juſt as little right

When I was a young man about this town, I frequented the ordinary of the Black-horſe in Holborn, where the perſon that uſually preſided at the table was a rough old-faſhioned gentleman, who, according to the cuſtoms of thoſe times, had been the major and preacher of a regiment. It happened one day that a noiſy young officer, bred in France, was venting ſome new-fangled notions, and ſpeaking in the gaiety of his humour againſt the diſpenſations of Providence. The major at firſt only deſired him to talk more reſpectfully of one for whom all the company had an honour; but, finding him run on in his extravagance, began to reprimand him after a more ſerious manner. 'Young man,' ſaid he, 'do not abuſe your Benefactor whilſt you are eating his bread. Conſider whoſe air you breathe, whoſe preſence you are in, and who it is that gave you the

to knock, bang, and thump, &c. as to impriſon, fine, maim, or murder one another, upon any ſuch account. It ſeems, therefore, that the only innocent and wiſe way is, notwithſtanding our peculiarities of thought and opinion, to live as happily together as we can here, in hopes of being wiſer and happier hereafter; to argue without anger, to differ without animoſity, and to exerciſe invariably that forbearance of each other, which is the parent and the guardian of general peace, and mutual love.

'*Herè quæ res, in ſe neque conſilium neque modum*
Habet ullum, eam conſilio regere non potes.
——————*Hæc incerta ſi tu poſtules*
Ratione certa facere, nihilo plus agas,
Quam ſi des operam, ut cum ratione inſanias.'

TERENT. Eunuch. Act. I. Sc. i.

power of that very ſpeech, which you make uſe of to his diſhonour.' The young fellow, who thought to turn matters into a jeſt, aſked him, if he was going to preach? At the ſame time deſired him to take care what he ſaid when he ſpoke to a man of honour. 'A man of honour!' ſays the major, 'thou art an infidel and a blaſphemer, and I ſhall uſe thee as ſuch.' In ſhort, the quarrel ran ſo high, that the major was deſired to walk out. Upon their coming into the garden, the old fellow adviſed his antagoniſt to conſider the place into which one paſs might drive him; but, finding him grow upon him to a degree of ſcurrility, as believing the advice proceeded from fear; 'Sirrah,' ſays he, 'if a thunderbolt does not ſtrike thee dead before I come at thee, I ſhall not fail to chaſtiſe thee for thy profaneneſs to thy Maker, and thy faucineſs to his ſervant.' Upon this he drew his ſword, and cried out with a loud voice, 'The ſword of the Lord and of Gideon!' which ſo terrified his antagoniſt, that he was immediately diſarmed, and thrown upon his knees. In this poſture he begged his life; but the major refuſed to grant it, before he had aſked pardon for his offence in a ſhort extemporary prayer, which the old gentleman dictated to him upon the ſpot, and which his proſelyte repeated after him in the preſence of the whole ordinary, that were now gathered about him in the garden.

N° 136. Tueſday, February 21, 1709-10.

STEELE[k].

Deprendi miſerum eſt: Fabio vel judice vincam.
HOR. 1. Sat. ii. ver. ult.

To be ſurpris'd, is ſure a wretched tale,
And for the truth to Fabius I appeal. FRANCIS.

White's Chocolate-houſe, February 18.

The Hiſtory of Tom Varniſh.

BECAUSE I have a profeſſed averſion to long beginnings of ſtories, I will go into this at once, by telling you, that there dwells near the Royal Exchange as happy a couple as ever entered into wedlock. Theſe live in that mutual confidence of each other, which renders the ſatisfaction of marriage even greater than thoſe of friendſhip, and makes wife and huſband the deareſt appellations of human life. Mr. Balance is a merchant of good conſideration, and underſtands the world not from ſpeculation, but practice. His wife is the daughter of an honeſt houſe, ever bred in a family-way; and has from a natural

[k] Though this paper is here aſcribed to Steele, there is ſome reaſon to think that it was written by Addiſon. It bears a title in his manner, and was probably in the number of that prudent man's pleaſantries and oblique ſtrokes upon his contemporaries, for which Steele patiently ſuffered himſelf to be traduced and caluminated. See Steele's dedication of The Drummer, to Congreve.

good underſtanding, and great innocence, a freedom which men of ſenſe know to be the certain ſign of virtue, and fools take to be an encouragement to vice.

Tom Varniſh, a young gentleman of the Middle Temple, by the bounty of a good father, who was ſo obliging as to die, and leave him in his twenty-fourth year, beſides a good eſtate, a large ſum which lay in the hands of Mr. Balance, had by this means an intimacy at his houſe; and being one of thoſe hard ſtudents who read plays for their improvement in the law, took his rules of life from thence. Upon mature deliberation he conceived it very proper that he, as a man of wit and pleaſure of the town, ſhould have an intrigue with his merchant's wife. He no ſooner thought of this adventure, but he began it by an amorous epiſtle to the lady, and a faithful promiſe to wait upon her at a certain hour the next evening, when he knew her huſband was to be abſent.

The letter was no ſooner received, but it was communicated to the huſband, and produced no other effect in him, than that he joined with his wife to raiſe all the mirth they could out of this fantaſtical piece of gallantry. They were ſo little concerned at this dangerous man of mode, that they plotted ways to perplex him without hurting him. Varniſh comes exactly at his hour; and the lady's well acted confuſion at his entrance gave him opportunity to repeat ſome couplets very fit for the occaſion with very much grace and ſpirit. His theatrical manner of making love was interrupted by an alarm of the

huſband's coming; and the wife in a perſonated terror beſeeched him, if he had any value for the honour of a woman that loved him, he would jump out of the window. He did ſo, and fell upon feather-beds placed on purpoſe to receive him.

It is not to be conceived how great the joy of an amorous man is, when he has ſuffered for his miſtreſs, and is never the worſe for it. Varniſh the next day writ a moſt elegant billet, wherein he ſaid all that imagination could form upon the occaſion. He violently proteſted, going out of the window was no way terrible, but as it was going from her; with ſeveral other kind expreſſions, which procured him a ſecond aſſignation. Upon his ſecond viſit, he was conveyed by a faithful maid into her bed-chamber, and left there to expect the arrival of her miſtreſs. But the wench, according to her inſtructions, ran in again to him, and locked the door after her to keep out her maſter. She had juſt time enough to convey the lover into a cheſt before ſhe admitted the huſband and his wife into the room.

You may be ſure that trunk was abſolutely neceſſary to be opened; but upon her huſband's ordering it, ſhe aſſured him, ſhe had taken all the care imaginable in packing up the things with her own hands, and he might ſend the trunk abroad as ſoon as he thought fit. The eaſy huſband believed his wife, and the good couple went to bed; Varniſh having the happineſs to paſs the night in his miſtreſs's bed-chamber without moleſtation. The morning

aroſe, but our lover was not well ſituated to obſerve her bluſhes; ſo that all we know of his ſentiments on this occaſion is, that he heard Balance aſk for the key, and ſay, he would himſelf go with this cheſt, and have it opened before the captain of the ſhip, for the greater ſafety of ſo valuable a lading.

The goods were hoiſted away; and Mr. Balance, marching by his cheſt with great care and diligence, omitted nothing that might give his paſſenger perplexity. But, to conſummate all, he delivered the cheſt, with ſtrict charge, in caſe they were in danger of being taken, to throw it overboard, for there were letters in it, the matter of which might be of great ſervice to the enemy.

N. B. It is not thought adviſable to proceed further in this account; Mr. Varniſh being juſt returned from his travels, and willing to conceal the occaſion of his firſt applying himſelf to the languages.

Sheer-lane, February 20.

I HAVE been earneſtly ſolicited for a further term for wearing the fardingal by ſeveral of the fair ſex, but more eſpecially by the following petitioners.

‘ *The humble petition of Deborah Hark, Sarah Threadpaper, and Rachel Thimble, ſpinſters, and ſingle women, commonly called waiting-maids, in behalf of themſelves and their ſiſterhood,*

'SHEWETH,

'THAT your worſhip has been pleaſed to order and command, that no perſon or perſons ſhall preſume to wear quilted petticoats, on forfeiture of the ſaid petticoats, or penalty of wearing ruffs after the ſeventeenth inſtant now expired.

'That your petitioners have, time out of mind, been entitled to wear their ladies clothes, or to ſell the ſame.

'That the ſale of the ſaid clothes is ſpoiled by your worſhip's ſaid prohibition.

'Your petitioners therefore moſt humbly pray, that your worſhip will pleaſe to allow, that all gentlewomen's gentlewomen may be allowed to wear the ſaid dreſs, or to repair the loſs of ſuch a perquiſite in ſuch manner as your worſhip ſhall think fit.

'And your petitioners, &c.'

I do allow the allegations of this petition to be juſt; and forbid all perſons, but the petitioners, or thoſe who ſhall purchaſe them, to wear the ſaid garment after the date hereof.

N° 137. Thurſday, February 23, 1709-10.
STEELE.

Ter centum tonat ore Deos, Erebúmque, Chaóſque,
Tergeminámque Hecaten—— VIRG. Æn. iv. 510.

He thrice invokes th' infernal powers profound
Of Erebus and Chaos; thrice he calls
On Hecate's triple form. —— R. WYNNE.

Sheer-lane, February 22.

DICK REPTILE and I ſat this evening later than the reſt of the club: and as ſome men are better company when only with one friend, others when there is a larger number, I found Dick to be of the former kind. He was bewailing to me, in very juſt terms, the offences which he frequently met with in the abuſe of ſpeech: ſome uſe ten times more words than they need; ſome put in words quite foreign to their purpoſe; and others adorn their diſcourſes with oaths and blaſphemies, by way of tropes and figures. What my good friend ſtarted dwelt upon me after I came home this evening, and led me into an inquiry with myſelf, whence ſhould ariſe ſuch ſtrange excreſcences in diſcourſe? Whereas it muſt be obvious to all reaſonable beings, that the ſooner a man ſpeaks his mind, the more complaiſant he is to the man with whom he talks: but, upon mature deliberation, I am come to this reſolution, that for one man who ſpeaks to be underſtood, there are ten who talk only to be admired.

The ancient Greeks had little independent ſyllables called expletives, which they brought into their diſcourſes both in verſe and proſe, for no other purpoſe but for the better grace and ſound of their ſentences and periods. I know no example but this, which can authorize the uſe of more words than are neceſſary. But whether it be from this freedom taken by that wiſe nation, or however it ariſes, Dick Reptile hit upon a very juſt and common cauſe of offence in the generality of people of all orders. We have one here in our lane, who ſpeaks nothing without quoting an authority; for it is always with him, ſo and ſo, 'as the man ſaid.' He aſked me this morning, how I did? 'as the man ſaid;' and hoped I would come now and then to ſee him, 'as the man ſaid.' I am acquainted with another, who never delivers himſelf upon any ſubject, but he cries, 'he only ſpeaks his poor judgment; this is his humble opinion; as for his part, if he might preſume to offer any thing on that ſubject.'—But of all the perſons who add elegancies and ſuperfluities to their diſcourſes, thoſe who deſerve the foremoſt rank are the ſwearers; and the lump of theſe may, I think, be very aptly divided into the common diſtinction of high and low. Dulneſs and barrenneſs of thought is the original of it in both theſe ſects, and they differ only in conſtitution. The low is generally a phlegmatic, and the high a choleric coxcomb. The man of phlegm is ſenſible of the emptineſs of his diſcourſe, and will tell you, that, 'I'ſackins,' ſuch a thing is true: or if you warm him a little, he

may run into a paſſion, and cry, ‘ Odſbodikins, you do not ſay right.’ But the high affects a a ſublimity in dulneſs, and invokes ‘ hell and damnation’ at the breaking of a glaſs, or the ſlowneſs of a drawer.

I was the other day trudging along Fleet-ſtreet on foot, and an old army-friend came up with me. We were both going towards Weſt-minſter; and, finding the ſtreets were ſo crowded that we could not keep together, we reſolved to club for a coach. This gentleman I knew to be the firſt of the order of the choleric. I muſt confeſs, were there no crime in it, nothing could be more diverting than the impertinence of the high juror: for, whether there is remedy or not againſt what offends him, ſtill he is to ſhew he is offended; and he muſt be ſure, not to omit to be magnificently paſſionate, by falling on all things in his way. We were ſtopped by a train of coaches at Temple-bar. ‘ What the devil!’ ſays my companion, ‘ cannot you drive on, coachman? D——n you all, for a ſet of ſons of whores; you will ſtop here to be paid by the hour! There is not ſuch a ſet of confounded dogs as the coachmen, unhanged! But theſe raſcally cits—’Ounds, why ſhould not there be a tax to make theſe dogs widen their gates? Oh! but the hell-hounds move at laſt.’ ‘ Ay,’ ſaid I, ‘ I knew you would make them whip on, if once they heard you.’——‘ No,’ ſays he, ‘ but would it not fret a man to the devil, to pay for being carried ſlower than he can walk? Look’e! there is for ever a ſtop at this hole by St. Clement’s church. Blood, you dog! Hark’e,

ſirrah!——Why, and be d——d to you, do not you drive over that fellow?——Thunder, furies, and damnation! I will cut your ears off, you fellow before there——Come hither, you dog you, and let me ring [1] your neck round your ſhoulders.' We had a repetition of the ſame eloquence at the Cockpit, and the turning into Palace-yard.

This gave me a perfect image of the inſignificancy of the creatures who practiſe this enormity; and made me conclude, that it is ever want of ſenſe makes a man guilty in this kind. It was excellently well ſaid, that this folly had no temptation to excuſe it, no man being born of a ſwearing conſtitution. In a word, a few rumbling words and conſonants clapped together without any ſenſe, will make an accompliſhed ſwearer. It is needleſs to dwell long upon this bluſtering impertinence, which is already baniſhed out of the ſociety of well-bred men, and can be uſeful only to bullies and ill [m] tragic writers, who would have ſound and noiſe paſs for courage and ſenſe.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, February 22.

THERE arrived a meſſenger laſt night from Harwich, who left that place juſt as the duke of Marlborough was going on board. The character of this important general going out by the command of his queen, and at the requeſt of

[1] Wring.

[m] Ill, a contraction of evil, is uſed in three different ways, as an adverb, an adjective, and a noun ſubſtantive.

his country, puts me in mind of that noble figure which Shakeſpeare gives Harry V. upon his expedition againſt France. The poet wiſhes for abilities to repreſent ſo great an hero:

——————— 'Oh for a Muſe of fire!
Then ſhould the warlike Harry, like himſelf,
Aſſume the port of Mars, and at his heels,
Leaſh'd in, like hounds, ſhould Famine, Sword, and Fire,
Crouch for employments.'

A conqueror drawn like the god of battle, with ſuch a dreadful leaſh of hell-hounds at his command, makes a picture of as much majeſty and terror, as is to be met with in any poet.

Shakeſpeare underſtood the force of this particular allegory ſo well, that he had it in his thoughts in another paſſage, which is altogether as daring and ſublime as the former. What I mean is in the tragedy of Julius Cæſar, where Antony, after having foretold the bloodſhed and deſtruction that ſhould be brought upon the earth by the death of that great man, to fill up the horror of his deſcription, adds the following verſes:

'And Cæſar's ſpirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his ſide, come hot from hell,
Shall in theſe confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry havoc; and let ſlip the dogs of war.'

I do not queſtion but theſe quotations will call to mind, in my readers of learning and taſte, that imaginary perſon deſcribed by Virgil with the ſame ſpirit. He mentions it upon the occaſion of a peace which was reſtored to the Roman

empire; and which we may now hope for from the departure of that great man, who has given occaſion to theſe reflections. The temple of Janus, ſays he, ſhall be ſhut, and in the midſt of it military Fury ſhall ſit upon a pile of broken arms, loaded with an hundred chains, bellowing with madneſs, and grinding his teeth in blood.

'*Claudentur belli portæ, Furor impius intus*
Sæva ſedens ſuper arma, et centum vinctus ahenis
Poſt tergum nodis, fremit horridus ore cruento.'
VIRG. Æn. i. 298.

'Janus himſelf before his fane ſhall wait,
And keep the dreadful iſſues of his gate,
With bolts and iron bars. Within remains
Impriſon'd Fury bound in brazen chains;
High on a trophy rais'd of uſeleſs arms
He ſits, and threats the world with vain alarms.'
DRYDEN.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

'THE tickets which were delivered out for the benefit of ſignor Nicolini Grimaldi on the twenty-fourth inſtant, will be taken on Thurſday the ſecond of March, his benefit being deferred until that day.

'N. B. In all operas for the future, where it thunders and lightens in proper time, and in tune, the matter of the ſaid lightning is to be of the fineſt roſin; and, for the ſake of harmony, the ſame which is uſed to the beſt Cremona fiddles.

'Note alſo, that the true perfumed lightning is only prepared and ſold by Mr. Charles Lillie, at the corner of Beaufort-buildings.

'The lady who has choſen Mr. Bickerſtaff for her Valentine, and is at a loſs what to preſent him with, is deſired to make him, with her own hands, a warm night-cap [n].'

N° 138. Saturday, February 25, 1709-10.
STEELE.

Secretoſque pios, his dantem jura Catonem.

VIRG. Æn. viii. 670.

Apart from theſe, the happy ſouls he draws,
And Cato's pious ghoſt diſpenſing laws.

DRYDEN.

Sheer-lane, February 24.

IT is an argument of a clear and worthy ſpirit in a man to be able to diſengage himſelf from the opinion of others, ſo far as not to let the deference due to the ſenſe of mankind enſnare him to act againſt the dictates of his own reaſon. But the generality of the world are ſo far from walking by any ſuch maxim, that it is almoſt a ſtanding rule to do as others do, or be ridiculous. I have heard my old friend Mr. Hart [o] ſpeak it as an obſervation among the

[n] See N° 141, lett. 3, and Tat. in 6 vols. cr. 8vo. vol. v. p. 415, addit. note to N° 91.

[o] See Cibber's Apology for his own Life, vol. i. p. 69, p. 72; vol. ii. 140, *et ſeq.* edit. 12mo. 2 vols. 1756.

players, that it is impoſſible to act with grace, except the actor has forgot that he is before an audience. Until he is arrived at that, his motion, his air, his every ſtep and geſture, has ſomething in them which diſcovers he is under a reſtraint, for fear of being ill-received; or, if he conſiders himſelf as in the preſence of thoſe who approve his behaviour, you ſee an affectation of that pleaſure run through his whole carriage. It is as common in life, as upon the ſtage, to behold a man in the moſt indifferent action betray a ſenſe he has of doing what he is about gracefully. Some have ſuch an immoderate reliſh for applauſe, that they expect it for things which in themſelves are ſo frivolous, that it is impoſſible, without this affectation, to make them appear worthy either of blame or praiſe. There is Will Glare, ſo paſſionately intent upon being admired, that when you ſee him in public places, every muſcle of his face diſcovers his thoughts are fixed upon the conſideration of what figure he makes. He will often fall into a muſing poſture to attract obſervation; and is then obtruding himſelf upon the company, when he pretends to be withdrawn from it. Such little arts are the certain and infallible tokens of a ſuperficial mind, as the avoiding obſervation is the ſign of a great and ſublime one. It is therefore extremely difficult for a man to judge even of his own actions, without forming to himſelf an idea of what he ſhould act, were it in his power to execute all his deſires without the obſervation of the reſt of the world. There is an allegorical fable in

Plato, which ſeems to admoniſh us, that we are very little acquainted with ourſelves, while we know our actions are to paſs the cenſures of others; but had we the power to accompliſh all our wiſhes unobſerved, we ſhould then eaſily inform ourſelves how far we are poſſeſſed of real and intrinſic virtue. The fable I was going to mention is that of Gyges, who is ſaid to have had an inchanted ring, which had in it a miraculous quality, making him who wore it viſible or inviſible, as he turned it to or from his body. The uſe Gyges made of his occaſional inviſibility was, by the advantage of it, to violate a queen, and murder a king. Tully takes notice of this allegory, and ſays very handſomely, that a man of honour who had ſuch a ring would act juſt in the ſame manner as he would without it [P]. It is indeed no ſmall pitch of virtue, under the temptation of impunity, and the hopes of accompliſhing all a man deſires, not to tranſgreſs the rules of juſtice and virtue; but this is rather not being an ill man, than being poſitively a good one; and it ſeems wonderful, that ſo great a ſoul as that of Tully ſhould not form to himſelf a thouſand worthy actions, which a virtuous mind would be prompted to by the poſſeſſion of ſuch a ſecret. There are certainly ſome part of mankind who are guardian beings to the other. Salluſt could ſay of Cato, that he had rather be, than appear, good; but, indeed, this eulogium roſe no higher than, as I juſt now hinted, to an inoffenſiveneſs, rather

[P] Cicero De Officiis, lib. iii. 9. edit. Verburgii, vol. x. p. 3642. See alſo N° 139, and N° 243.

than an active virtue. Had it occurred to the noble orator to repreſent, in his language, the glorious pleaſures of a man ſecretly employed in beneficence and generoſity, it would certainly have made a more charming page than any he has left behind him. How might a man, furniſhed with Gyges's ſecret, employ it in bringing together diſtant friends; laying ſnares for creating good-will in the room of groundleſs hatred; in removing the pangs of an unjuſt jealouſy, the ſhyneſs of an imperfect reconciliation, and the tremor of an awful love! Such a one could give confidence to baſhful merit, and confuſion to over-bearing impudence.

Certain it is, that ſecret kindneſſes done to mankind are as beautiful, as ſecret injuries are deteſtable. To be inviſibly good, is as god-like, as to be inviſibly ill, diabolical. As degenerate as we are apt to ſay the age we live in is, there are ſtill amongſt us men of illuſtrious minds, who enjoy all the pleaſures of good actions, except that of being commended for them. There happens, among other very worthy inſtances of a public ſpirit, one, which I am obliged to diſcover, becauſe I know not otherwiſe how to obey the commands of the benefactor. A citizen of London has given directions to Mr. Rayner [q], the writing-maſter of St.

[q] ADVERTISEMENT. O. F. TATLER, N° 135.
'The Paul's ſcholar's copy-book, containing the round and round-text hands, with alphabets at large of the Greek and Hebrew, and joining-pieces of each. Embelliſhed with proper ornaments of command of hand. By John Rayner, at the Hand and Pen, in St. Paul's Church-yard, London.' Price 1s. See Maſſey's Eſſay on the Origin and Progreſs of Letters, 8vo. 1763, p. 120.

Paul's-ſchool, to educate at his charge ten boys, who ſhall be nominated by me, in writing and accompts, until they ſhall be fit for any trade; I deſire, therefore, ſuch as know any proper objects for receiving this bounty, to give notice thereof to Mr. Morphew, or Mr. Lillie; and they ſhall, if properly qualified, have inſtructions accordingly.

Actions of this kind have in them ſomething ſo tranſcendent, that it is an injury to applaud them, and a diminution of that merit which conſiſts in ſhunning our approbation. We ſhall therefore leave them to enjoy that glorious obſcurity; and ſilently admire their virtue, who can contemn the moſt delicious of human pleaſures, that of receiving due praiſe. Such celeſtial diſpoſitions very juſtly ſuſpend the diſcovery of their benefactions, until they come where their actions cannot be miſinterpreted, and receive their firſt congratulations in the company of angels.

ADVERTISEMENT.

'WHEREAS Mr. Bickerſtaff, by a letter bearing date this twenty-fourth of February, has received information, that there are in and about the Royal Exchange a ſort of people commonly known by the name of Whetters[r], who drink themſelves into an intermediate ſtate of being neither drunk nor ſober before the hours of Exchange, or buſineſs; and in that condition buy and ſell ſtocks, diſcount notes, and do many

[r] See N° 141, let. 2.

other acts of well-diſpoſed citizens; this is to give notice, that from this day forward, no Whetter ſhall be able to give or endorſe any note, or execute any other point of commerce, after the third half-pint, before the hour of one: and whoever ſhall tranſact any matter or matters with a Whetter, not being himſelf of that order, ſhall be conducted to Moorfields upon the firſt application of his next of kin.

'N. B. No tavern near the Exchange ſhall deliver wine to ſuch as drink at the bar ſtanding, except the ſame ſhall be three parts of the beſt cyder: and the maſter of the houſe ſhall produce a certificate of the ſame from Mr. Tintoret, or ſome other credible wine painter[s].

'Whereas the model of the intended Bedlam[t] is now finiſhed, and the edifice itſelf will be very ſuddenly begun; it is deſired, that all ſuch as have relations, whom they would recommend to our care, would bring in their proofs with all ſpeed; none being to be admitted, of courſe, but lovers, who are put into an immediate regimen. Young politicians alſo are received without fees or examination.'

[s] See N° 131. [t] See N° 127, N° 130, and note, See N° 143, note on Barnes, &c.

N° 139. Tueſday, February 28, 1709-10.
STEELE.

——*Nihil eſt quod credere de ſe*
Non poſſit, cum laudatur diis æqua poteſtas.
Juv. Sat. iv. 70.

Nothing ſo monſtrous can be ſaid or feign'd,
But with belief and joy is entertain'd,
When to her face a giddy girl is prais'd,
By ill-judg'd flattery to an angel rais'd.
Dryden.

Sheer-lane, February 27.

When I reflect upon the many nights I have ſat up for ſome months laſt paſt, in the greateſt anxiety for the good of my neighbours and contemporaries, it is no ſmall diſcouragement to me to ſee how ſlow a progreſs I make in the reformation of the world. But indeed I muſt do my female readers the juſtice to own, that their tender hearts are much more ſuſceptible of good impreſſions, than the minds of the other ſex. Buſineſs and ambition take up men's thoughts too much to leave room for philoſophy: but if you ſpeak to women in a ſtyle and manner proper to approach them, they never fail to improve by your counſels. I ſhall, therefore, for the future, turn my thoughts more particularly to their ſervice; and ſtudy the beſt methods to adorn their perſons, and inform their minds in the juſteſt methods to make them what nature deſigned them, the moſt beauteous objects

of our eyes, and the moſt agreeable companions of our lives. But, when I ſay this, I muſt not omit at the ſame time to look into their errors and miſtakes, that being the readieſt way to the intended end of adorning and inſtructing them. It muſt be acknowledged, that the very inadvertencies of this ſex are owing to the other; for if men were not flatterers, women could not fall into that general cauſe of all their follies, and our misfortunes, their love of flattery. Were the commendation of theſe agreeable creatures built upon its proper foundation, the higher we raiſed their opinion of themſelves, the greater would be the advantage to our ſex; but all the topic of praiſe is drawn from the very ſenſeleſs and extravagant ideas we pretend we have of their beauty and perfection. Thus, when a young man falls in love with a young woman, from that moment ſhe is no more Mrs. Alice ſuch-a-one, born of ſuch a father, and educated by ſuch a mother; but from the firſt minute that he caſts his eye upon her with deſire, he conceives a doubt in his mind, what heavenly power gave ſo unexpected a blow to an heart that was ever before untouched. But who can reſiſt fate and deſtiny, which are lodged in Mrs. Alice's eyes? After which he deſires orders accordingly, whether he is to live or die; the ſmile or frown of his goddeſs is the only thing that can now either ſave or deſtroy him[u]. By this means, the well-humoured girl, that would have romped with him before ſhe had received

[u] See Grey's Hudibras, vol. ii. p. 115, note; and N° 145.

this declaration, aſſumes a ſtate ſuitable to the majeſty he has given her, and treats him as the vaſſal he calls himſelf. The girl's head is immediately turned by having the power of life and death, and takes care to ſuit every motion and air to her new ſovereignty. After he has placed himſelf at this diſtance, he muſt never hope to recover his former familiarity, until ſhe has had the addreſſes of another, and found them leſs ſincere.

If the application to women were juſtly turned, the addreſs of flattery, though it implied at the ſame time an admonition, would be much more likely to ſucceed. Should a captivated lover, in a billet, let his miſtreſs know, that her piety to her parents, her gentleneſs of behaviour, her prudent œconomy with reſpect to her own little affairs in a virgin condition, had improved the paſſion which her beauty had inſpired him with, into ſo ſettled an eſteem for her, that of all women breathing he wiſhed her his wife; though his commending her for qualities ſhe knew ſhe had as a virgin, would make her believe he expected from her an anſwerable conduct in the character of a matron; I will anſwer for it, his ſuit would be carried on with leſs perplexity.

Inſtead of this, the generality of our young women, taking all their notions of life from gay writings, or letters of love, conſider themſelves as goddeſſes, nymphs, and ſhepherdeſſes.

By this romantic ſenſe of things, all the natural relations and duties of life are forgotten; and our female part of mankind are bred and

treated, as if they were deſigned to inhabit the happy fields of Arcadia, rather than be wives and mothers in Old England. It is, indeed, long ſince I had the happineſs to converſe familiarly with this ſex, and therefore have been fearful of falling into the error which recluſe men are very ſubject to, that of giving falſe repreſentations of the world, from which they have retired, by imaginary ſchemes drawn from their own reflections. An old man cannot eaſily gain admittance into the dreſſing-room of ladies; I therefore thought it time well-ſpent, to turn over Agrippa, and uſe all my occult art, to give my old Cornelian ring the ſame force with that of Gyges [x], which I have lately ſpoken of. By the help of this I went unobſerved to a friend's houſe of mine, and followed the chambermaid inviſibly about twelve of the clock into the bed-chamber of the beauteous Flavia, his fine daughter, juſt before ſhe got up.

I drew the curtains; and, being wrapped up in the ſafety of my old age, could with much pleaſure, without paſſion, behold her ſleeping with Waller's poems, and a letter fixed in that part of him where every woman thinks herſelf deſcribed. The light flaſhing upon her face, awakened her: ſhe opened her eyes, and her lips too, repeating that piece of falſe wit in that admired poet,

'Such Helen was: and who can blame the boy,
That in ſo bright a flame conſum'd his Troy [y]?'

[x] See N° 138; N° 243; and Cicero, De Officiis, lib. iii. 9.
[y] Waller's Poems, ed. 1723, 12mo. p. 102.

This ſhe pronounced with a moſt bewitching ſweetneſs; but after it fetched a ſigh, that methought had more deſire than languiſhment: then took out her letter; and read aloud, for the pleaſure, I ſuppoſe, of hearing ſoft words in praiſe of herſelf, the following epiſtle:

'MADAM,

'I SAT near you at the opera laſt night; but knew no entertainment from the vain ſhow and noiſe about me, while I waited wholly intent upon the motion of your bright eyes, in hopes of a glance, that might reſtore me to the pleaſures of ſight and hearing in the midſt of beauty and harmony. It is ſaid, the hell of the accurſed in the next life ariſes from an incapacity to partake the joys of the bleſſed, though they were to be admitted to them. Such, I am ſure, was my condition all that evening; and, if you, my deity, cannot have ſo much mercy, as to make me by your influence capable of taſting the ſatisfactions of life, my being is ended which conſiſted only in your favour.'

The letter was hardly read over, when ſhe ruſhed out of bed in her wrapping gown, and conſulted her glaſs for the truth of his paſſion. She raiſed her head, and turned it to a profile, repeating the laſt lines, 'My being is ended, which conſiſted only in your favour.' The goddeſs immediately called her maid, and fell to dreſſing that miſchievous face of hers, without any manner of conſideration for the mortal

who had offered up his petition. Nay, it was ſo far otherwiſe, that the whole time of her woman's combing her hair was ſpent in diſcourſe of the impertinence of his paſſion, and ended in declaring a reſolution, if ſhe ever had him, to make him wait. She alſo frankly told the favourite gipſy that was prating to her, that her paſſionate lover had put it out of her power to be civil to him, if ſhe were inclined to it; 'for,' ſaid ſhe, 'if I am thus celeſtial to my lover, he will certainly ſo far think himſelf diſappointed, as I grow into the familiarity and form of a mortal woman.'

I came away as I went in, without ſtaying for other remarks than what confirmed me in the opinion, that it is from the notions the men inſpire them with, that the women are ſo fantaſtical in the value of themſelves. This imaginary pre-eminence which is given to the fair ſex, is not only formed from the addreſſes of people of condition; but it is the faſhion and humour of all orders to go regularly out of their wits, as ſoon as they begin to make love. I know at this time three goddeſſes in the New Exchange; and there are two ſhepherdeſſes that ſell gloves in Weſtminſter-hall [z].

[z] See N° 145, lett.

N° 140. Thurſday, March 2, 1709-10.
STEELE.

——*Aliena negotia centum*
Per caput, et circa ſaliunt latus——

HOR. 2. Sat. iv. 33.

An hundred mens' affairs confound
My ſenſes, and beſiege me round. FRANCIS.

Sheer-lane, March 2.

HAVING the honour to be by my great grandmother a Welſhman, I have been among ſome choice ſpirits of that part of Great Britain, where we ſolaced ourſelves in celebration of the day of St. David. I am, I confeſs, elevated above that ſtate of mind which is proper for lucubration: but I am the leſs concerned at this, becauſe I have for this day or two laſt paſt obſerved, that we noveliſts have been condemned wholly to the paſtry-cooks, the eyes of the nation being turned upon greater matters [a]. This, therefore, being a time when none but my immediate correſpondents will read me, I ſhall ſpeak to them chiefly at this preſent writing. It is the fate of us who pretend to joke, to be frequently underſtood to be only upon the droll when we are ſpeaking the moſt ſeriouſly, as appears by the following letter to Charles Lillie.

[a] An alluſion to the trial of Dr. Sacheverell, which was between February 27, and March 23, 1709-10.—This is likewiſe hinted at, in Numbers 141, 142, and 157.

London, Feb. 28, 1709-10.

'Mr. LILLIE,

'IT being profeſſed by eſquire Bickerſtaff, that his intention is to expoſe the vices and follies of the age, and to promote virtue and good-will amongſt mankind; it muſt be a comfort for a perſon labouring under great ſtraits and difficulties to read any thing that has the appearance of ſuccour. I ſhould be glad to know therefore, whether the intelligence given in his Tatler of Saturday laſt [b], of the intended charity of a certain citizen of London, to maintain the education of ten boys in writing and accompts until they be fit for trade, be given only to encourage and recommend perſons to the practice of ſuch noble and charitable deſigns; or whether there be a perſon who really intends to do ſo. If the latter, I humbly beg eſquire Bickerſtaff's pardon for making a doubt, and impute it to my ignorance; and moſt humbly crave, that he would be pleaſed to give notice in his Tatler, when he thinks fit, whether his nomination of ten boys be diſpoſed, or whether there be room for two boys to be recommended to him; and that he will permit the writer of this to preſent him with two boys, who, it is humbly preſumed, will be judged to be very remarkable objects of ſuch charity.

Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant.'

[b] See N° 138, adv.

I am to tell this gentleman in ſober ſadneſs, and without jeſt, that there really is ſo good and charitable a man as the benefactor inquired for in his letter, and that there are but two boys yet named. The father of one of them was killed at Blenheim, the father of the other at Almanza. I do not here give the names of the children; becauſe I ſhould take it to be an inſolence in me to publiſh them, in a charity which I have only the direction of as a ſervant to that worthy and generous ſpirit, who beſtows upon them this bounty without laying the bondage of an obligation. What I have to do is to tell them, they are beholden only to their Maker, to kill in them, as they grow up, the falſe ſhame of poverty; and let them know, that their preſent fortune, which is come upon them by the loſs of their poor fathers on ſo glorious occaſions, is much more honourable than the inheritance of the moſt ample ill-gotten wealth.

The next letter which lies before me is from a man of ſenſe, who ſtrengthens his own authority with that of Tully, in perſuading me to what he very juſtly believes one cannot be averſe.

London, Feb. 27, 1709.

'Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

'I AM ſo confident of your inclination to promote any thing that is for the advancement of liberal arts, that I lay before you the following tranſlation of a paragraph in Cicero's oration in defence of Archias the poet, as an incentive to the agreeable and inſtructive reading of the writings of the Auguſtan age. Moſt

vices and follies proceed from a man's incapacity of entertaining himſelf, and we are generally fools in company, becauſe we dare not be wiſe alone. I hope, on ſome future occaſions, you will find this no barren hint. Tully, after having ſaid very handſome things of his client, commends the arts of which he was maſter, as follows:

'If ſo much profit be not reaped in the ſtudy of letters, and if pleaſure only be found; yet, in my opinion, this relaxation of the mind ſhould be eſteemed moſt humane and ingenuous. Other things are not for all ages, places, and ſeaſons. Theſe ſtudies form youth, delight old age, adorn proſperity, and ſoften, and even remove adverſity; entertain at home, are no hindrance abroad; do not leave us at night, and keep us company on the road, and in the country [c].

I am,

Your humble ſervant,

STREPHON.'

The following epiſtle ſeems to want the quickeſt diſpatch, becauſe a lady is every moment offended until it is anſwered; which is

[c] 'Quod ſi non hic tantus fructus oſtenderetur, et ſi ex his ſtudiis delectatio ſola peteretur: tamen ut opinor, hanc animi adverſionem, humaniſſimam ac liberaliſſimam judicaretis. Nam cæteræ neque temporum ſunt, neque ætatum omnium, neque locorum. Hæc ſtudia adoleſcentiam alunt, ſenectutem oblectant, ſæcundas res ornant, adverſis perfugium et ſolatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiſcum, peregrinantur, ruſticantur.'

CICERO, Orat. pro Archia Poeta.

beſt done by letting the offender ſee in her own letter how tender ſhe is of calling him ſo.

'SIR,

'THIS comes from a relation of yours, though unknown to you, who, beſides the tie of conſanguinity, has ſome value for you on the account of your Lucubrations, thoſe being deſigned to refine our converſation, as well as cultivate our minds. I humbly beg the favour of you, in one of your Tatlers, after what manner you pleaſe, to correct a particular friend of mine, for an indecorum he is guilty of in diſcourſe, of calling his acquaintance, when he ſpeaks to them, Madam: as for example, my couſin Jenny Diſtaff, Madam Diſtaff [d]: which, I am ſure you are ſenſible, is very unpolite, and it is what makes me often uneaſy for him, though I cannot tell him of it myſelf, which makes me guilty of this preſumption, that I depend upon your goodneſs to excuſe; and I do aſſure you, the gentleman will mind your reprehenſion, for he is, as I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant and couſin,

DOROTHY DRUMSTICK.'

'I write this in a thin under-petticoat [e], and never did or will wear a fardingal.'

I had no ſooner read the juſt complaint of Mrs. Drumſtick, but I received an urgent one from another of the fair ſex, upon faults of more pernicious conſequence.

[d] See N° 10, N° 13, and notes. [e] See N° 136.

'Mr. Bickerstaff,

'Observing that you are entered into a correſpondence with Paſquin, who is, I ſuppoſe, a Roman catholic, I beg of you to forbear giving him any account of our religion or manners, until you have rooted out certain miſdemeanours even in our churches. Among others, that of bowing, ſaluting, taking ſnuff[f], and other geſtures. Lady Autumn made me a very low courteſy the other day from the next pew, and, with the moſt courtly air imaginable, called herſelf "miſerable ſinner." Her niece, ſoon after, ſaying, "Forgive us our treſpaſſes," courteſied with a glouting look at my brother. He returned it, opening his ſnuff-box, and repeating yet a more ſolemn expreſſion. I beg of you, good Mr. Cenſor, not to tell Paſquin any thing of this kind, and to believe this does not come from one of a moroſe temper, mean birth, rigid education, narrow fortune, or bigotry in opinion, or from one in whom time has worn out all taſte of pleaſure. I aſſure you, it is far otherwiſe, for I am poſſeſſed of all the contrary advantages; and, I hope, wealth, good humour, and good breeding, may be beſt employed in the ſervice of religion and virtue; and deſire you would, as ſoon as poſſible, remark upon the above-mentioned indecorums, that we may not

[f] Among the MSS in the Univerſity of Cambridge, there is a letter of James I. againſt ſmoaking tobacco at St. Mary's church, where the practice appears to have been uſual at that time, as it was in the play-houſes. A. See N° 190.

long tranſgreſs againſt the latter, to preſerve our reputation in the former.

Your humble ſervant,

LYDIA.'

The laſt letter I ſhall inſert is what follows. This is written by a very inquiſitive lady; and, I think, ſuch interrogative gentlewomen are to be anſwered no other way than by interrogation. Her billet is this:

'DEAR Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

'Are you quite as good as you ſeem to be?

CHLOE.'

To which I can only anſwer:

'DEAR CHLOE,

'Are you quite as ignorant as you ſeem to be?

I. B.'

N° 141. Saturday, March 4, 1709-10.
STEELE.

Sheer-lane, March 3.

WHILE the attention of the town is drawn aſide from reading us writers of news, we all ſave ourſelves againſt it is at more leiſure. As for my own part, I ſhall ſtill let the labouring oar be managed by my correſpondents, and fill my paper with their ſentiments, rather than my own, until I find my readers more diſengaged than they are at preſent [g]. When I came home this evening, I found ſeveral letters and petitions, which I ſhall inſert with no other order than as I accidentally opened them, as follows:

March 1, 1709-10.

'SIR,

'HAVING a daughter about nine years of age, I would endeavour ſhe might have education: I mean ſuch as may be uſeful, as working well, and a good deportment. In order to it, I am perſuaded to place her at ſome boarding-ſchool, ſituated in a good air. My wife oppoſes it, and gives for her greateſt reaſon, that ſhe is too much a woman, and underſtands the formalities of viſiting and a tea-table ſo very nicely, that none, though much older, can ex-

[g] See N° 140, N° 142, and N° 157. Sacheverell's trial.

ceed her; and, with all theſe perfections, the girl can ſcarce thread a needle: but, however, after ſeveral arguments, we have agreed to be decided by your judgment; and, knowing your abilities, ſhall manage our daughter exactly as you ſhall pleaſe to direct. I am ſerious in my requeſt, and hope you will be ſo in your anſwer, which will lay a deep obligation upon,

Sir, your humble ſervant,

T. T.

'Sir, pray anſwer it in your Tatler, that it may be ſerviceable to the public [h].'

I am as ſerious on this ſubject as my correſpondent can be; and am of opinion, that the great happineſs or misfortune of mankind depends upon the manner of educating and treating that ſex. I have lately ſaid, I deſign to turn my thoughts more particularly to them, and their ſervice: I beg therefore a little time to give my opinion on ſo important a ſubject, and deſire the young lady may fill out tea one week longer, until I have conſidered whether ſhe ſhall be removed or not.

Chancery-lane, Feb. 27, 1709.

'Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

'YOUR notice in the advertiſement in your Tatler of Saturday laſt about whetters [i] in and about the Royal Exchange, is mightily taken notice of by gentlemen who uſe the coffee-houſes

[h] See N° 145. [i] See N° 138, adv.

near the Chancery-office in Chancery-lane. And there being a particular certain ſet of both young and old gentlemen that belong to and near adjoining to the Chancery-office, both in Chancery-lane and Bell-yard, that are not only whetters all the morning long, but very muſically given about twelve at night the ſame days, and mightily taken with the union of the dulcimer, violin, and ſong; at which recreation they rejoice together with perfect harmony, however their clients diſagree: You are humbly deſired by ſeveral gentlemen to give ſome regulation concerning them; in which you will contribute to the repoſe of us, who are your very humble ſervants,

L. T. N. F. T. W.'

Theſe whetters are a people I have conſidered with much pains; and find them to differ from a ſect I have hitherto ſpoken of, called ſnuff-takers, only in the expedition they take in deſtroying their brains: the whetter is obliged to refreſh himſelf every moment with a liquor, as the ſnuff taker with a powder. As for their harmony in the evening, I have nothing to object; provided they remove to Wapping [k], or the Bridge-foot, where it is not to be ſuppoſed that their vociferations will annoy the ſtudious, the buſy, or the contemplative. I once had lodgings in Gray's-inn, where we had two hard ſtudents, who learned to play upon the hautboy; and I had a couple of chamber-fellows over my head not leſs diligent in the practice of back-

[k] See N° 105; and note.

ſword and ſingle rapier. I remember theſe gentlemen were aſſigned by the benchers the two houſes at the end of the terras-walk, as the only place fit for their meditations. Such ſtudents as will let none improve but themſelves, ought indeed to keep their proper diſtances from ſocieties.

The gentlemen of loud mirth above mentioned I take to be, in the quality of their crime, the ſame as eaves-droppers; for they who will be in your company whether you will or no, are to as great a degree offenders, as they who hearken to what paſſes without being of your company at all. The ancient puniſhment for the latter, when I firſt came to this town, was the blanket, which, I humbly conceive, may be as juſtly applied to him that bawls, as to him that liſtens. It is therefore provided for the future, that, except in the long vacation, no retainers to the law, with dulcimer, violin, or any other inſtrument, in any tavern, within a furlong of an inn of court, ſhall ſing any tune, or pretended tune whatſoever, upon pain of the blanket, to be adminiſtered according to the diſcretion of all ſuch peaceable people as ſhall be within the annoyance. And it is further directed, that all clerks, who ſhall offend in this kind, ſhall forfeit their indentures, and be turned over as aſſiſtants to the clerks of the pariſhes within the bills of mortality, who are hereby empowered to demand them accordingly.

I am not to omit the receipt of the following letter, with a night-cap from my Valentine; which night-cap, I find, was finiſhed in the year 1588, and is too finely wrought to be of

any modern ſtitching. Its antiquity will better appear by my Valentine's own words:

'SIR,

'SINCE you are pleaſed to accept of ſo mean a preſent as a night-cap from your Valentine, I have ſent you one, which I do aſſure you has been very much eſteemed of in our family; for my great grandmother's daughter, who worked it, was maid of honour to queen Elizabeth, and had the misfortune to loſe her life by pricking her finger in the making of it, of which ſhe bled to death, as her tomb now at Weſtminſter [1] will ſhew. For which reaſon, neither myſelf nor any of the family, have loved work ever ſince; otherwiſe you ſhould have one as you deſired, made by the hands of,

Sir,

Your affectionate VALENTINE [m].'

'*To the right worſhipful Iſaac Bickerſtaff, eſquire, Cenſor of Great Britain, and governor of the hoſpital erected, or to be erected, in Moorfields.*

'The petition of the inhabitants of the pariſh of Gotham, in the county of Middleſex,

'HUMBLY SHEWETH,

'THAT whereas it is the undoubted right of your ſaid petitioners to repair on every Lord's

[1] A banter on an idle ſtory to this day repeated by the man who ſhews the tombs. [m] See N° 138.

day to a chapel of eaſe in the ſaid pariſh, there to be inſtructed in their duties in the known or vulgar tongue; yet ſo it is, may it pleaſe your worſhip, that the preacher of the ſaid chapel has of late given himſelf wholly up to matters of controverſy, in no wiſe tending to the edification of your ſaid petitioners; and in handling, as he calls it, the ſame, has uſed divers hard and crabbed words; ſuch as, among many others, "orthodox" and "heterodox," which are in no ſort underſtood by your ſaid petitioners; and it is with grief of heart that your petitioners beg leave to repreſent to you, that mentioning the aforeſaid words or names (the latter of which, as we have reaſon to believe, is his deadly enemy), he will fall into ravings and foamings, ill becoming the meekneſs of his office, and tending to give offence and ſcandal to all good people.

'Your petitioners further ſay, that they are ready to prove the aforeſaid allegations; and therefore humbly hope that, from a true ſenſe of their condition, you will pleaſe to receive the ſaid preacher into the hoſpital, until he ſhall recover a right uſe of his ſenſes.

And your petitioners, &c.'

N° 142. Tueſday, March 7, 1709-10.
STEELE.

Sheer-lane, March 6.

ALL perſons who employ themſelves in public, are ſtill interrupted in the courſe of their affairs: and it ſeems, the admired cavalier Nicolini himſelf is commanded by the ladies, who at preſent employ their time with great aſſiduity in the care of the nation, to put off his day until he ſhall receive their commands, and notice that they are at leiſure for diverſions. In the mean time it is not to be expreſſed, how many cold chickens the fair-ones have eaten ſince this day ſevennight for the good of their country. This great occaſion has given birth to many diſcoveries of high moment for the conduct of life. There is a toaſt of my acquaintance who told me, ſhe had now found out, that it was day before nine in the morning; and I am very confident, if the affair hold many days longer, the ancient hours of eating will be revived among us, many having by it been made acquainted with the luxury of hunger and thirſt [n].

There appears, methinks, ſomething very venerable in all aſſemblies: and I muſt confeſs, I envied all who had youth and health enough to make their appearance there, that they had the happineſs of being a whole day in the beſt

[n] See N° 140, N° 141, and N° 157.

company in the world. During the adjournments of that awful court, a neighbour of mine was telling me, that it gave him a notion of the ancient grandeur of the Engliſh hoſpitality, to ſee Weſtminſter-hall a dining-room. There is a cheerfulneſs in ſuch repaſts, which is very delightful to tempers which are ſo happy as to be clear of ſpleen and vapour; for to the jovial, to ſee others pleaſed is the greateſt of all pleaſures.

But ſince age and infirmities forbid my appearance at ſuch public places °, the next happineſs is to make the beſt uſe of privacy, and acquit myſelf of the demands of my correſpondents. The following letter is what has given me no ſmall inquietude, it being an accuſation of partiality, and diſregard to merit in the perſon of a virtuoſo; who is the moſt eloquent of all men upon ſmall occaſions, and is the more to be admired for his prodigious fertility of invention, which never appears but upon ſubjects which others would have thought barren. But, in conſideration of his uncommon talents, I am contented to let him be the hero of my next two days, by inſerting his friend's recommendation of him at large.

Nando's, Feb. 28, 1709.

'DEAR COUSIN,

'I AM juſt come out of the country, and upon peruſing your late Lucubrations, I find Charles Lillie to be the darling of your

° See N° 145, and N° 151.

affections; that you have given him a place, and taken no ſmall pains to eſtabliſh him in the world; and at the ſame time have paſſed by his name-ſake at this end of the town, as if he was a citizen defunct, and one of no uſe in a commonwealth. I muſt own, his circumſtances are ſo good, and ſo well known, that he does not ſtand in need of having his fame publiſhed to the world; but, being of an ambitious ſpirit and an aſpiring ſoul, he would be rather proud of the honour than deſirous of the profit, which might reſult from your recommendation. He is a perſon of a particular genius, the firſt that brought toys in faſhion and bawbles to perfection. He is admirably well verſed in ſcrews, ſprings, and hinges, and deeply read in knives, combs, ſciſſars, buttons, or buckles. He is a perfect maſter of words, which, uttered with a ſmooth voluble tongue, flow into a moſt perſuaſive eloquence; inſomuch, that I have known a gentleman of diſtinction find ſeveral ingenious faults with a toy of his, and ſhew his utmoſt diſlike to it, as being either uſeleſs or ill-contrived; but when the orator behind the counter had harangued upon it for an hour and a half, diſplayed its hidden beauties, and revealed its ſecret perfections, he has wondered how he had been able to ſpend ſo great a part of his life without ſo important an utenſil. I will not pretend to furniſh out an inventory of all the valuable commodities that are to be found at his ſhop.

'I ſhall content myſelf with giving an account of what I think moſt curious. IMPRIMIS,

his pocket-books are very neat, and well contrived, not for keeping bank bills or goldſmiths notes, I confeſs; but they are admirable for regiſtering the lodgings of madonas, and for preſerving letters from ladies of quality. His whips and ſpurs are ſo nice, that they will make one that buys them ride a fox-hunting, though before he hated noiſe and early riſing, and was afraid of breaking his neck. His ſeals are curiouſly fancied and exquiſitely well cut, and of great uſe to encourage young gentlemen to write a good hand. Ned Puzzle-poſt has been ill uſed by his writing-maſter, and writ a ſort of a Chineſe or downright *ſcrawlian*: however, upon his buying a ſeal of my friend, he is ſo much improved by continual writing, that it is believed in a ſhort time one may be able to read his letters, and find out his meaning, without gueſſing. His piſtols and fuſees are ſo very good, that they are fit to be laid up among the fineſt china. Then his tweezer-caſes are incomparable: you ſhall have one not much bigger than your finger, with ſeventeen ſeveral inſtruments in it, all neceſſary every hour of the day, during the whole courſe of a man's life. But if this virtuoſo excels in one thing more than another, it is in canes. He has ſpent his moſt ſelect hours in the knowledge of them; and is arrived at that perfection, that he is able to hold forth upon canes longer than upon any one ſubject in the world. Indeed, his canes are ſo finely clouded, and ſo well made up, either with gold or amber heads, that I am of the opinion it is impoſſible for a gentleman to walk, talk, ſit, or

ſtand, as he ſhould do, without one of them. He knows the value of a cane, by knowing the value of the buyer's eſtate. Sir Timothy Shallow has two thouſand pounds per annum, and Tom Empty one. They both at ſeveral times bought a cane of Charles: ſir Timothy's coſt ten guineas, and Tom Empty's five. Upon comparing them, they were perfectly alike. Sir Timothy, ſurpriſed there ſhould be no difference in the canes and ſo much in the price, comes to Charles: "Damn it, Charles," ſays he, "you have ſold me a cane here for ten pieces, and the very ſame to Tom Empty for five." "Lord! ſir Timothy," ſays Charles, "I am concerned that you, whom I took to underſtand canes better than any baronet in town, ſhould be ſo overſeen!" "Why, ſir Timothy, your's is a true jambee, and eſquire Empty's only a plain dragon."

'This virtuoſo has a parcel of jambees now growing in the Eaſt Indies, where he keeps a man on purpoſe to look after them, which will be the fineſt that ever landed in Great Britain, and will be fit to cut about two years hence. Any gentleman may ſubſcribe for as many as he pleaſes. Subſcriptions will be taken in at his ſhop at ten guineas each joint. They that ſubſcribe for ſix ſhall have a dragon gratis. This is all I have to ſay at preſent concerning Charles's curioſities; and hope it may be ſufficient to prevail with you to take him into your conſideration, which, if you comply with, you will oblige

Your humble ſervant.

'N. B. Whereas there came out, laſt term, ſeveral gold ſnuff-boxes, and others: this is to give notice, that Charles [P] will put out a new edition on Saturday next, which will be the only one in faſhion until after Eaſter. The gentleman that gave fifty pounds for the box ſet with diamonds, may ſhew it until Sunday night, provided he goes to church; but not after that time, there being one to be publiſhed on Monday, which will coſt fourſcore guineas.'

N° 143. Thurſday, March 9, 1709.
STEELE.

Sheer-lane, March 8.

I WAS this afternoon ſurpriſed with a viſit from my ſiſter Jenny, after an abſence of ſome time. She had, methought, in her manner and air, ſomething that was a little below that of women of the firſt breeding and quality, but at the ſame time above the ſimplicity and familiarity of her uſual deportment. As ſoon as ſhe was ſeated, ſhe began to talk to me of the odd place I lived in, and begged of me to remove out of the lane where I have been ſo long acquainted; 'for,' ſaid ſhe, 'it does ſo ſpoil one's horſes, that I muſt beg your pardon if you ſee me much ſeldomer, when I am to make ſo great a journey with a ſingle pair, and make viſits,

[P] Charles Mather, toyman, in Fleet-ſtreet. See N° 113, and notes.

and get home the ſame night.' I underſtood her pretty well, but would not; therefore deſired her to pay off her coach, for I had a great deal to talk to her. She very pertly told me, ſhe came in her own chariot. 'Why,' ſaid I, 'is your huſband in town? and has he ſet up an equipage?' 'No,' anſwered ſhe, 'but I have received five hundred pounds by his order; and his letters, which came at the ſame time, bad me want for nothing that was neceſſary.'

I was heartily concerned at her folly, whoſe affairs render her but juſt able to bear ſuch an expence. However I conſidered, that, according to the Britiſh cuſtom of treating women, there is no other method to be uſed, in removing any of their faults and errors, but conducting their minds from one humour to another, with as much ceremony as we lead their perſons from one place to another. I therefore diſſembled my concern; and, in compliance with her, as a lady that was to uſe her feet no more, I begged of her, after a ſhort viſit, 'to let me perſuade her not to ſtay out until it was late, for fear of catching cold as ſhe went into her coach in the dampneſs of the evening.' The malapert knew well enough I laughed at her; but was not ill pleaſed with the certainty of her power over her huſband, who, ſhe knew, would ſupport her in any humour he was able, rather than paſs through the torment of an expoſtulation to gainſay any thing ſhe had a mind to.

As ſoon as my fine lady was gone, I writ the following letter to my brother:

'DEAR BROTHER,

'I AM at preſent under very much concern, at the ſplendid appearance I ſaw my ſiſter make in an equipage, which ſhe has ſet up in your abſence. I beg of you not to indulge her in this vanity; and deſire you to conſider, the world is ſo whimſical, that though it will value you for being happy, it will hate you for appearing ſo. The poſſeſſion of wiſdom and virtue, the only ſolid diſtinctions of life, is allowed much more eaſily than that of wealth and quality. Beſides which, I muſt intreat you to weigh with yourſelf, what it is that people aim at in ſetting themſelves out to ſhow in gay equipages and moderate fortunes. You are not by this means a better man than your neighbour is; but your horſes are better than his are. And will you ſuffer care and inquietude, to have it ſaid, as you paſs by, "Thoſe are very pretty punch nags?" Nay, when you have arrived at this, there are a hundred worthleſs fellows who are ſtill four horſes happier than you are. Remember, dear brother, there is a certain modeſty in the enjoyment of moderate wealth, which to tranſgreſs expoſes men to the utmoſt deriſion; and as there is nothing but meanneſs of ſpirit can move a man to value himſelf upon what can be purchaſed with money, ſo he that ſhews an ambition that way and cannot arrive at it, is more emphatically guilty of that meanneſs. I give you only my firſt thoughts on this occaſion; but ſhall, as I am a Cenſor, entertain you

in my next with my ſentiments in general upon the ſubject of equipage [q]; and ſhew, that though there are no ſumptuary laws amongſt us, reaſon and good ſenſe are equally binding, and will ever prevail in appointing approbation or diſlike in all matters of an indifferent nature, when they are purſued with earneſtneſs.

I am, Sir, &c.'

*** The letter from Oſyris of Edinburgh is received, and the performance of his promiſe earneſtly deſired. Tat. in folio.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

'*To all gentlemen, ladies, and others, that delight in ſoft lines.*

'THESE are to give notice, that the proper time of the year for writing paſtorals now drawing near, there is a ſtage-coach ſettled from the One-bell in the Strand to Dorcheſter, which ſets out twice a week, and paſſes through Baſingſtoke, Sutton, Stockbridge, Saliſbury, Blandford, and ſo to Dorcheſter, over the fineſt downs in England. At all which places, there are accommodations of ſpreading beeches, beds of flowers, turf ſeats, and purling ſtreams, for happy ſwains; and thunderſtruck oaks, and left-handed ravens, to foretel misfortunes to thoſe that pleaſe to be wretched, with all other neceſſaries for penſive paſſion.

[q] See N° 144, *ad finem*.

'And, for the conveniency of ſuch whoſe affairs will not permit them to leave this town, at the ſame place they may be furniſhed, during the ſeaſon, with opening buds, flowering thyme, warbling birds, ſporting lambkins, and fountain-water, right and good, and bottled on the ſpot by one ſent down on purpoſe.

'N. B. The nymphs and ſwains are farther given to underſtand, that in thoſe happy climes they are ſo far from being troubled with wolves, that, for want of even foxes, a conſiderable pack of hounds have been lately forced to eat ſheep.

'Whereas, on the ſixth inſtant at midnight, ſeveral perſons of light honour and looſe mirth, having taken upon them, in the ſhape of men, but with the voice of the players belonging to Mr. Powell's company, to call up ſurgeons at midnight, and ſend phyſicians to perſons in ſound ſleep, and perfect health: This is to certify, that Mr. Powell had locked up the legs of his company for fear of miſchief that night; and that Mr. Powell will not pay for any damages done by the ſaid perſons. It is alſo further adviſed, that there were no midwives wanted when thoſe perſons called them up in the ſeveral parts of Weſtminſter; but that thoſe gentlewomen who were in the company of the ſaid impoſtors, may take care to call ſuch uſeful perſons on the 6th of December next.

'The Cenſor having obſerved, that there are fine wrought ladies ſhoes and ſlippers put out

to view at a great ſhoemaker's ſhop towards Saint James's end of Pall-mall, which create irregular thoughts and deſires in the youth of this nation; the ſaid ſhopkeeper is required to take in thoſe eye-ſores, or ſhew cauſe the next court-day why he continues to expoſe the ſame; and he is required to be prepared particularly to anſwer to the ſlippers with green lace, and blue heels.'

It is impoſſible for me to return the obliging things Mr. Joſhua Barnes[r] has ſaid to me, upon the account of our mutual friend Homer. He and I have read him now forty years with ſome underſtanding, and great admiration. A work

[r] The learned and ingenious Mr. Joſhua Barnes has lately writ an eulogium [after the manner of learned men to each other] upon me; and after having made me his compliments in the behalf of his beloved Homer, and thanked me for the juſtice I have done him, in 'The Table of Fame,' has deſired me to recommend the following advertiſement.

*** Whereas Mr. Joſhua Barnes, B. D. her majeſty's Greek profeſſor in the univerſity of Cambridge, hath ſome time ſince publiſhed propoſals for printing a new and accurate edition of all Homer's 'Works,' enlarged, corrected, and amended, by the help of ancient MSS. the beſt editions, ſcholiographers, &c. Theſe are to certify, that the Iliad and Odyſſea are now both actually printed off, only a ſmall part of the hymns, other poems, and fragments remaining, with the indexes, life of Homer, and Prolegomena, which are carried on with all poſſible expedition. All gentlemen therefore, ſcholars and maſters of great ſchools, that are willing to reap the benefit of ſubſcription, being ten ſhillings down, and on the delivery of the two volumes in ſheets twenty ſhillings more, are deſired to make their firſt payment to the ſaid Mr. Barnes, now lodging at the printing-houſe at Cambridge, before the end of March; after which time no more ſingle ſubſcriptions to be admitted. Tatler in folio, N° 138, &c.

to be produced by one who has enjoyed ſo great an intimacy with an author, is certainly to be valued more than any comment made by perſons of yeſterday. Therefore, according to my friend Joſhua's requeſt, I recommend his work; and, having uſed a little magic in the caſe, I give this recommendation by way of 'Amulet or charm againſt the malignity of envious backbiters, who ſpeak evil of performances whereof themſelves were never capable.' If I may uſe my friend Joſhua's own words, I ſhall at preſent ſay no more, but that we, Homer's oldeſt acquaintance now living, know beſt his ways; and can inform the world, that they are often miſtaken when they think he is in lethargic fits, which we know he was never ſubject to; and ſhall make appear to be rank ſcandal and envy, that of the Latin poet,

——*Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.*
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 359.

——Good old Homer ſometimes nods.

N° 144. Saturday, March 11, 1709-10.
STEELE.

Sheer-lane, March 10.

IN a nation of liberty, there is hardly a perſon in the whole maſs of the people more abſolutely neceſſary than a Cenſor. It is allowed, that I have no authority for aſſuming this important

appellation, and that I am Cenſor of theſe nations juſt as one is choſen king at the game of Queſtions and Commands: but if, in the execution of this fantaſtical dignity, I obſerve upon things which do not fall within the cognizance of real authority, I hope it will be granted, that an idle man could not be more uſefully employed. Among all the irregularities of which I have taken notice, I know none ſo proper to be preſented to the world by a Cenſor, as that of the general expence and affectation in equipage [s]. I have lately hinted, that this extravagance muſt neceſſarily get footing where we have no ſumptuary laws, and where every man may be dreſſed, attended, and carried, in what manner he pleaſes. But my tenderneſs to my fellow ſubjects will not permit me to let this enormity go unobſerved.

As the matter now ſtands, every man takes it in his head, that he has a liberty to ſpend his money as he pleaſes. Thus, in ſpite of all order, juſtice, and decorum, we, the greater number of the queen's loyal ſubjects, for no reaſon in the world but becauſe we want money, do not ſhare alike in the diviſion of her majeſty's high road. The horſes and ſlaves of the rich take up the whole ſtreet; while we peripatetics are very glad to watch an opportunity to whiſk croſs a paſſage, very thankful that we are not run over for interrupting the machine, that carries in it a perſon neither more handſome, wiſe, or valiant, than the meaneſt of us. For this

[s] See N° 143, N° 66. Spect. N° 15, N° 144, and N° 428.

reaſon, were I to propoſe a tax, it ſhould certainly be upon coaches and chairs: for no man living can aſſign a reaſon, why one man ſhould have half a ſtreet to carry him at his eaſe, and perhaps only in purſuit of pleaſures, when as good a man as himſelf wants room for his own perſon to paſs upon the moſt neceſſary and urgent occaſion. Until ſuch an acknowledgment is made to the public, I ſhall take upon me to veſt certain rights in the ſcavengers of London and Weſtminſter, to take the horſes and ſervants of all ſuch as do not become or deſerve ſuch diſtinctions, into their peculiar cuſtody. The offenders themſelves I ſhall allow ſafe conduct to their places of abode in the carts of the ſaid ſcavengers, but their horſes ſhall be mounted by their footmen, and ſent into the ſervice abroad: and I take this opportunity, in the firſt place, to recruit the regiment of my good old friend the brave and honeſt Sylvius[t], that they may be as well taught as they are fed. It is to me moſt miraculous, ſo unreaſonable an uſurpation, as this I am ſpeaking of, ſhould ſo long have

[t] The real perſon here alluded to, under his Latin name of Sylvius, was moſt probably Cornelius Wood, a gentleman of an excellent character, and very diſtinguiſhed military merit.

In 1709 he gathered freſh laurels in the bloody fields of Tanieres, and next year was appointed governor of Ghent; but in his march to that garriſon, an unruly horſe he rode, reared on end, and fell backwards upon him; his collar-bone was broken, and his ſtomach ſo bruiſed by this accident, that he was never well after. He languiſhed about two years, and died at the Gravel-pits near Kenſington, on the 17th of May, 1712, in the 75th year of his age. See N° 176, Martius, and note.

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been tolerated. We hang a poor felow for taking any trifle from us on the road, and bear with the rich for robbing us of the road itſelf. Such a tax as this would be of great ſatisfaction to us who walk on foot; and, ſince the diſtinction of riding in a coach is not to be appointed according to a man's merit or ſervice to his country, nor that liberty given as a reward for ſome eminent virtue, we ſhould be highly contented to ſee them pay ſomething for the inſult they do us, in the ſtate they take upon them while they are drawn by us.

Until they have made us ſome reparation of this kind, we the peripatetics of Great Britain cannot think ourſelves well treated, while every one that is able, is allowed to ſet up an equipage.

As for my part, I cannot but admire how perſons, conſcious to themſelves of no manner of ſuperiority above others, can, out of mere pride or lazineſs, expoſe themſelves at this rate to public view, and put us all upon pronouncing thoſe three terrible ſyllables, 'Who is that?' When it comes to that queſtion, our method is, to conſider the mien and air of the paſſenger, and comfort ourſelves for being dirty to the ancles, by laughing at his figure and appearance who overlooks us. I muſt confeſs, were it not for the ſolid injuſtice of the thing, there is nothing could afford a diſcerning eye greater occaſion for mirth, than this licentious huddle of qualities and characters in the equipages about this town. The overſeers of the highways and conſtables have ſo little ſkill or power to rectify

this matter, that you may often ſee the equipage of a fellow, whom all the town know to deſerve hanging, make a ſtop that ſhall interrupt the lord high chancellor and all the judges in their way to Weſtminſter.

For the better underſtanding of things and perſons in this general confuſion, I have given directions to all the coach-makers and coach-painters in town, to bring me in liſts of their ſeveral cuſtomers; and doubt not, but with comparing the orders of each man, in his placing his arms on the door of his chariot, as well as the words, devices, and cyphers, to be fixed upon them, to make a collection which ſhall let us into the nature, if not the hiſtory, of mankind, more uſefully than the curioſities of any medalliſt in Europe.

But this evil of vanity in our figure, with many others, proceeds from a certain gaiety of heart, which has crept into men's very thoughts and complexions. The paſſions and adventures of heroes, when they enter the liſts for the tournament in romances, are not more eaſily diſtinguiſhable by their palfreys and their armour, than the ſecret ſprings and affections of the ſeveral pretenders to ſhow amongſt us are known by their equipages in ordinary life. The young Bridegroom with his gilded cupids and winged angels, has ſome excuſe in the joy of his heart to launch out into ſomething that may be ſignificant of his preſent happineſs. But to ſee men, for no reaſon upon earth but that they are rich, aſcend triumphant chariots, and ride through the people, has at the bottom nothing elſe in it

but an inſolent tranſport, ariſing only from the diſtinction of fortune.

It is therefore high time that I call in ſuch coaches as are in their embelliſhments improper for the character of their owners. But if I find I am not obeyed herein, and that I cannot pull down thoſe equipages already erected, I ſhall take upon me to prevent the growth of this evil for the future, by inquiring into the pretenſions of the perſons who ſhall hereafter attempt to make public entries with ornaments and decorations of their own appointment. If a man, who believed he had the handſomeſt leg in this kingdom, ſhould take a fancy to adorn ſo deſerving a limb with a blue garter, he would juſtly be puniſhed for offending againſt the moſt noble order: and I think, the general proſtitution of equipage and retinue is as deſtructive to all diſtinction, as the impertinence of one man if permitted, would certainly be to that illuſtrious fraternity.

ADVERTISEMENT.

'The Cenſor having lately received intelligence, that the ancient ſimplicity in the dreſs and manners of that part of this iſland called Scotland begins to decay; and that there are at this time, in the good town of Edinburgh, beaux, fops, and coxcombs: his late correſpondent [u] from that place is deſired to ſend up their names and characters with all expedition, that they may be proceeded againſt accordingly, and proper officers

[u] Oſyris of Edinburgh. See N° 143, adv.

named to take in their canes, ſnuff-boxes, and all other uſeleſs neceſſaries commonly worn by ſuch offenders.'

N° 145. Tueſday, March 14, 1709-10.
STEELE.

Neſcio quis teneros oculus mihi faſcinat agnos.
VIRG. Ecl. iii. 103.

Ah! what ill eyes bewitch my tender lambs?

White's Chocolate-houſe, March 13.

THIS evening was allotted for taking into conſideration a late requeſt of two indulgent parents, touching the care of a young daughter, whom they deſign to ſend to a boarding-ſchool or keep at home, according to my determination [x]; but I am diverted from that ſubject by letters which I have received from ſeveral ladies complaining of a certain ſect [y] of profeſſed enemies to the repoſe of the fair ſex, called 'oglers.' Theſe are, it ſeems, gentlemen who look with deep attention on one object at the playhouſes, and are ever ſtaring all round them in churches. It is urged by my correſpondents, that they do all that is poſſible to keep their eyes off theſe inſnarers; but that, by what power they know not, both in their diverſions and devotions are

[x] See N° 141, lett. 1.

[y] We ſhould now uſe the word 'ſet,' in many inſtances, where the word 'ſect' is uſed in theſe papers, as it is uſed here. A.

interrupted by them in ſuch a manner, as that they cannot attend to either, without ſtealing looks at the perſons whoſe eyes are fixed upon them. By this means, my petitioners ſay, they find themſelves grow inſenſibly leſs offended, and in time enamoured of theſe their enemies. What is required of me on this occaſion is, that as I love and ſtudy to preſerve the better part of mankind, the females, I would give them ſome account of this dangerous way of aſſault; againſt which there is ſo little defence, that it lays ambuſh for the ſight itſelf, and makes them ſeeingly, knowingly, willingly, and forcibly, go on to their own captivity.

This repreſentation of the preſent ſtate of affairs between the two ſexes gave me very much alarm; and I had no more to do, but to recollect what I had ſeen at any one aſſembly for ſome years laſt paſt, to be convinced of the truth and juſtice of this remonſtrance. If there be not a ſtop put to this evil art, all the modes of addreſs, and the elegant embelliſhments of life, which ariſe out of the noble paſſion of love, will of neceſſity decay. Who would be at the trouble of rhetoric, or ſtudy the *bon mien*, when his introduction is ſo much eaſier obtained by a ſudden reverence in a down-caſt look at the meeting the eye of a fair lady, and beginning again to ogle her as ſoon as ſhe glances another way? I remember very well, when I was laſt at an opera, I could perceive the eyes of the whole audience caſt into particular croſs angles one upon another, without any manner of regard to

the ſtage, though king Latinus [z] was himſelf preſent when I made that obſervation. It was then very pleaſant to look into the hearts of the whole company; for the balls of ſight are ſo formed, that one man's eyes are ſpectacles to another to read his heart with. The moſt ordinary beholder can take notice of any violent agitation in the mind, any pleaſing tranſport, or any inward grief, in the perſon he looks at; but one of theſe oglers can ſee a ſtudied indifference, a concealed love, or a ſmothered reſentment, in the very glances that are made to hide thoſe diſpoſitions of thought. The naturaliſt tells us, that the rattle-ſnake will fix himſelf under a tree where he ſees a ſquirrel playing; and, when he has once got the exchange of a glance from the pretty wanton, will give it ſuch a ſudden ſtroke on its imagination, that though it may play from bough to bough, and ſtrive to avert its eyes from it for ſome time, yet it comes nearer and nearer by little intervals of looking another way, until it drops into the jaws of the animal, which it knew gazed at it for no other reaſon but to ruin it. I did not believe this piece of philoſophy until that night I was juſt now ſpeaking of; but I then ſaw the ſame thing paſs between an ogler and a coquette. Mirtillo, the moſt learned of the former, had for ſome time diſcontinued to viſit Flavia, no leſs eminent among the latter. They induſtriouſly avoided all places where they might probably meet, but chance brought them together to the playhouſe,

[z] A character in the opera entitled Camilla. See Spect. N° 22, and N° 53.

and ſeated them in a direct line over-againſt each other, ſhe in a front box, he in the pit next the ſtage. As ſoon as Flavia had received the looks of the whole crowd below her with that air of inſenſibility, which is neceſſary at the firſt entrance, ſhe began to look round her, and ſaw the vagabond Mirtillo, who had ſo long abſented himſelf from her circle; and when ſhe firſt diſcovered him, ſhe looked upon him with that glance, which in the language of oglers is called 'the ſcornful,' but immediately turned her obſervation another way, and returned upon him with 'the indifferent.' This gave Mirtillo no ſmall reſentment; but he uſed her accordingly. He took care to be ready for her next glance. She found his eyes full in 'the indolent,' with his lips crumpled up, in the poſture of one whiſtling. Her anger at this uſage immediately appeared in every muſcle of her face; and, after many emotions, which gliſtened in her eyes, ſhe caſt them round the whole houſe, and gave them ſoftneſſes in the face of every man ſhe had ever ſeen before. After ſhe thought ſhe had reduced all ſhe ſaw to her obedience, the play began, and ended their dialogue. As ſoon as the firſt act was over, ſhe ſtood up with a viſage full of diſſembled alacrity and pleaſure, with which ſhe over-looked the audience, and at laſt came to him; he was then placed in a ſide-way, with his hat ſlouched over his eyes, and gazing at a wench in the ſide-box, as talking of that gypſy to the gentleman who ſat by him. But, as ſhe fixed upon him, he turned ſuddenly with a full face upon her, and, with all the reſpect imagin-

able, made her the moſt obſequious bow [a] in the preſence of the whole theatre. This gave her a pleaſure not to be concealed; and ſhe made him the recovering, or ſecond courteſy, with a ſmile that ſpoke a perfect reconciliation. Between the enſuing acts, they talked to each other with geſtures and glances ſo ſignificant, that they ridiculed the whole houſe in this ſilent ſpeech, and made an appointment that Mirtillo ſhould lead her to her coach.

The peculiar language of one eye, as it differs from another, as much as the tone of one voice from another, and the faſcination, or enchantment, which is lodged in the optic nerves of the perſons concerned in theſe dialogues, is, I muſt confeſs, too nice a ſubject for one who is not an adept in theſe ſpeculations; but I ſhall, for the good and ſafety of the fair ſex, call my learned friend ſir William Read to my aſſiſtance, and, by the help of his obſervations on this organ [b], acquaint them when the eye is to be believed, and when diſtruſted. On the contrary, I ſhall conceal the true meaning of the

[a] For many years laſt paſt, this behaviour from a perſon in the pit to any lady or gentleman in the boxes, would be thought monſtrous. A.

[b] ADVERTISEMENT. O. F. N° 130.

Lately publiſhed for the benefit of families, 'A ſhort but exact account of all the Diſeaſes incident to the Eyes, with the Cauſes, Symptoms, and Cures. Alſo practical Obſervations upon ſome extraordinary Diſeaſes of the Eyes.' By ſir William Read, her majeſty's oculiſt, and operator in the eyes in ordinary. The ſecond edition corrected. Sold by J. Baker, at the Black-boy, in Paternoſter-row. Price bound in calf 2s. 6d. See N° 9, N° 55, and N° 174.

looks of ladies, and indulge in them all the art they can acquire in the management of their glances: all which is but too little againſt creatures who triumph in falſehood, and begin to forſwear with their eyes, when their tongues can be no longer believed.

ADVERTISEMENT.

'A very clean well-behaved young gentleman, who is in a very good way in Cornhill, has writ to me the following lines; and ſeems, in ſome paſſages of his letter, which I omit, to lay it very much to heart, that I have not ſpoken of a ſupernatural beauty whom he ſighs for, and complains to in moſt elaborate language. Alas! what can a monitor do? All mankind live in romance.

Royal Exchange, March 11.

'Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

'SOME time ſince, you were pleaſed to mention the beauties in the New Exchange and Weſtminſter-hall, and in my judgment were not very impartial; for if you were pleaſed to allow there was one goddeſs in the New Exchange, and two ſhepherdeſſes in Weſtminſter-hall [c], you very well might ſay, there was and is at preſent one angel in the Royal Exchange: and I humbly beg the favour of you to let juſtice be done her, by inſerting this in your next Tatler; which will make her my good angel, and me your moſt humble ſervant,

A. B.'

[c] This refers to Tat. N° 139.

*** Extraordinary good claret; 216 hogſheads will be put to ſale at 20l. per hogſhead, at Garraway's coffee-houſe, on Wedneſday the 22d inſtant, at three in the afternoon. To be taſted in major Long's vaults, Mark-lane, from Monday till the time of ſale. See N° 147, two laſt paragraphs.

N° 146. Thurſday, March 16, 1709-10.

ADDISON[d].

Permittes ipſis expendere Numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebuſque ſit utile noſtris.
Nam pro jucundis aptiſſima quæque dabunt dii.
Carior eſt illis homo, quam ſibi. Nos animorum
Impulſu cæco, magnâque cupidine ducti,
Conjugium petimus, partumque uxoris; at illis
Notum, qui pueri, qualiſque futura ſit uxor.

JUV. Sat. x. 347, *et ſeq.*

Intruſt thy fortune to the Powers above;
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wiſdom ſees thee want:
In goodneſs as in greatneſs they excel:
Ah! that we lov'd ourſelves but half ſo well!
We, blindly by our headſtrong paſſions led,
Are hot for action, and deſire to wed;
Then wiſh for heirs, but to the gods alone
Our future offspring and our wives are known.

DRYDEN.

From my own Apartment, March 15.

AMONG the various ſets of correſpondents who apply to me for advice, and ſend up their caſes from all parts of Great Britain, there are none who are more importunate with me, and whom

[d] This paper is aſcribed to Addiſon, on the authorities of the liſt delivered by Steele to Mr. Tickell, and of C. Byron, in the MS. notes communicated by J—n H—y of M. See N° 74, note; and Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. ii. p. 259.

I am more inclined to anſwer, than the Complainers. One of them dates his letter to me from the banks of a purling ſtream, where he uſed to ruminate in ſolitude upon the divine Clariſſa, and where he is now looking about for a convenient leap, which he tells me he is reſolved to take, unleſs I ſupport him under the loſs of that charming perjured woman. Poor Lavinia preſſes as much for conſolation on the other ſide, and is reduced to ſuch an extremity of deſpair by the inconſtancy of Philander, that ſhe tells me ſhe writes her letter with her pen in one hand, and her garter in the other. A gentleman of an ancient family in Norfolk is almoſt out of his wits upon the account of a greyhound, that, after having been his inſeparable companion for ten years, is at laſt run mad. Another, who I believe is ſerious, complains to me, in a very moving manner, of the loſs of a wife; and another in terms ſtill more moving, of a purſe of money that was taken from him on Bagſhot-heath, and which, he tells me, would not have troubled him, if he had given it to the poor. In ſhort, there is ſcarce a calamity in human life that has not produced me a letter.

It is indeed wonderful to conſider, how men are able to raiſe affliction to themſelves out of every thing. Lands and houſes, ſheep and oxen, can convey happineſs and miſery into the hearts of reaſonable creatures. Nay, I have known a muff, a ſcarf, or a tippet, become a ſolid bleſſing or misfortune. A lap-dog has broke the hearts of thouſands. Flavia, who had buried five

children and two huſbands, was never able to get over the loſs of her parrot. How often has a divine creature been thrown into a fit by a neglect at a ball or an aſſembly? Mopſa has kept her chamber ever ſince the laſt maſquerade, and is in greater danger of her life upon being left out of it, than Clarinda from the violent cold which ſhe caught at it. Nor are theſe dear creatures the only ſufferers by ſuch imaginary calamities. Many an author has been dejected at the cenſure of one whom he ever looked upon as an idiot: and many an hero caſt into a fit of melancholy, becauſe the rabble have not hooted at him as he paſſed through the ſtreets. Theron places all his happineſs in a running horſe, Suffenus in a gilded chariot, Fulvius in a blue ſtring, and Florio in a tulip root. It would be endleſs to enumerate the many fantaſtical afflictions that diſturb mankind; but, as a miſery is not to be meaſured from the nature of the evil, but from the temper of the ſufferer, I ſhall preſent my readers, who are unhappy either in reality or imagination, with an allegory, for which I am indebted to the great father and prince of poets.

As I was ſitting after dinner in my elbow-chair, I took up Homer, and dipped into that famous ſpeech of Achilles to Priam, in which he tells him, that Jupiter has by him two great veſſels, the one filled with bleſſings, and the other with misfortunes; out of which he mingles a compoſition for every man that comes into the world. This paſſage ſo exceedingly pleaſed me, that, as I fell inſenſibly into my afternoon's

ſlumber, it wrought my imagination into the following dream.

When Jupiter took into his hands the government of the world, the ſeveral parts of nature with the preſiding deities did homage to him. One preſented him with a mountain of winds, another with a magazine of hail, and a third with a pile of thunder-bolts. The Stars offered up their influences; Ocean gave in his trident, Earth her fruits, and the Sun his ſeaſons. Among the ſeveral deities who came to make their court on this occaſion, the Deſtinies advanced with two great tuns carried before them, one of which they fixed at the right-hand of Jupiter, as he ſat upon his throne, and the other on his left. The firſt was filled with all the bleſſings, and the other with all the calamities of human life. Jupiter, in the beginning of his reign, finding the world much more innocent than it is in this iron age, poured very plentifully out of the tun that ſtood at his right-hand; but, as mankind degenerated, and became unworthy of his bleſſings, he ſet abroach the other veſſel, that filled the world with pain and poverty, battles and diſtempers, jealouſy and falſehood, intoxicating pleaſures, and untimely deaths.

He was at length ſo very much incenſed at the great depravation of human nature, and the repeated provocations which he received from all parts of the earth, that, having reſolved to deſtroy the whole ſpecies, except Deucalion and Pyrrha, he commanded the Deſtinies to gather up the bleſſings which he had thrown away upon the ſons of men, and lay them up until

the world ſhould be inhabited by a more virtuous and deſerving race of mortals.

The three ſiſters immediately repaired to the earth, in ſearch of the ſeveral bleſſings that had been ſcattered on it; but found the taſk which was enjoined them to be much more difficult than they imagined. The firſt places they reſorted to, as the moſt likely to ſucceed in, were cities, palaces, and courts; but, inſtead of meeting with what they looked for here, they found nothing but envy, repining, uneaſineſs, and the like bitter ingredients of the left-hand veſſel. Whereas, to their great ſurpriſe, they diſcovered content, cheerfulneſs, health, innocence, and other the moſt ſubſtantial bleſſings of life, in cottages, ſhades, and ſolitudes.

There was another circumſtance no leſs unexpected than the former, and which gave them very great perplexity in the diſcharge of the truſt which Jupiter had committed to them. They obſerved, that ſeveral bleſſings had degenerated into calamities, and that ſeveral calamities had improved into bleſſings, according as they fell into the poſſeſſion of wiſe or fooliſh men. They often found power, with ſo much inſolence and impatience cleaving to it, that it became a misfortune to the perſon on whom it was conferred. Youth had often diſtempers growing about it, worſe than the infirmities of old age. Wealth was often united to ſuch a ſordid avarice, as made it the moſt uncomfortable and painful kind of poverty. On the contrary, they often found pain made glorious by fortitude, poverty loſt in content, deformity beautified with virtue.

In a word, the bleſſings were often like good fruits planted in a bad ſoil, that by degrees fall off from their natural reliſh, into taſtes altogether inſipid or unwholeſome; and the calamities, like harſh fruits, cultivated in a good ſoil, and enriched by proper grafts and inoculations, until they ſwell with generous and delightful juices.

There was ſtill a third circumſtance that occaſioned as great a ſurpriſe to the three ſiſters as either of the foregoing, when they diſcovered ſeveral bleſſings and calamities which had never been in either of the tuns that ſtood by the throne of Jupiter, and were nevertheleſs as great occaſions of happineſs or miſery as any there. Theſe were that ſpurious crop of bleſſings and calamities which were never ſown by the hand of deity, but grow of themſelves out of the fancies and diſpoſitions of human creatures. Such are dreſs, titles, place, equipage, falſe ſhame, and groundleſs fear, with the like vain imaginations, that ſhoot up in trifling, weak, and irreſolute minds.

The Deſtinies, finding themſelves in ſo great a perplexity, concluded that it would be impoſſible for them to execute the commands that had been given them, according to their firſt intention; for which reaſon they agreed to throw all the bleſſings and calamities together into one large veſſel, and in that manner offer them up at the feet of Jupiter.

This was performed accordingly; the eldeſt ſiſter preſenting herſelf before the veſſel, and introducing it with an apology for what they had done:

'O Jupiter,' ſays ſhe, 'we have gathered together all the good and evil, the comforts and diſtreſſes of human life, which we thus preſent before thee in one promiſcuous heap. We beſeech thee that thou thyſelf will ſort them out for the future, as in thy wiſdom thou ſhalt think fit. For we acknowledge, that there is none beſides thee that can judge what will occaſion grief or joy in the heart of a human creature, and what will prove a bleſſing or a calamity to the perſon on whom it is beſtowed.'

N° 147. Saturday, March 18, 1709-10.
ADDISON AND STEELE[c].

——*Ut ameris, amabilis eſto.* OVID.

——Be lovely, that you may be lov'd.

From my own Apartment, March 17.

READING is to the mind what exerciſe is to the body. As by the one health is preſerved, ſtrengthened, and invigorated; by the other virtue, which is the health of the mind, is kept alive, cheriſhed, and confirmed. But as exerciſe becomes tedious and painful, when we make uſe of it only as the means of health, ſo reading is apt to grow uneaſy and burdenſome, when we apply ourſelves to it only for our im-

[c] The aſſignment of this number is given on the ſame authorities as that of the foregoing paper. See Addiſon's Works, 4to, vol. ii. p. 263, &c. and Tat. N° 74, note.

provement in virtue. For this reaſon, the virtue which we gather from a fable, or an allegory, is like the health we get by hunting; as we are engaged in an agreeable purſuit that draws us on with pleaſure, and makes us inſenſible of the fatigues that accompany it.

After this preface, I ſhall ſet down a very beautiful allegorical fable of the great poet whom I mentioned in my laſt paper, and whom it is very difficult to lay aſide when one is engaged in the reading of him. And this I particularly deſign for the uſe of ſeveral of my fair correſpondents, who in their letters have complained to me, that they have loſt the affections of their huſbands, and deſire my advice how to recover them.

Juno, ſays Homer, ſeeing her Jupiter ſeated on the top of mount Ida, and knowing that he had conceived an averſion to her, began to ſtudy how ſhe ſhould regain his affections, and make herſelf amiable to him. With this thought ſhe immediately retired into her chamber, where ſhe bathed herſelf in ambroſia; which gave her perſon all its beauty, and diffuſed ſo divine an odour, as refreſhed all nature, and ſweetened both heaven and earth. She let her immortal treſſes flow in the moſt graceful manner, and took a particular care to dreſs herſelf in ſeveral ornaments, which the poet deſcribes at length, and which the goddeſs choſe out as the moſt proper to ſet off her perſon to the beſt advantage. In the next place, ſhe made a viſit to Venus, the deity who preſides over love, and begged of her, as a particular favour, that ſhe would lend

her for a while thoſe charms with which ſhe ſubdued the hearts both of gods and men. 'For,' ſays the goddeſs, 'I would make uſe of them to reconcile the two deities, who took care of me in my infancy, and who at preſent are at ſo great a variance, that they are eſtranged from each other's bed.' Venus was proud of an opportunity of obliging ſo great a goddeſs, and therefore made her a preſent of the ceſtus which ſhe uſed to wear about her own waiſt, with advice to hide it in her boſom until ſhe had accompliſhed her intention. This ceſtus was a fine party-coloured girdle, which, as Homer tells us, had all the attractions of the ſex wrought into it. The four principal figures in the embroidery were love, deſire, fondneſs of ſpeech, and converſation, filled with that ſweetneſs and complacency, which, ſays the poet, inſenſibly ſteal away the hearts of the wiſeſt men.

Juno, after having made theſe neceſſary preparations, came, as by accident, into the preſence of Jupiter, who is ſaid to have been as much inflamed with her beauty, as when he firſt ſtole to her embraces, without the conſent of their parents. Juno, to cover her real thoughts, told him, as ſhe had told Venus, that ſhe was going to make a viſit to Oceanus and Tethys. He prevailed upon her to ſtay with him, proteſting to her, that ſhe appeared more amiable in his eye than ever any mortal, goddeſs, or even herſelf, had appeared to him until that day. The poet then repreſents him in ſo great an ardour, that, without going up to the houſe which had been built by the hands of Vulcan

according to Juno's direction, he threw a golden cloud over their heads as they ſat upon the top of mount Ida, while the earth beneath them ſprung up in lotuſes [f], ſaffrons, hyacinths, and a bed of the ſofteſt flowers for their repoſe.

This cloſe tranſlation of one of the fineſt paſſages in Homer, may ſuggeſt abundance of inſtruction to a woman, who has a mind to preſerve or recall the affection of her huſband. The care of the perſon and the dreſs, with the particular blandiſhments woven in the ceſtus, are ſo plainly recommended by this fable, and ſo indiſpenſably neceſſary in every female who deſires to pleaſe, that they need no further explanation. The diſcretion likewiſe in covering all matrimonial quarrels from the knowledge of others, is taught in the pretended viſit to Tethys, in the ſpeech where Juno addreſſes herſelf to Venus; as the chaſte and prudent management of a wife's charms is intimated by the ſame pretence for her appearing before Jupiter, and by the concealment of the ceſtus in her boſom.

I ſhall leave this tale to the conſideration of ſuch good houſewives who are never well dreſſed

[f] Birds-foot trefoil. Hudſon. Lin. Plant. 897. Tournef. 227. Of this genus there are, according to Linnæus, ſeventeen ſpecies; and one in Egypt, ſaid to grow always in the neighbourhood of water, and to plunge its flowers and extremities into it in the evening, where they continue all night long, emerging from the water by degrees on the riſing of the ſun. The Nymphæa alba et lutea, it is affirmed, does the ſame. This deſerves inveſtigation, and will doubtleſs be aſcertained or falſified, when the œconomy of plants, and their application to the uſeful and ornamental purpoſes of human life, come to be as faſhionable ſtudies as their claſſification.

but when they are abroad, and think it neceſſary to appear more agreeable to all men living than to their huſbands: as alſo to thoſe prudent ladies, who, to avoid the appearance of being over-fond, entertain their huſbands with indifference, averſion, ſullen ſilence, or exaſperating language.

Sheer-lane, March 17.

Upon my coming home laſt night, I found a very handſome preſent of wine left for me, as a taſte 'of two hundred and ſixteen hogſheads, which are to be put to ſale at twenty pounds a hogſhead, at Garraway's coffee-houſe in Exchange-alley, on the twenty-ſecond inſtant, at three in the afternoon, and to be taſted in major Long's vaults from the twentieth inſtant until the time of ſale[g].' This having been ſent to me, with a deſire that I would give my judgment upon it, I immediately impanelled a jury of men of nice palates, and ſtrong heads, who, being all of them very ſcrupulous, and unwilling to proceed raſhly in a matter of ſo great importance, refuſed to bring in their verdict until three in the morning; at which time the foreman pronounced, as well as he was able, 'Extra-a-ordinary French claret.' For my own part, as I love to conſult my pillow in all points of moment, I ſlept upon it before I would give my ſentence, and this morning confirmed the verdict.

[g] See N° 145, advert.

Having mentioned this tribute of wine, I muſt give notice to my correſpondents for the future, who ſhall apply to me on this occaſion, that as I ſhall decide nothing unadviſedly in matters of this nature, I cannot pretend to give judgment of a right good liquor, without examining at leaſt three dozen bottles of it. I muſt, at the ſame time, do myſelf the juſtice to let the world know, that I have reſiſted great temptations in this kind; as it is well known to a butcher in Clare-market, who endeavoured to corrupt me with a dozen and a half of marrow-bones [h]. I had likewiſe a bribe ſent me by a fiſhmonger, conſiſting of a collar of brawn and a joul of ſalmon; but, not finding them excellent in their kinds, I had the integrity to eat both up, without ſpeaking one word of them. However, for the future, I ſhall have an eye to the diet of this great city, and will recommend the beſt and moſt wholeſome food to them, if I receive theſe proper and reſpectful notices from the ſellers; that it may not be ſaid hereafter, that my readers were better taught than fed.

[h] See N° 162, paragr. 1.

N° 148. Tueſday, March 21, 1709-10.
ADDISON [i].

——Guſtus elementa per omnia quærunt,
Nunquam animo pretiis obſtantibus——

JUV. Sat. xi. 14.

They ranſack'd ev'ry element for choice
Of ev'ry fiſh and fowl, at any price.

CONGREVE.

From my own Apartment, March 20.

HAVING intimated in my laſt paper, that I deſign to take under my inſpection the diet of this great city, I ſhall begin with a very earneſt and ſerious exhortation to all my well-diſpoſed readers, that they would return to the food of their forefathers, and reconcile themſelves to beef and mutton [k]. This was the diet which bred that hardy race of mortals who won the fields of Creſſy and Agincourt. I need not go up ſo high as the hiſtory of Guy earl of Warwick, who is well known to have eaten up a

[i] The authorities on which this number is aſcribed to Addiſon, have been mentioned in the introductory notes to the two preceding papers. Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. ii. p. 266, *et ſeq.* and N° 74, note.

Without the evidence built on the expreſs authorities abovementioned, the annotator would not have ventured to aſcribe this paper, poſitively, to Addiſon. Nevertheleſs, he would ſtill have been convinced in his own mind, that it was Addiſon's production, by the number and nature of the errata in its firſt publication in folio, accurately pointed out in the ſubſequent paper, N° 149. Tat. in folio. See N° 177.

[k] See N° 162.

dun cow[1] of his own killing. The renowned king Arthur[m] is generally looked upon as the firſt who ever ſat down to a whole roaſted ox, which was certainly the beſt way to preſerve the gravy; and it is further added, that he and his knights ſat about it at his round table, and uſually conſumed it to the very bones before they would enter upon any debate of moment. The Black Prince was a profeſſed lover of the briſket; not to mention the hiſtory of the ſirloin, or the inſtitution of the order of beef-eaters; which are all ſo many evident and undeniable marks of the great reſpect, which our warlike predeceſſors have paid to this excellent food. The tables of the ancient gentry of this nation were covered thrice a day with hot roaſt beef; and I am credibly informed, by an antiquary who has ſearched the regiſters in which the bills of fare of the court are recorded, that, inſtead of tea and bread and butter, which have prevailed of late years, the maids of honour in queen Elizabeth's time were allowed three rumps of beef for their breakfaſt. Mutton has likewiſe been in great repute among our valiant countrymen; but was formerly obſerved to be the food rather of men of nice and delicate appetites, than thoſe of

[1] Guy earl of Warwick lived in the reign of Athelſtan, in the beginning of the tenth century, and is reported by the writer of the famous hiſtory of Guy earl of Warwick, chap. vii. to have killed a dun cow, which the author of this paper ſays he eat up.

[m] Some of our hiſtorians make mention of a famous Britiſh king of the name of Arthur, in the ſixth century, who inſtituted an order of knights, called the Knights of the Round Table.

ſtrong and robuſt conſtitutions. For which reaſon, even to this day, we uſe the word 'ſheep-biter' as a term of reproach, as we do 'beef-eater' in a reſpectful and honourable ſenſe. As for the fleſh of lamb, veal, chicken, and other animals under age, they were the invention of ſickly and degenerate palates, according to that wholeſome remark of Daniel the hiſtorian; who takes notice, that, in all taxes upon proviſions during the reigns of ſeveral of our kings, there is nothing mentioned beſides the fleſh of ſuch fowl and cattle as were arrived at their full growth, and were mature for ſlaughter [n]. The common people of this kingdom do ſtill keep

[n] 'Braikfaſtis of fleſch days dayly thorowte the yere.
Braikfaſtis for my lorde and my lady.
'Furſt a loof of brede in trenchors, ij manchetts, j quart of bere, a quart of wyne, half a chyne of muton, or ells a chyne of beif boilid.
'Braikfaſtis for my lord Percy and Mr. Thomas Percy.
'ITEM. Half a loif of houſhold breide, a manchet, j potel of bere, a chekynge, or ells iij muton bonys boyled.
'Braikfaſtis for the nurcy for my lady Margaret and Mr. Yngram Percy.
'ITEM. A manchet, j quarte of bere, and iij muton bonys boyled.
'Braikfaſtis for my lady's gentylwomen.
'ITEM. A loif of houſhold breid, a pottell of beire, and iij muton bonys boyled, or ells a pece of beif boilid.
'Braikfaſtis of fyſche on Setterdays.
'Braikfaſte for my lorde and lady.
'Furſt a loif of breid in trenchors, ij manchetts, a quarte of bere, a quarte of wyne, a dyſch of butter, a pece of ſalt fiſch, or a dyſch of butterd eggs.'
The 'ordure' of all the other 'braikfaſtis' much the ſame, excepting that they had 'houſhold brede' inſtead of 'breid in trenchors,' and no wine. Earl of Northumberland's Houſhold Book, ann. 1511, in the ſecond year of the reign of Henry VIII. 8vo. London, 1770.

up the taſte of their anceſtors; and it is to this that we in a great meaſure owe the unparalleled victories that have been gained in this reign: for I would deſire my reader to conſider, what work our countrymen would have made at Blenheim and Ramilies, if they had been fed with fricaſſees and ragoûts °.

For this reaſon, we at preſent ſee the florid complexion, the ſtrong limb, and the hale conſtitution, are to be found chiefly among the meaner

° It appears from the hiſtory we have of various parts of the globe, and the manners of the inhabitants, that different nations ſubſiſt on kinds of diet very different from each other, and that they all do, nevertheleſs, enjoy degrees of health and ſtrength competent to their duties in life, in the countries they inhabit. The organs of our digeſtion are ſo conſtructed, that no quality of food hurts us, and we can gradually accuſtom ourſelves to vegetable or animal diet, &c. But if the quantity be not ſufficient, decay enſues; and if it be too much, fatal oppreſſion. It follows, that though the quality is by no means an indifferent matter, yet the quantity is the matter principally to be regarded. The ſtomach invariably points out the juſt medium, which it requires, however, attention to obſerve and reſolution to keep to. A neglect of attention to the quantity of food proportioned to the neceſſity of each individual, is ſooner or later followed with the moſt ſerious conſequences. Thoſe who abſtain at the firſt ſenſation of ſatiety have made great progreſs in maintaining ſuch a command of appetite as, under moſt chronic diſeaſes, is one of the greateſt aids of recovery; and, in health, one of the ſureſt preſervatives againſt them. Theſe are ſome of the remarks of the late Dr. Fothergill, who, to a valuable paper on The Sick Head-Ach, in the ſixth volume of Medical Obſervations and Enquiries, has ſubjoined ſome general reflections on the dietetic part of medicine, level to all capacities, and univerſally intereſting. They are added to this paper on diet, as facts equally curious and uſeful, recommended by the obſervation and experience of a perſon who was an honour to his profeſſion and his nature, and well verſed in the natural hiſtory of man.

ſort of people, or in the wild gentry who have been educated among the woods or mountains. Whereas many great families are inſenſibly fallen off from the athletic conſtitution of their progenitors, and are dwindled away into a pale, ſickly, ſpindle-legged generation of valetudinarians.

I may perhaps be thought extravagant in my notion; but I muſt confeſs, I am apt to impute the diſhonours that ſometimes happen in great families, to the inflaming kind of diet which is ſo much in faſhion. Many diſhes can excite deſire without giving ſtrength, and heat the body without nouriſhing it; as phyſicians obſerve, that the pooreſt and moſt diſpirited blood is moſt ſubject to fevers. I look upon a French ragoût to be as pernicious to the ſtomach as a glaſs of ſpirits; and when I have ſeen a young lady ſwallow all the inſtigations of high ſoups, ſeaſoned ſauces, and forced meats, I have wondered at the deſpair or tedious ſighing of her lovers.

The rules among theſe falſe delicacies are, to be as contradictory as they can be to nature.

Without expecting the return of hunger, they eat for an appetite, and prepare diſhes not to allay, but to excite it.

They admit of nothing at their tables in its natural form, or without ſome diſguiſe.

They are to eat every thing before it comes in ſeaſon, and to leave it off as ſoon as it is good to be eaten.

They are not to approve any thing that is agreeable to ordinary palates; and nothing is to

gratify their ſenſes, but what would offend thoſe of their inferiors.

I remember I was laſt ſummer invited to a friend's houſe, who is a great admirer of the French cookery, and, as the phraſe is, 'eats well.' At our ſitting down, I found the table covered with a great variety of unknown diſhes. I was mightily at a loſs to learn what they were, and therefore did not know where to help myſelf. That which ſtood before me I took to be a roaſted porcupine, however did not care for aſking queſtions; and have ſince been informed, that it was only a larded turkey. I afterwards paſſed my eye over ſeveral haſhes, which I do not know the names of, to this day; and, hearing that they were delicacies, did not think fit to meddle with them.

Among other dainties, I ſaw ſomething like a pheaſant, and therefore deſired to be helped to a wing of it; but, to my great ſurpriſe, my friend told me it was a rabbet, which is a ſort of meat I never cared for. At laſt I diſcovered, with ſome joy, a pig at the lower end of the table, and begged a gentleman that was near it to cut me a piece of it. Upon which the gentleman of the houſe ſaid, with great civility, 'I am ſure you will like the pig, for it was whipped to death.' I muſt confeſs, I heard him with horror, and could not eat of an animal that had died ſo tragical a death. I was now in great hunger and confuſion, when methought I ſmelled the agreeable ſavour of roaſt beef; but could not tell from which diſh it aroſe, though I did not queſtion but it lay diſguiſed in one of

them. Upon turning my head, I ſaw a noble ſirloin on the ſide-table ſmoaking in a moſt delicious manner. I had recourſe to it more than once, and could not ſee without ſome indignation that ſubſtantial Engliſh diſh baniſhed in ſo ignominious a manner, to make way for French kickſhaws.

The deſert was brought up at laſt, which in truth was as extraordinary as any think that came before it. The whole, when ranged in its proper order, looked like a very beautiful winter-piece. There were ſeveral pyramids of candied ſweetmeats that hung like iſicles, with fruits ſcattered up and down, and hid in an artificial kind of froſt. At the ſame time there were great quantities of cream beaten up into a ſnow, and near them little plates of ſugar-plums, diſpoſed like ſo many heaps of hail-ſtones, with a multitude of congelations in jellies of various colours. I was indeed ſo pleaſed with the ſeveral objects which lay before me, that I did not care for diſplacing any of them; and was half angry with the reſt of the company, that, for the ſake of a piece of lemon-peel or a ſugar-plum, would ſpoil ſo pleaſing a picture. Indeed, I could not but ſmile to ſee ſeveral of them cooling their mouths with lumps of ice [p], which they had juſt before been burning with ſalts and peppers.

As ſoon as this ſhow was over I took my leave, that I might finiſh my dinner at my own houſe. For as I in every thing love what is

[p] At Mr. Lockett's Charing-croſs, Ice to be ſold. Poſtman, June 4, 1700. See Tat. in 6 vols. vol. i. p. 419.

ſimple and natural, ſo particularly in my food; two plain diſhes, with two or three good-natured, cheerful, ingenious friends, would make me more pleaſed and vain, than all that pomp and luxury can beſtow. For it is my maxim, that 'he keeps the greateſt table who has the moſt valuable company at it.'

N° 149. Thurſday, March 23, 1709-10.
STEELE.

From my own Apartment, March 22.

It has often been a ſolid grief to me, when I have reflected on this glorious nation, which is the ſcene of public happineſs and liberty, that there are ſtill crowds of private tyrants, againſt whom there is neither any law now in being, nor can there be invented any by the wit of man. Theſe cruel men are illnatured huſbands [q]. The commerce in the conjugal ſtate is ſo delicate, that it is impoſſible to preſcribe rules for the conduct of it, ſo as to fit ten thouſand nameleſs pleaſures and diſquietudes which ariſe to people in that condition. But it is in this, as in ſome other nice caſes, where touching upon the malady tenderly is half way to the cure; and there are ſome faults which need only to be obſerved, to be amended. I am put into this way of thinking by a late converſation, which I am going to give an account of.

[q] See N° 79, N° 85, N° 95, and N° 150.

I made a viſit the other day to a family for which I have a great honour, and found the father, the mother, and two or three of the younger children, drop off deſignedly to leave me alone with the eldeſt daughter; who was but a viſitant there as well as myſelf, and is the wife of a gentleman of a very fair character in the world. As ſoon as we were alone, I ſaw her eyes full of tears, and methought ſhe had much to ſay to me, for which ſhe wanted encouragement. 'Madam,' ſaid I, 'you know I wiſh you all as well as any friend you have: ſpeak freely what I ſee you are oppreſſed with; and you may be ſure, if I cannot relieve your diſtreſs, you may at leaſt reap ſo much preſent advantage, as ſafely to give yourſelf the eaſe of uttering it.' She immediately aſſumed the moſt becoming compoſure of countenance, and ſpoke as follows: 'It is an aggravation of affliction in a married life that there is a ſort of guilt in communicating it: for which reaſon it is, that a lady of your and my acquaintance, inſtead of ſpeaking to you herſelf, deſired me, the next time I ſaw you, as you are a profeſſed friend to our ſex, to turn your thoughts upon the reciprocal complaiſance which is the duty of a married ſtate.

'My friend was neither in birth, fortune, nor education, below the gentleman whom ſhe married. Her perſon, her age, and her character, are alſo ſuch as he can make no exception to. But ſo it is, that from the moment the marriage ceremony was over, the obſequiouſneſs of a lover was turned into the haughtineſs of a

maſter. All the kind endeavours which ſhe uſes to pleaſe him, are at beſt but ſo many inſtances of her duty. This inſolence takes away that ſecret ſatisfaction, which does not only excite to virtue, but alſo rewards it. It abates the fire of a free and generous love, and imbitters all the pleaſures of a ſocial life.' The young lady ſpoke all this with ſuch an air of reſentment, as diſcovered how nearly ſhe was concerned in the diſtreſs.

When I obſerved ſhe had done ſpeaking, 'Madam,' ſaid I, 'the affliction you mention is the greateſt that can happen in human life; and I know but one conſolation in it, if that be a conſolation, that the calamity is a pretty general one. There is nothing ſo common as for men to enter into marriage, without ſo much as expecting to be happy in it. They ſeem to propoſe to themſelves a few holidays in the beginning of it; after which they are to return at beſt to the uſual courſe of their life; and, for aught they know, to conſtant miſery and uneaſineſs. From this falſe ſenſe of the ſtate they are going into, proceed the immediate coldneſs and indifference, or hatred and averſion, which attend ordinary marriages, or rather bargains to cohabit.' Our converſation was here interrupted by company which came in upon us.

The humour of affecting a ſuperior carriage, generally riſes from a falſe notion of the weakneſs of a female underſtanding in general, or an over-weening opinion that we have of our own; for when it proceeds from a natural ruggedneſs and brutality of temper, it is altogether

incorrigible, and not to be amended by admonition. Sir Francis Bacon, as I remember, lays it down as a maxim, that no marriage can be happy in which the wife has no opinion of her huſband's wiſdom [r]; but, without offence to ſo great an authority, I may venture to ſay, that a ſullen wiſe man is as bad as a good-natured fool. Knowledge ſoftened with complacency and good-breeding, will make a man equally beloved and reſpected; but when joined with a ſevere, diſtant, and unſociable temper, it creates rather fear than love. I who am a bachelor, have no other notions of conjugal tenderneſs but what I learn from books; and ſhall therefore produce three letters of Pliny, who was not only one of the greateſt, but the moſt learned man in the Roman empire. At the ſame time I am very much aſhamed, that on ſuch occaſions I am obliged to have recourſe to heathen authors; and ſhall appeal to my readers, if they would not think it a mark of a narrow education in a man of quality, to write ſuch paſſionate letters to any woman but a miſtreſs. They were all three written at a time when ſhe was at a diſtance from him. The firſt of them puts me in mind of a married friend of mine, who ſaid, 'Sickneſs itſelf is pleaſant to a man that is attended in it by one whom he dearly loves.'

'PLINY TO CALPHURNIA.

'I NEVER was ſo much offended at buſineſs, as when it hindered me from going

[r] Shaw's ed. of Lord Bacon's Works, 4to. vol. ii. p. 103. Bacon's Eſſays, &c. 12mo. 1680. Eſſ. 8. p. 24.

with you into the country, or following you thither: for I more particularly wiſh to be with you at preſent, that I might be ſenſible of the progreſs you make in the recovery of your ſtrength and health; as alſo of the entertainment and diverſions you can meet with in your retirement. Believe me, it is an anxious ſtate of mind to live in ignorance of what happens to thoſe whom we paſſionately love. I am not only in pain for your abſence, but alſo for your indiſpoſition. I am afraid of every thing, fancy every thing, and as it is the nature of man in fear, I fancy thoſe things moſt, which I am moſt afraid of. Let me therefore earneſtly deſire you to favour me, under theſe my apprehenſions, with one letter every day, or, if poſſible, with two; for I ſhall be a little at eaſe while I am reading your letters, and grow anxious again as ſoon as I have read them [s].'

SECOND LETTER.

'You tell me that you are very much afflicted at my abſence, and that you have no ſatisfaction in any thing but my writings, which you often lay by you upon my pillow. You oblige me very much in wiſhing to ſee me, and making me your comforter in my abſence. In return I muſt let you know, I am no leſs pleaſed with the letters which you write to me, and read them over a thouſand times with new pleaſure. If your letters are capable of giving me ſo much pleaſure, what would your converſation do? Let

[s] C. Plin. Epiſt. lib. vi. ep. iv.

me beg of you to write to me often; though at the ſame time I muſt confeſs, your letters give me anguiſh whilſt they give me pleaſure [t].'

THIRD LETTER.

'IT is impoſſible to conceive how much I languiſh for you in your abſence; the tender love I bear you is the chief cauſe of this my uneaſineſs; which is ſtill the more inſupportable, becauſe abſence is wholly a new thing to us. I lie awake moſt part of the night in thinking of you, and ſeveral times of the day go as naturally to your apartment as if you were there to receive me; but when I miſs you I come away dejected, out of humour, and like a man that had ſuffered a repulſe. There is but one part of the day in which I am relieved from this anxiety, and that is when I am engaged in public affairs.

'You may gueſs at the uneaſy condition of one who has no reſt but in buſineſs, no conſolation but in trouble [u].'

I ſhall conclude this paper with a beautiful paſſage out of Milton, and leave it as a lecture to thoſe of my own ſex, who have a mind to make their converſation agreeable as well as inſtructive to the fair partners who are fallen into their care. Eve having obſerved that Adam was entering into ſome deep diſquiſitions with the angel who was ſent to viſit him, is deſcribed

[t] C. Plin. epiſt. lib. vi. ep. vii.
[u] C. Plin. epiſt. lib. vii. ep. v.

as retiring from their company, with a deſign of learning what ſhould paſs there from her huſband.

So ſpake our ſire, and by his count'nance ſeem'd
Entering on ſtudious thoughts abſtruſe, which Eve
Perceiving where ſhe ſat retir'd in ſight,
With lowlineſs majeſtic from her ſeat
Roſe, and went forth among her fruits and flowers.
Yet went ſhe not, as not with ſuch diſcourſe
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high. Such pleaſures ſhe reſerv'd,
Adam relating, ſhe ſole auditreſs;
Her huſband the relater ſhe preferr'd
Before the angel, and of him to aſk
Choſe rather. He, ſhe knew, would intermix
Grateful digreſſions, and ſolve high diſpute
With conjugal careſſes; from his lip
Not words alone pleas'd her. O! when meet now
Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd *!

* Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, b. viii. l. 59.

N° 150. Saturday, March 25, 1710.
STEELE.

Hæc ſunt jucundi cauſa cibuſque mali. OVID.

'Tis this that cauſes and foments the evil,
And gives us pleaſure mixt with pain——

R. WYNNE.

From my own Apartment, March 24.

I HAVE received the following letter upon the ſubject of my laſt paper. The writer of it tells me, I there ſpoke of marriage as one that knows it only by ſpeculation, and for that reaſon he ſends me his ſenſe of it, as drawn from experience.

'Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

'I HAVE received your paper of this day, and think you have done the nuptial ſtate a great deal of juſtice in the authority you give us of Pliny; whoſe letters to his wife you have there tranſlated. But give me leave to tell you, that it is impoſſible for you, that are a bachelor, to have ſo juſt a notion of this way of life, as to touch the affections of your readers in a particular, wherein every man's own heart ſuggeſts more than the niceſt obſerver can form to himſelf, without experience. I therefore, who am an old married man, have ſat down to give you an account of the matter from my own knowledge, and the obſervations which I have made

upon the conduct of others in that moſt agreeable or wretched condition.

'It is very commonly obſerved, that the moſt ſmart pangs which we meet with, are in the beginning of wedlock, which proceed from ignorance of each other's humour, and want of prudence to make allowances for a change from the moſt careful reſpect, to the moſt unbounded familiarity. Hence it ariſes, that trifles are commonly occaſions of the greateſt anxiety; for contradiction being a thing wholly unuſual between a new-married couple, the ſmalleſt inſtance of it is taken for the higheſt injury; and it very ſeldom happens, that the man is ſlow enough in aſſuming the character of a huſband, or the woman quick enough in condeſcending to that of a wife. It immediately follows, that they think they have all the time of their courtſhip been talking in maſks to each other, and therefore begin to act like diſappointed people. Philander finds Delia ill-natured and impertinent, and Delia, Philander ſurly and inconſtant.

'I have known a fond couple quarrel in the very honey-moon about cutting up a tart: nay, I could name two, who, after having had ſeven children, fell out and parted beds upon the boiling of a leg of mutton. My very next neighbours have not ſpoke to one another theſe three days, becauſe they differed in their opinions, whether the clock ſhould ſtand by the window, or over the chimney. It may ſeem ſtrange to you, who are not a married man, when I tell you how the leaſt trifle can ſtrike a woman dumb for a week together. But if you ever enter into this

ſtate, you will find that the ſoft ſex as often expreſs their anger by an obſtinate ſilence, as by an ungovernable clamour.

'Thoſe indeed who begin this courſe of life without jars at their ſetting out, arrive within a few months at a pitch of benevolence and affection, of which the moſt perfect friendſhip is but a faint reſemblance. As in the unfortunate marriage, the moſt minute and indifferent things are objects of the ſharpeſt reſentment; ſo in an happy one, they are occaſions of the moſt exquiſite ſatisfaction. For what does not oblige in one we love? What does not offend in one we diſlike? For theſe reaſons I take it for a rule, that in marriage the chief buſineſs is to acquire a prepoſſeſſion in favour of each other. They ſhould conſider one another's words and actions with a ſecret indulgence. There ſhould be always an inward fondneſs pleading for each other, ſuch as may add new beauties to every thing that is excellent, give charms to what is indifferent, and cover every thing that is defective. For want of this kind propenſity and bias of mind the married pair often take things ill of each other, which no one elſe would take notice of in either of them.

'But the moſt unhappy circumſtance of all is, where each party is always laying up fuel for diſſenſion, and gathering together a magazine of provocations, to exaſperate each other with when they are out of humour [y]. Theſe people in common diſcourſe make no ſcruple to let thoſe

[y] See N° 79, N° 85, and N° 95.

who are by know they are quarrelling with one another; and think they are diſcreet enough, if they conceal from the company the matters which they are hinting at. About a week ago I was entertained for a whole dinner with a myſterious converſation of this nature: out of which I could learn no more, than that the huſband and wife were angry at one another. We had no ſooner ſat down, but ſays the gentleman of the houſe, in order to raiſe diſcourſe, "I thought Margarita [z] ſung extremely well laſt night."

[z] Franceſca Margarita de l'Epine, a native of Tuſcany. This celebrated ſinger performed in many of the earlier Italian operas repreſented in England. She and Mrs. Tofts were rivals for the public favour, and it ſeems they divided pretty equally the applauſe of the town. She ſung on the ſtage, at public entertainments, in concerts at York-buildings and Stationers-hall, and once in the hall of the Middle Temple, in a muſical performance at the Chriſtmas revels of that ſociety. Greber, a German muſician, brought this Italian ſinger into England, whence ſhe was called Greber's Peg; Daniel E. of Nottingham is ſaid to have been enamoured of her; in a ſhrewd epigram by L. Halifax, that turns on this ſuppoſition, ſhe is ſtyled 'the tawny Tuſcan.' About the year 1718, having ſcraped together above 10,000 guineas, ſhe married Dr. Pepuſch, a Pruſſian, who was admitted to the degree of doctor of muſic at Oxford, in 1713. He left his native country at the age of thirty, when a tyrannical execution, of which he was an eye-witneſs, determined him to flee into this country, where he lived ever after——*odio tyrannidis exſul.* A Pruſſian officer dropt an expreſſion at the king's levee that offended his Vandal ſovereign, who ordered him into immediate cuſtody, and had his head ſtruck off without the previous ceremony of a judicial proceeding. Margarita died about 1740, and Dr. Pepuſch in 1752; he was buried in the chapel at the Charter-houſe, of which he was the organiſt. He taught the principles of harmony, and the ſcience of practical compoſition. See Tat. in 6 vols. cr. 8vo. 1786, N° 174, note on Pepuſch and his cantatas.

Upon this, ſays the lady, looking as pale as aſhes, "I ſuppoſe ſhe had cherry-coloured ribands on." "No," anſwered the huſband with a fluſh in his face, "but ſhe had laced ſhoes." I look upon it, that a ſtander-by on ſuch occaſions has as much reaſon to be out of countenance as either of the combatants. To turn off my confuſion, and ſeem regardleſs of what had paſſed, I deſired the ſervant who attended to give me the vinegar, which unluckily created a new dialogue of hints; for, as far as I could gather by the ſubſequent diſcourſe, they had diſſented the day before about the preference of elder to wine vinegar. In the midſt of their diſcourſe, there appeared a diſh of chicken and aſparagus, when the huſband ſeemed diſpoſed to lay aſide all diſputes; and, looking upon her with a great deal of good nature, ſaid, "Pray, my dear, will you help my friend to a wing of the fowl that lies next you, for I think it looks extremely well." The lady, inſtead of anſwering him, addreſſing herſelf to me, "Pray Sir," ſaid ſhe, "do you in Surrey reckon the white or the black-legged fowls the beſt?" I found the huſband changed colour at the queſtion; and, before I could anſwer, aſked me, whether we did not call hops broom in our country? I quickly found they did not aſk queſtions ſo much out of curioſity as anger: for which reaſon I thought fit to keep my opinion to myſelf, and, as an honeſt man ought when he ſees two friends in warmth with each other, I took the firſt opportunity I could to leave them by themſelves.

'You ſee, ſir, I have laid before you only ſmall incidents, which are ſeemingly frivolous: but, take it from a man very well experienced in this ſtate, they are principally evils of this nature which make marriages unhappy. At the ſame time that I may do juſtice to this excellent inſtitution, I muſt own to you, there are unſpeakable pleaſures which are as little regarded in the computation of the advantages of marriage, as the others are in the uſual ſurvey that is made of its misfortunes.

'Lovemore and his wife live together in the happy poſſeſſion of each other's hearts, and by that means have no indifferent moments, but their whole life is one continued ſcene of delight. Their paſſion for each other communicates a certain ſatisfaction, like that which they themſelves are in, to all that approach them. When ſhe enters the place where he is, you ſee a pleaſure which he cannot conceal, nor he or any one elſe, deſcribe. In ſo conſummate an affection, the very preſence of the perſon beloved has the effect of the moſt agreeable converſation. Whether they have matter to talk of or not, they enjoy the pleaſures of ſociety, and at the ſame time the freedom of ſolitude. Their ordinary life is to be preferred to the happieſt moments of other lovers. In a word, they have each of them great merit, live in the eſteem of all who know them, and ſeem but to comply with the opinions of their friends, in the juſt value they have for each other.

N° 151. Tuesday, March 28, 1710.
STEELE[a].

——————————Ni vis boni
In ipsa inesset forma, hæc formam extinguerent. TER.

These things would extinguish beauty, if there were not an innate pleasure-giving energy in beauty itself.

From my own Apartment, March 27.

WHEN artists would expose their diamonds to an advantage, they usually set them to show in little cases of black velvet. By this means the jewels appear in their true and genuine lustre, while there is no colour that can infect their brightness, or give a false cast to the water. When I was at the opera the other night[b], the assembly of ladies in mourning[c] made me con-

[a] This paper does not appear to have been ascribed to Addison in Steele's list, as it is not reprinted by Mr. Tickell, in his edition of Addison's Works.

It is not said to have been written by Addison in the MS. notes of C. Byron, esq; communicated by J——n H——y. Nevertheless, the annotator is inclined to believe that Addison was concerned in it, both by considering the paper itself, and also by two slight alterations required to be made in it, probably by the author at the close of the following number in the original edition in folio. It is not very probable that Steele would have taken the trouble to rectify such little inaccuracies in any paper written entirely by himself, or even by a correspondent, unless at the particular desire of the author. See N° 155, note.

[b] See N° 142.

[c] See N° 8, note, relative to the long-continued mourning, on the decease of the queen's husband, George prince

ſider them in the ſame kind of view. A dreſs wherein there is ſo little variety ſhews the face in all its natural charms, and makes one differ from another only as it is more or leſs beautiful. Painters are ever careful of offending againſt a rule which is ſo eſſential in all juſt repreſentations. The chief figure muſt have the ſtrongeſt point of light, and not be injured by any gay colourings, that may draw away the attention to any leſs conſiderable part of the picture. The preſent faſhion obliges every body to be dreſſed with propriety, and makes the ladies faces the principal objects of ſight. Every beautiful perſon ſhines out in all the excellence with which nature has adorned her; gaudy ribands and glaring colours being now out of uſe, the ſex has no opportunity given them to disfigure themſelves, which they ſeldom fail to do whenever it lies in their power. When a woman comes to her glaſs, ſhe does not employ her time in making herſelf look more advantageouſly what ſhe really is; but endeavours to be as much another creature as ſhe poſſibly can. Whether this happens becauſe they ſtay ſo long, and attend their work ſo diligently, that they forget the faces and perſons which they firſt ſat down with, or whatever it is, they ſeldom riſe from the toilet the ſame women they appeared when they began to dreſs. What jewel can the charming Cleora place in her ears, that can

of Denmark, who died Oct. 21, 1708. Lewis duke of Bourbon, eldeſt ſon to the dauphin of France, died on the 3d of March, about three weeks before the date of this paper, *an. ætat.* 42.

pleaſe her beholders, ſo much as her eyes? The cluſter of diamonds upon the breaſt can add no beauty to the fair cheſt of ivory which ſupports it. It may indeed tempt a man to ſteal a woman, but never to love her. Let Thaleſtris change herſelf into a motley, party-coloured animal: the pearl necklace, the flowered ſtomacher, the artificial noſegay, and ſhaded furbelow, may be of uſe to attract the eye of the beholder, and turn it from the imperfections of her features and ſhape. But if ladies will take my word for it (and as they dreſs to pleaſe men, they ought to conſult our fancy rather than their own in this particular) I can aſſure them, there is nothing touches our imagination ſo much as a beautiful woman in a plain dreſs. There might be more agreeable ornaments found in our own manufacture than any that riſe out of the looms of Perſia.

This I know is a very harſh doctrine to woman-kind, who are carried away with every thing that is ſhowy, and with what delights the eye, more than any other ſpecies of living creatures whatſoever. Were the minds of the ſex laid open, we ſhould find the chief idea in one to be a tippet, in another a muff, in a third a fan, and in a fourth a fardingal. The memory of an old viſiting lady is ſo filled with gloves, ſilks, and ribands, that I can look upon it as nothing elſe but a toy ſhop. A matron of my acquaintance, complaining of her daughter's vanity, was obſerving, that ſhe had all of a ſudden held up her head higher than ordinary, and taken an air that ſhewed a ſecret ſatisfaction

in herſelf, mixed with a ſcorn of others. 'I did not know,' ſays my friend, 'what to make of the carriage of this fantaſtical girl, until I was informed by her elder ſiſter, that ſhe had a pair of ſtriped garters on.' This odd turn of mind often makes the ſex unhappy, and diſpoſes them to be ſtruck with every thing that makes a ſhow, however trifling and ſuperficial.

Many a lady has fetched a ſigh at the toſs of a wig, and been ruined by the tapping of a ſnuff-box. It is impoſſible to deſcribe all the execution that was done by the ſhoulder-knot, while that faſhion prevailed, or to reckon up all the virgins that have fallen a ſacrifice to a pair of fringed gloves. A ſincere heart [d] has not made half ſo many conqueſts as an open waiſt-coat; and I ſhould be glad to ſee an able head make ſo good a figure in a woman's company as a pair of red heels. A Grecian hero, when he was aſked whether he could play upon the lute, thought he had made a very good reply, when he anſwered, 'No; but I can make a great city of a little one.' Notwithſtanding his boaſted wiſdom, I appeal to the heart of any toaſt in town, whether ſhe would not think the luteniſt [e] preferable to the ſtateſman? I do not

[d] Beau Naſh only uſed the undermoſt button of his waiſt-coat. See Tat. in 6 vols. 12mo. 1786. A.

[e] In times nearer to our own, and in the remembrance of ſome now living, a flute was the pocket companion of many who wiſhed to be thought fine gentlemen. At the date of the original publication of the Tatler, &c. the flute à bec was generally abandoned to the apprentices of tradeſmen, who amuſed themſelves with it in the winter evenings, being ſucceeded by the traverſe or German flute, which is ſtill held

ſpeak this out of any averſion that I have to the ſex: on the contrary, I have always had a tenderneſs for them; but, I muſt confeſs, it troubles me very much to ſee the generality of them place their affections on improper objects, and give up all the pleaſures of life for gewgaws and trifles.

Mrs. Margery Bickerſtaff, my great aunt, had a thouſand pounds to her portion, which our family was deſirous of keeping among themſelves, and therefore uſed all poſſible means to turn off her thoughts from marriage. The method they took was, in any time of danger, to throw a new gown or petticoat in her way. When ſhe was about twenty-five years of age, ſhe fell in love with a man of an agreeable temper and equal fortune, and would certainly have married him, had not my grandfather, ſir Jacob, dreſſed her up in a ſuit of flowered ſatin; upon which ſhe ſet ſo immoderate a value upon

in ſome degree of eſtimation among gentlemen, whoſe ears are not nice enough to inform them, that it is never in tune; but the ſame objection lies in common againſt all perforated pipes. See Tat. in 6 vols. 12mo.

The Rev. Mr. John Duncombe, late of Canterbury, had a picture of Mr. John Hughes, that repreſented his uncle about the age of twenty, in a full-trimmed blue ſuit, with ſcarlet ſtockings rolled above his knees, a large white peruke, and a flute half an ell long. The flute à bec, of this larger, was a more ſolemn inſtrument, and taken to by the fine gentlemen who affected to form themſelves on the model of good breeding faſhionable in the French court towards the cloſe of the laſt century, and appears with a lute and a book of leſſons in the pictures of ſtill-life, common about that period, repreſenting groups of things. See Tat. in 6 vols. N° 151.

herſelf, that the lover was contemned and diſcarded. In the fortieth year of her age, ſhe was again ſmitten; but very luckily transferred her paſſion to a tippet, which was preſented to her by another relation who was in the plot. This, with a white ſarſenet hood, kept her ſafe in the family until fifty. About ſixty, which generally produces a kind of latter ſpring in amorous conſtitutions, my aunt Margery had again a colt's tooth in her head; and would certainly have eloped from the manſion-houſe, had not her brother Simon, who was a wiſe man and a ſcholar, adviſed to dreſs her in cherry-coloured ribands, which was the only expedient that could have been found out by the wit of man to preſerve the thouſand pounds in our family, part of which I enjoy at this time.

This diſcourſe puts me in mind of an humoriſt mentioned by Horace, called Eutrapelus, who when he deſigned to do a man a miſchief, made him a preſent of a gay ſuit; and brings to my memory another paſſage of the ſame author, when he deſcribes the moſt ornamental dreſs that a woman can appear in with two words, *ſimplex munditiis*, which I have quoted for the benefit of my female readers.

N° 152. Thurſday, March 30, 1710.
ADDISON [f].

Dii, quibus imperium eſt animarum, umbræque ſilentes,
Et Chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nocte ſilentia late,
Sit mihi fas audita loqui; ſit numine veſtro
Pandere res altâ terrâ et caligine merſas.

VIRG. Æn. vi. 264.

Infernal gods, who rule the ſhades below,
Chaos and Phlegethon, the realms of woe;
Grant what I've heard I may to light expoſe,
Secrets which earth, and night, and hell incloſe!

PITT.

From my own Apartment, March 29.

A MAN who confines his ſpeculations to the time preſent, has but a very narrow province to employ his thoughts in. For this reaſon, perſons of ſtudious and contemplative natures often entertain themſelves with the hiſtory of paſt ages, or raiſe ſchemes and conjectures upon futurity. For my own part, I love to range through that half of eternity which is ſtill to come, rather than look on that which is already run out; becauſe I know I have a real ſhare and intereſt in the one, whereas all that was tranſacted in the other can be only matter of curioſity to me.

Upon this account I have been always very much delighted with meditating on the ſoul's

[f] On the authorities of Steele's liſt, and J——n H——y. See N° 74, note; and Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. ii. p. 269.

immortality, and in reading the ſeveral notions which the wiſeſt of men, both ancient and modern, have entertained on that ſubject. What the opinions of the greateſt philoſophers have been, I have ſeveral times hinted at, and ſhall give an account of them from time to time, as occaſion requires. It may likewiſe be worth while to conſider, what men of the moſt exalted genius and elevated imagination have thought of this matter. Among theſe, Homer ſtands up as a prodigy of mankind, that looks down upon the reſt of human creatures as a ſpecies beneath him. Since he is the moſt ancient heathen author, we may gueſs from his relation, what were the common opinions in his time concerning the ſtate of the ſoul after death.

Ulyſſes, he tells us, made a voyage to the regions of the dead, in order to conſult Tireſias how he ſhould return to his own country, and recommend himſelf to the favour of the gods. The poet ſcarce introduces a ſingle perſon, who doth not ſuggeſt ſome uſeful precept to his reader, and deſigns his deſcription of the dead for the amendment of the living.

Ulyſſes, after having made a very plenteous ſacrifice, ſat him down by the pool of holy blood, which attracted a prodigious aſſembly of ghoſts of all ages and conditions, that hovered about the hero, and feaſted upon the ſteams of his oblation. The firſt he knew was the ſhade of Elpenor, who, to ſhew the activity of a ſpirit above that of body, is repreſented as arrived there long before Ulyſſes, notwithſtanding the winds and ſeas had contributed all their force

to haſten his voyage thither. This Elpenor, to inſpire the reader with a deteſtation of drunkenneſs, and at the ſame time with a religious care of doing proper honours to the dead, deſcribes himſelf as having broken his neck in a debauch of wine; and begs Ulyſſes, that, for the repoſe of his ſoul, he would build a monument over him, and perform funeral rites to his memory. Ulyſſes, with great ſorrow of heart, promiſes to fulfil his requeſt, and is immediately diverted to an object much more moving than the former. The ghoſt of his own mother Anticlea, whom he ſtill thought living, appears to him among the multitudes of ſhades that ſurround him; and ſits down at a ſmall diſtance from him by the lake of blood, without ſpeaking to him, or knowing who he was. Ulyſſes was exceedingly troubled at the ſight, and could not forbear weeping as he looked upon her: but, being all along ſet forth as a pattern of conſummate wiſdom, he makes his affection give way to prudence; and therefore, upon his ſeeing Tireſias, does not reveal himſelf to his mother, until he had conſulted that great prophet, who was the occaſion of this his deſcent into the empire of the dead. Tireſias having cautioned him to keep himſelf and his companions free from the guilt of ſacrilege, and to pay his devotions to all the gods, promiſes him a ſafe return to his kingdom and family, and a happy old age in the enjoyment of them.

The poet, having thus with great art kept the curioſity of his reader in ſuſpenſe, repreſents his wiſe man, after the diſpatch of his buſineſs

with Tireſias, as yielding himſelf up to the calls of natural affection, and making himſelf known to his mother. Her eyes are no ſooner opened, but ſhe cries out in tears, 'Oh my ſon!' and inquires into the occaſions that brought him thither, and the fortune that attended him.

Ulyſſes, on the other hand, deſires to know what the ſickneſs was that had ſent her into thoſe regions, and the condition in which ſhe had left his father, his ſon, and more particularly his wife. She tells him, they were all three inconſolable for his abſence. 'As for myſelf,' ſays ſhe, 'that was the ſickneſs of which I died. My impatience for your return, my anxiety for your welfare, and my fondneſs for my dear Ulyſſes, were the only diſtempers that preyed upon my life, and ſeparated my ſoul from my body.' Ulyſſes was melted with theſe expreſſions of tenderneſs, and thrice endeavoured to catch the apparition in his arms, that he might hold his mother to his boſom, and weep over her.

This gives the poet occaſion to deſcribe the notion the heathens at that time had of an unbodied ſoul, in the excuſe which the mother makes for ſeeming to withdraw herſelf from her ſon's embraces. 'The ſoul,' ſays ſhe, 'is compoſed neither of bones, fleſh, nor ſinews; but leaves behind her all thoſe incumbrances of mortality to be conſumed on the funeral pile. As ſoon as ſhe has thus caſt her burden, ſhe makes her eſcape, and flies away from it like a dream.'

When this melancholy converſation is at an end, the poet draws up to view as charming a

viſion as could enter into man's imagination. He deſcribes the next who appeared to Ulyſſes, to have been the ſhades of the fineſt women that had ever lived upon the earth, and who had either been the daughters of kings, and miſtreſſes of gods, or mothers of heroes; ſuch as Antiope, Alcmena, Leda, Ariadne, Iphimedia, Eriphyle, and ſeveral others, of whom he gives a catalogue, with a ſhort hiſtory of their adventures. The beautiful aſſembly of apparitions were all gathered together about the blood. 'Each of them,' ſays Ulyſſes, as a gentle ſatire upon female vanity, 'giving me an account of her birth and family.' This ſcene of extraordinary women, ſeems to have been deſigned by the poet as a lecture of mortality to the whole ſex, and to put them in mind of what they muſt expect, notwithſtanding the greateſt perfections, and higheſt honours, they can arrive at.

The circle of beauties at length diſappeared, and was ſucceeded by the ſhades of ſeveral Grecian heroes, who had been engaged with Ulyſſes in the ſiege of Troy. The firſt that approached was Agamemnon, the generaliſſimo of that great expedition, who at the appearance of his old friend, wept very bitterly, and, without ſaying any thing to him, endeavoured to graſp him by the hand. Ulyſſes, who was much moved at the ſight, poured out a flood of tears, and aſked him the occaſion of his death, which Agamemnon related to him in all its tragical circumſtances; how he was murdered at a banquet by the contrivance of his own wife, in confederacy with her adulterer: from whence he takes occa-

ſion to reproach the whole ſex, after a manner which would be inexcuſable in a man who had not been ſo great a ſufferer by them. 'My wife,' ſays he, 'has diſgraced all the women that ſhall ever be born into the world, even thoſe who hereafter ſhall be innocent. Take care how you grow too fond of your wife. Never tell her all you know. If you reveal ſome things to her, be ſure you keep others concealed from her. You, indeed, have nothing to fear from your Penelope, ſhe will not uſe you as my wife has treated me; however, take care how you truſt a woman.' The poet, in this and other inſtances, according to the ſyſtem of many heathen as well as Chriſtian philoſophers, ſhews, how anger, revenge, and other habits which the ſoul had contracted in the body, ſubſiſt, and grow in it under its ſtate of ſeparation.

I am extremely pleaſed with the companions which the poet in the next deſcription aſſigns to Achilles. 'Achilles,' ſays the hero, 'came up to me with Patroclus and Antilochus.' By which we may ſee that it was Homer's opinion, and probably that of the age he lived in, that the friendſhips which are made among the living, will likewiſe continue among the dead. Achilles inquires after the welfare of his ſon, and of his father, with a fierceneſs of the ſame character that Homer has every where expreſſed in the actions of his life. The paſſage relating to his ſon is ſo extremely beautiful, that I muſt not omit it. Ulyſſes, after having deſcribed him as wiſe in council, and active in war, and

mentioned the foes whom he had ſlain in battle, adds an obſervation that he himſelf had made of his behaviour, whilſt he lay in the wooden horſe. 'Moſt of the generals,' ſays he, 'that were with us, either wept or trembled: as for your ſon, I never ſaw him wipe a tear from his cheeks, or change his countenance. On the contrary, he would often lay his hand upon his ſword, or graſp his ſpear, as impatient to employ them againſt the Trojans.' He then informs his father of the great honour and rewards which he had purchaſed before Troy, and of his return from it without a wound. 'The ſhade of Achilles,' ſays the poet, 'was ſo pleaſed with the account he received of his ſon, that he inquired no further, but ſtalked away with more than ordinary majeſty over the green meadow that lay before them.'

This laſt circumſtance, of a deceaſed father's rejoicing in the behaviour of his ſon, is very finely contrived by Homer, as an incentive to virtue, and made uſe of by none that I know beſides himſelf.

The deſcription of Ajax, which follows, and his refuſing to ſpeak to Ulyſſes, who had won the armour of Achilles from him, and by that means occaſioned his death, is admired by every one that reads it. When Ulyſſes relates the ſullenneſs of his deportment, and conſiders the greatneſs of the hero, he expreſſes himſelf with generous and noble ſentiments. 'Oh! that I had never gained a prize which coſt the life of ſo brave a man as Ajax! who for the beauty of his perſon, and greatneſs of his actions, was

inferior to none but the divine Achilles.' The ſame noble condeſcenſion, which never dwells but in truly great minds, and ſuch as Homer would repreſent that of Ulyſſes to have been, diſcovers itſelf likewiſe in the ſpeech which he made to the ghoſt of Ajax on that occaſion. 'Oh Ajax!' ſays he, 'will you keep your reſentments even after death? What deſtruction hath this fatal armour brought upon the Greeks, by robbing them of you, who were their bulwark and defence? Achilles is not more bitterly lamented among us than you. Impute not then your death to any one but Jupiter, who out of his anger to the Greeks, took you away from among them: let me intreat you to approach me; reſtrain the fierceneſs of your wrath, and the greatneſs of your ſoul, and hear what I have to ſay to you.' Ajax, without making a reply, turned his back upon him, and retired into a crowd of ghoſts.

Ulyſſes, after all theſe viſions, took a view of thoſe impious wretches who lay in tortures for the crimes they had committed upon the earth, whom he deſcribes under all the varieties of pain, as ſo many marks of divine vengeance, to deter others from following their example. He then tells us, that, notwithſtanding he had a great curioſity to ſee the heroes that lived in the ages before him, the ghoſts began to gather about him in ſuch prodigious multitudes, and with ſuch a confuſion of voices, that his heart trembled as he ſaw himſelf amidſt ſo great a ſcene of horrors. He adds, that he was afraid leſt ſome hideous ſpectre ſhould appear to him,

that might terrify him to diſtraction; and therefore withdrew in time.

I queſtion not but my reader will be pleaſed with this deſcription of a future ſtate, repreſented by ſuch a noble and fruitful imagination, that had nothing to direct it beſides the light of nature, and the opinions of a dark and ignorant age [g].

N° 153. Saturday, April 1, 1710.
ADDISON [h].

Bombalio, clangor, ſtridor, taratantara, murmur.
FARN. Rhet.

Rend with tremendous ſounds your ears aſunder,
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuſs, and thunder.
POPE.

From my own Apartment, March 31.

I HAVE heard of a very valuable picture, wherein all the painters of the age in which it was drawn, are repreſented ſitting together in a

[g] To judge of that age by the inimitable works of Homer, and there are no other writings left to aſſiſt in forming our judgment, it is rather difficult to believe that it was 'a dark and ignorant age.' See the author's account of the age in which Virgil flouriſhed, and the note, N° 154, paragr. 1. A.

[h] This appears to have been one of the papers aſcribed to Addiſon, in the liſt delivered by Steele to Mr. Tickell, being reprinted in Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. ii. p. 273. It is marked as a paper of Addiſon in the MS. notes of C. Byron, eſq; communicated by J——n H——y. M. See N° 74, note. Steele expreſsly teſtifies, that Addiſon wrote 'the diſtinguiſhing characters of men and women, under the names of

circle, and joining in a conſort of muſic. Each of them plays upon ſuch a particular inſtrument as is the moſt ſuitable to his character, and expreſſes that ſtyle and manner of painting which is peculiar to him. The famous cupola-painter of thoſe times, to ſhew the grandeur and boldneſs of his figures, hath a horn in his mouth, which he ſeems to wind with great ſtrength and force. On the contrary, an eminent artiſt, who wrought up his pictures with the greateſt accuracy, and gave them all thoſe delicate touches which are apt to pleaſe the niceſt eye, is repreſented as tuning a Theorbo. The ſame kind of humour runs through the whole piece [i].

muſical inſtruments.' See Steele's dedication of The Drummer to Mr. Congreve, 12mo. There are likewiſe, at the end of this paper, certain Addiſonian directions, according to which ſome minute errata have been corrected in the preceding number, aſcribed alſo to Addiſon, on the authorities there mentioned. Moreover, two ſlight alterations have been made in this paper itſelf, in conſequence of an intimation from Addiſon in the following number, of which he was likewiſe the author. The intimation is ſo much in the peculiar nice manner of that very ſcrupulous writer, that it very much confirms what has been ſaid in the notes on N° 77, N° 101, and N° 155.

[i] Addiſon ſpeaks here of The Concert of Muſic in the French king's cabinet, a fine painting of Dominico Zampieri, four feet ten, by five feet four inches. St. Cecilia plays the organ; and probably Zampieri's maſter Annibal Carraccio tunes the Theorbo. It may well be ſuppoſed that Dominico himſelf rather than Lanfranc winds the horn, for they were both concerned in painting the cupola of the New Church of St. Andre de la Valle, and Dominico's pencil is ſaid to have been excelled in that competition for fame. It may likewiſe be believed that Zampieri's beloved friend is honourably diſtinguiſhed in this muſical circle; and it can hardly be thought but that Dominico's generoſity would make his fellow diſciple

I have often from this hint imagined to myſelf, that different talents in diſcourſe might be ſhadowed out after the ſame manner, by different kinds of muſic; and that the ſeveral converſable parts of mankind in this great city might be caſt into proper characters and diviſions, as they reſemble ſeveral inſtruments that are in uſe among the maſters of harmony. Of theſe therefore in their order; and firſt of the Drum.

Your Drums are the bluſterers in converſation, that with a loud laugh, unnatural mirth, and a torrent of noiſe, domineer in public aſ-

a very reſpectable figure in the concert, though there was a rivalſhip between them, and Guido had the Graces moſt upon his ſide. Florent le Compte Cabinet des ſingularitez de Peinture, &c. 3 tomes, 24to. an. 1702, tome i. p. 168; and tome ii. p. 200.

This picture may be valuable for the likeneſſes and maſterly execution of the portraits it exhibits, but certainly all analogies between muſical inſtruments and the characteriſtic excellencies of painters muſt be entirely fanciful. Steele adopted the idea and phraſeology of this paper, when, to expreſs his opinion that the humour of Addiſon's Freeholder was too nice and gentle for ſuch noiſy and tumultuous times, he is reported to have ſaid that 'the miniſtry made uſe of a Lute, when they ſhould have called for a Trumpet.' See an inſtance of the utility of this number and its ſequel N° 157, in a letter printed as a note on that paper. The annotator pretends to no ſkill in muſic or in painting, but it is ſaid, upon no contemptible authority, that Addiſon underſtood neither. It reſts upon the ſame authority, that an Engliſh nobleman on his travels, about nine years ago, viſited Farinelli at his houſe at Bologna, and was ſhewn into a room where there was a variety of harpſichords, to which the whimſical ſinger, in reſpect to ſome peculiarities in their tones, gave the names of different painters, one he called his Rafaelle, another his Corregio, a third his Claude, &c. in a ſtrain of abſolute dotage.

ſemblies; overbear men of ſenſe; ſtun their companions; and fill the place they are in with a rattling ſound, that hath ſeldom any wit, humour, or good breeding in it. The Drum notwithſtanding, by this boiſterous vivacity, is very proper to impoſe upon the ignorant; and in converſation with ladies who are not of the fineſt taſte, often paſſes for a man of mirth and wit, and for wonderful pleaſant company. I need not obſerve, that the emptineſs of the Drum very much contributes to its noiſe.

The Lute is a character directly oppoſite to the Drum, that ſounds very finely by itſelf, or in a very ſmall concert. Its notes are exquiſitely ſweet, and very low, eaſily drowned in a multitude of inſtruments, and even loſt among a few, unleſs you give a particular attention to it. A Lute is ſeldom heard in a company of more than five, whereas a Drum will ſhew itſelf to advantage in an aſſembly of five hundred. The luteniſts therefore are men of a fine genius, uncommon reflection, great affability, and eſteemed chiefly by perſons of a good taſte, who are the only proper judges of ſo delightful and ſoft a melody.

The Trumpet is an inſtrument that has in it no compaſs of muſic or variety of ſound, but is notwithſtanding very agreeable, ſo long as it keeps within its pitch. It has not above four or five notes, which are however very pleaſing, and capable of exquiſite turns and modulations. The gentlemen who fall under this denomination, are your men of the moſt faſhionable education and refined breeding, who have learned a certain

ſmoothneſs of diſcourſe and ſprightlineſs of air, from the polite company they have kept; but at the ſame time have ſhallow parts, weak judgments, and a ſhort reach of underſtanding. A playhouſe, a drawing-room, a ball, a viſiting-day, or a ring at Hyde-park, are the few notes they are maſters of, which they touch upon in all converſations. The Trumpet, however, is a neceſſary inſtrument about a court, and a proper enlivener of a concert, though of no great harmony by itſelf.

Violins are the lively, forward, importunate wits, that diſtinguiſh themſelves by the flouriſhes of imagination, ſharpneſs of repartee, glances of ſatire, and bear away the upper part in every concert. I cannot however but obſerve, that when a man is not diſpoſed to hear muſic, there is not a more diſagreeable ſound in harmony than that of a violin.

There is another muſical inſtrument which is more frequent in this nation than any other; I mean your Baſs-viol, which grumbles in the bottom of the concert, and with a ſurly maſculine ſound ſtrengthens the harmony, and tempers the ſweetneſs of the ſeveral inſtruments that play along with it. The Baſs-viol is an inſtrument of a quite different nature to the Trumpet, and may ſignify men of rough ſenſe and unpoliſhed parts; who do not love to hear themſelves talk, but ſometimes break out with an agreeable bluntneſs, unexpected wit, and ſurly pleaſantries, to the no ſmall diverſion of their friends and companions. In ſhort, I look upon every ſenſible true-born Briton to be naturally a Baſs-viol.

As for your rural wits, who talk with great eloquence and alacrity of foxes, hounds, horſes, quickſet hedges, ſix-bar-gates, double-ditches, and broken necks, I am in doubt whether I ſhould give them a place in the converſable world. However, if they will content themſelves with being raiſed to the dignity of Hunting-horns, I ſhall deſire for the future, that they may be known by that name.

I muſt not here omit the Bag-pipe ſpecies, that will entertain you from morning to night with the repetition of a few notes, which are played over and over, with the perpetual humming of a drone running underneath them. Theſe are your dull, heavy, tedious ſtory-tellers, the load and burden of converſations, that ſet up for men of importance, by knowing ſecret hiſtory, and giving an account of tranſactions, that, whether they ever paſſed in the world or not, doth not ſignify an halfpenny to its inſtruction, or its welfare. Some have obſerved, that the northern parts of this iſland are more particularly fruitful in Bagpipes.

There are ſo very few perſons who are maſters in every kind of converſation, and can talk on all ſubjects, that I do not know whether we ſhould make a diſtinct ſpecies of them. Nevertheleſs, that my ſcheme may not be defective, for the ſake of thoſe few who are endowed with ſuch extraordinary talents, I ſhall allow them to be Harpſichords, a kind of muſic which every one knows is a concert by itſelf.

As for your Paſſing-bells, who look upon mirth as criminal, and talk of nothing but what

is melancholy in itſelf, and mortifying to human nature, I ſhall not mention them.

I ſhall likewiſe paſs over in ſilence all the rabble of mankind, that crowd our ſtreets, coffee-houſes, feaſts, and public tables. I cannot call their diſcourſe converſation, but rather ſomething that is practiſed in imitation of it. For which reaſon, if I would deſcribe them by any muſical inſtrument, it ſhould be by thoſe modern inventions of the Bladder and String, Tongs and Key, Marrow-bone and Cleaver.

My reader will doubtleſs obſerve, that I have only touched here upon male inſtruments, having reſerved my female concert to another occaſion. If he has a mind to know where theſe ſeveral characters are to be met with, I could direct him to a whole club of Drums; not to mention another of Bag-pipes, which I have before given ſome account of in my deſcription of our nightly meetings in Sheer-lane. The Lutes may often be met with in couples upon the banks of a cryſtal ſtream, or in the retreats of ſhady woods, and flowery meadows; which, for different reaſons, are likewiſe the great reſort of your Hunting-horns. Baſs-viols are frequently to be found over a glaſs of ſtale-beer, and a pipe of tobacco; whereas thoſe who ſet up for Violins, ſeldom fail to make their appearance at Will's once every evening. You may meet with a Trumpet any where on the other ſide of Charing-croſs.

That we may draw ſomething for our advantage in life out of the foregoing diſcourſe, I muſt intreat my reader to make a narrow ſearch into his life and converſation, and, upon his

leaving any company, to examine himſelf ſeriouſly, whether he has behaved himſelf in it like a Drum or a Trumpet, a Violin or a Baſs-viol; and, accordingly endeavour to mend his muſic for the future. For my own part, I muſt confeſs, I was a Drum for many years; nay, and a very noiſy one, until, having poliſhed myſelf a little in good company, I threw as much of the Trumpet into my converſation as was poſſible for a man of an impetuous temper, by which mixture of different muſics I look upon myſelf, during the courſe of many years, to have reſembled a Tabor and Pipe. I have ſince very much endeavoured at the ſweetneſs of the Lute; but, in ſpite of all my reſolutions, I muſt confeſs, with great confuſion, that I find myſelf daily degenerating into a Bag-pipe; whether it be the effect of my old age, or of the company I keep, I know not. All that I can do, is to keep a watch over my converſation, and to ſilence the drone as ſoon as I find it begin to hum in my diſcourſe, being determined rather to hear the notes of others, than to play out of time, and encroach upon their parts in the concert by the noiſe of ſo tireſome an inſtrument.

I ſhall conclude this paper with a letter which I received laſt night from a friend of mine, who knows very well my notions upon this ſubject, and invites me to paſs the evening at his houſe, with a ſelect company of friends, in the following words:

'DEAR ISAAC,

'I INTEND to have a concert at my houſe this evening, having by great chance got

a Harpſichord, which I am ſure will entertain you very agreeably. There will be likewiſe two Lutes and a Trumpet: let me beg you to put yourſelf in tune, and believe me

Your very faithful ſervant,

NICHOLAS HUMDRUM [k].'

N° 154. Tueſday, April 4, 1710.
ADDISON [l].

Obſcuris vera involvens. VIRG. Æn. vi. 100.
Involving truth in terms obſcure.

From my own Apartment, April 3.

WE have already examined Homer's deſcription of a future ſtate, and the condition in which he hath placed the ſouls of the deceaſed. I ſhall

[k] See Tatler, N° 157.

[l] This paper is aſcribed to Addiſon, as it appears to have been aſſigned to him by Steele in that liſt of his friend's papers, which he delivered with his own hand to Mr. Tickell; for that gentleman has reprinted it in his edition of Addiſon's Works, in 4to. vol. ii. p. 277. It is likewiſe aſcribed to Addiſon in the MS. notes of C. Byron, eſq; communicated by J—n H—y. M. See N° 74, note.

Addiſon's directions, given at the end of the following number, of which he was likewiſe the author, relative to the errata in the firſt edition of this paper in folio, have been carefully obſerved. The alterations deſired to be made here, are not altogether of ſo nice and faſtidious a nature, as the two laſt mentioned, in the cloſe of the introductory note to N° 53. They are however curious enough to deſerve notice, and the mention of them is introduced with a ſingular obſervation, which ſuggeſts a remark of ſome importance in the hiſtory of this work. But the moſt proper place for it is

in this paper, make ſome obſervations on the account which Virgil hath given us of the ſame ſubject, who, beſides a greatneſs of genius [m], had all the lights of philoſophy and human learning to aſſiſt and guide him in his diſcoveries.

Æneas is repreſented as deſcending into the empire of Death, with a propheteſs by his ſide, who inſtructs him in the ſecrets of thoſe lower regions.

Upon the confines of the dead, and before the very gates of this infernal world, Virgil deſcribes [1] ſeveral inhabitants, whoſe natures are wonderfully ſuited to the ſituation of the place, as being either the occaſions or reſemblances of Death. Of the firſt kind are the [2] ſhadows of Sickneſs, Old-Age, Fear, Famine, and Poverty; apparitions very terrible to behold, with ſeveral others, as Toil, War, Contention, and Diſcord, which contribute all of them to people this common receptacle of human ſouls. As this was likewiſe a very proper reſidence for every thing that reſembles Death, the poet tells us, that Sleep, whom he repreſents as a near relation to Death, has likewiſe his habitation in theſe quarters; and deſcribes in them a huge gloomy

at the end of the next number, where the errata, with their introduction, ſhall be reprinted, juſt as they ſtand in the original paper in folio. See N° 77, and N° 155, *ad finem.*

[m] The greatneſs of Virgil's genius was nothing compared to that of Homer. If we ſuppoſe that there was no philoſophy or human learning in the age that produced Homer's poems, we exalt Homer above Virgil amazingly. See N° 152, *ad finem.* A.

[1] Hath placed. Spect. in folio. [2] Pale. *Ibid.*

elm-tree, which ſeems a very proper ornament for the place, and is poſſeſſed by an innumerable ſwarm of Dreams, that hang in cluſters under every leaf of it. He then gives us a liſt of imaginary perſons, who very naturally lie within the ſhadow of the Dream-tree, as being of the ſame kind of make in themſelves, and the materials, or, to uſe Shakeſpeare's phraſe, 'the ſtuff of which dreams are made.' Such are the ſhades of the giant with an hundred hands, and of his brother with three bodies; of the double-ſhaped Centaur and Scylla; the Gorgon with ſnaky hair; the Harpy with a woman's face and lion's talons; the ſeven-headed Hydra; and the Chimæra, which breathes forth a flame, and is a compound of three animals. Theſe ſeveral mixed natures, the creatures of imagination, are not only introduced with great art after the Dreams, but, as they are planted at the very entrance, and within the very gates of thoſe regions, do probably denote the wild deliriums and extravagancies of fancy, which the ſoul uſually falls into when ſhe is juſt upon the verge of Death.

Thus far Æneas travels in an allegory [n]. The reſt of the deſcription is drawn with great exactneſs, according to the religion of the heathens, and the opinions of the Platonic philoſophy. I ſhall not trouble my reader with a common dull ſtory, that gives an account why the heathens firſt of all ſuppoſed a ferryman in hell, and his name to be Charon; but muſt not

[n] The word 'allegory' ſeems here not to be uſed exactly in the ſame ſenſe in which we uſe it now. A.

paſs over in ſilence the point of doctrine which Virgil hath very much inſiſted upon in this book, that the ſouls of thoſe who are unburied, are not permitted to go over into their reſpective places of reſt, until they have wandered a hundred years upon the banks of Styx. This was probably an invention of the heathen prieſthood, to make the people extremely careful of performing proper rites and ceremonies to the memory of the dead. I ſhall not however, with the infamous ſcribblers of the age, take an occaſion, from ſuch a circumſtance, to run into declamations againſt prieſtcraft, but rather look upon it even in this light [3] as a religious artifice, to raiſe in the minds of men an eſteem for the memory of their forefathers, and a deſire to recommend themſelves to that of poſterity; as alſo to excite in them an ambition of imitating the virtues of the deceaſed, and to keep alive in their thoughts the ſenſe of the ſoul's immortality. In a word, we may ſay in defence of the [4] ſevere opinions relating to the ſhades of unburied perſons, what hath been ſaid by ſome of our divines in regard to the rigid doctrines concerning the ſouls of ſuch who die without being initiated into our religion, that ſuppoſing they ſhould be erroneous, they can do no hurt to the dead, and will have a good effect [5] upon the living, in making them cautious of neglecting ſuch neceſſary ſolemnities.

[3] Life. Spect. in folio. [4] Their. Spect. in folio.
[5] Have good effect. *Ibid.*

Charon is no ſooner appeaſed, and the triple-headed dog laid aſleep, but Æneas makes his entrance into the dominions of Pluto. There are three kinds of perſons deſcribed, as being ſituated on the borders; and I can give no reaſon for their being ſtationed there in ſo particular a manner, but becauſe none of them ſeem to have had a proper right to a place among the dead, as not having run out the whole thread of their days, and finiſhed the term of life that had been allotted them upon earth. The firſt of theſe are the ſouls of infants, who are ſnatched away by untimely ends. The ſecond are of thoſe who are put to death wrongfully, and by an unjuſt ſentence; and the third, of thoſe who grew weary of their lives, and laid violent hands upon themſelves. As for the ſecond of theſe, Virgil adds with great beauty, that Minos, the judge of the dead, is employed in giving them a rehearing, and aſſigning them their ſeveral quarters ſuitable to the parts they acted in life. The poet, after having mentioned the ſouls of thoſe unhappy men who deſtroyed themſelves, breaks out into a fine exclamation; 'Oh! how gladly,' ſays he, 'would they now endure life with all its miſeries! but the Deſtinies forbid their return to earth, and the waters of Styx ſurround them with nine ſtreams that are unpaſſable.' It is very remarkable, that Virgil, notwithſtanding ſelf-murder was ſo frequent [6] among the heathens, and had been practiſed by ſome of the greateſt men in the very

[6] Pregnant. Spect. in folio.

age before him, hath here repreſented it as ſo heinous a crime. But in this particular he was guided by the doctrines of his great maſter Plato; who ſays, on this ſubject, that a man is placed in his ſtation of life, like a ſoldier in his proper poſt, which he is not to quit, whatever may happen, until he is called off by his commander who planted him in it.

There is another point in the Platonic philoſophy, which Virgil has made the ground-work of the greateſt part in the piece we are now examining; having with wonderful art and beauty materialized, if I may ſo call it, a ſcheme of abſtracted notions, and clothed the moſt nice refined conceptions of philoſophy in ſenſible images, and poetical repreſentations. The Platoniſts tell us, that the ſoul, during her reſidence in the body, contracts many virtuous and vicious habits, ſo as to become a beneficent, mild, charitable; or an angry, malicious, revengeful being: a ſubſtance inflamed with luſt, avarice, and pride; or, on the contrary, brightened with pure, generous, and humble diſpoſitions: that theſe and the like habits of virtue and vice, growing into the very eſſence of the ſoul, ſurvive and gather ſtrength in her after her diſſolution: that the torments of a vicious ſoul in a future ſtate, ariſe principally from thoſe importunate paſſions which are not capable of being gratified without a body; and that, on the contrary, the happineſs of virtuous minds, very much conſiſts in their being employed in ſublime ſpeculations, innocent diverſions, ſociable affections, and all the ecſtaſies of paſſion and rapture,

which are agreeable to reaſonable natures, and of which they gained a reliſh in this life.

Upon this foundation the poet raiſes that beautiful deſcription of the ſecret haunts and walks, which he tells us, are inhabited by deceaſed lovers.

Not far from hence, ſays he, lies a great waſte of plains, that are called ' The Fields of Melancholy.' In theſe there grows a foreſt of myrtle, divided into many ſhady retirements and covered walks, and inhabited by the ſouls of thoſe who pined away with love. The paſſion, ſays he, continues with them after death. He then gives a liſt of this languiſhing tribe, in which his own Dido makes the principal figure, and is deſcribed as living in this ſoft romantic ſcene with the ſhade of her firſt huſband Sichæus °.

The poet, in the next place, mentions another plain that was peopled with the ghoſts of warriors, as ſtill delighting in each other's company, and pleaſed with the exerciſe of arms. He there repreſents the Grecian generals and common ſoldiers who periſhed in the ſiege of Troy as drawn up in ſquadrons, and terrified at the approach of Æneas, which renewed in them thoſe impreſſions of fear they had before received in battle with the Trojans. He afterwards likewiſe, upon the ſame notions, gives a

° *Infelix Dido nulli bene nupta marito,*
Hoc pereunte fugis, hoc fugiente peris. AUSON.
See Tatler, N° 133. The happineſs of Sichæus, in living with a woman who had killed herſelf for another man, is remarkable.

view of the Trojan heroes who lived in former ages, amidſt a viſionary ſcene of chariots and arms, flowery meadows, ſhining ſpears, and generous ſteeds, which he tells us were their pleaſures upon earth, and now make up their happineſs in Elyſium. For the ſame reaſon, alſo, he mentions others as ſinging Pæans, and ſongs of triumph, amidſt a beautiful grove of laurel. The chief of the concert was the poet Muſæus, who ſtood incloſed with a circle of admirers, and roſe by the head and ſhoulders above the throng of ſhades that ſurround him. The habitations [7] of unhappy ſpirits, to ſhew the duration of their torments, and the deſperate condition they are in, are repreſented as guarded by a Fury, moated round with a lake of fire, ſtrengthened with towers of iron, encompaſſed with a triple wall, and fortified with pillars of adamant, which all the gods together are not able to heave from their [8] foundations. The noiſe of ſtripes, the clank of chains, and the groans of the tortured, ſtrike [9] the pious Æneas with a kind of horror. The poet afterwards divides the criminals into two claſſes. The firſt and blackeſt catalogue conſiſts of ſuch as were guilty of outrages againſt the gods; and the next, of ſuch who were convicted of injuſtice between man and man: the greateſt number of whom, ſays the poet, are thoſe who followed the dictates of Avarice.

It was an opinion of the Platoniſts, that the ſouls of men, having contracted in the body

[7] Habitation. Spect. in folio. [8] Its. *Ibid.* [9] Even. *Ibid.*

great ſtains and pollutions of vice and ignorance, there were ſeveral purgations and cleanſings neceſſary to be paſſed through, both here and hereafter, in order to refine and purify them [10].

Virgil, to give this thought likewiſe a clothing of poetry, deſcribes ſome ſpirits as bleaching in the winds, others as cleanſing under great falls of waters, and others as purging in fire, to recover the primitive beauty and purity of their natures.

It was likewiſe an opinion of the ſame ſect of philoſophers, that the ſouls of all men exiſt in a ſeparate ſtate, long before their union with their bodies; and that, upon their immerſion into fleſh, they forget [11] every thing which paſſed in the ſtate of pre-exiſtence; ſo that what we here call knowledge, is nothing elſe but memory, or the recovery of thoſe things which we knew before.

In purſuance of this ſcheme, Virgil gives us a view of ſeveral ſouls, who, to prepare themſelves for living upon earth, flock about the banks of the river Lethe, and ſwill themſelves with the waters of oblivion.

The ſame ſcheme gives him an opportunity of making a noble compliment to his countrymen, where Anchiſes is repreſented taking a ſurvey of the long train of heroes that are to deſcend from him, and giving his ſon Æneas an account of all the glories of his race.

[10] The ſoul from ignorance and vice. Spect. in folio.

[11] Forgot. Spect. in folio.

I need not mention the revolution of the Platonic year, which is but juſt touched upon in this book; and, as I have conſulted no author's thoughts in this explication, ſhall be very well pleaſed, if it can make the nobleſt piece of the moſt accompliſhed poet more agreeable to my female readers, when they think fit to look into Dryden's tranſlation of it.

N° 155. Thurſday, April 6, 1710.
ADDISON [p].

——*Aliena negotia curat,*
Excuſſus propriis. HOR. 3. Sat. ii. 19.

When he had loſt all buſineſs of his own,
He ran in queſt of news thro' all the town.

From my own Apartment, April 5.

There lived ſome years ſince, within my neighbourhood, a very grave perſon, an upholſterer [q], who ſeemed a man of more than ordi-

[p] This paper appears to have been aſcribed to Addiſon in Steele's liſt, being reprinted by Mr. Tickell in Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. ii. p. 281. It is likewiſe marked as Addiſon's, in the MS. notes of C. Byron, eſq; communicated by J——n H——y. M. See N° 74, note.

The ſuperſcription of Addiſon's name to this number is moreover juſtified, by the paſſage now reſtored at the end of the paper, from the original edition of it in folio.

[q] Mr. Arne, an upholſterer in Covent-garden, was, it is ſaid, the original of the politician expoſed in this paper, in N° 160, and by Mr. Murphy, under the name of Quidnunc, in his farce intituled, The Upholſterer; or What News, 8vo. 1758. He was the father of Dr. Thomas Auguſtine

nary application to buſineſs. He was a very early riſer, and was often abroad two or three hours before any of his neighbours. He had a particular carefulneſs in the knitting of his brows, and a kind of impatience in all his motions, that plainly diſcovered he was always intent on matters of importance. Upon my inquiry into his life and converſation, I found him to be the greateſt newſmonger in our quarter; that he roſe before day to read the Poſt-man; and that he would take two or three turns to the other end of the town before his neighbours were up, to ſee if there were any Dutch mails come in. He had a wife and ſeveral children; but was much more inquiſitive to know what paſſed in Poland than in his own family, and was in greater pain and anxiety of mind for king Auguſtus's welfare, than that of his neareſt relations. He looked extremely thin in a dearth of news, and never enjoyed himſelf in a weſterly wind. This indefatigable kind of life was the ruin of his ſhop; for about the time that his favourite prince left the crown of Poland, he broke and diſappeared.

Arne, an eminent muſician and dramatic writer, who died in 1778; and of Suſannah Maria Arne, a ſinger and celebrated actreſs, eſpecially in tragedy, better known by the name of Mrs. Cibber, which ſhe acquired by becoming the ſecond wife of Theophilus, the ſon of Colley Cibber. They were married in 1734; he was drowned in his paſſage to Ireland in 1758, and ſhe died in 1766.

For the liberties which Addiſon has taken here, and in N° 160, with Mr. Arne's character, Steele was 'traduced and calumniated.' See Examiner, vol. i. N° 11; and vol. iv. N° 40.

This man and his affairs had been long out of my mind, until about three days ago, as I was walking in St. James's park, I heard ſomebody at a diſtance hemming after me: and who ſhould it be but my old neighbour the upholſterer? I ſaw he was reduced to extreme poverty, by certain ſhabby ſuperfluities in his dreſs: for, notwithſtanding that it was a very ſultry day for the time of the year, he wore a looſe great coat and a muff, with a long campaign wig out of curl; to which he had added the ornament of a pair of black garters buckled under the knee[r]. Upon his coming up to me, I was going to inquire into his preſent circumſtances; but was prevented by his aſking me, with a whiſper, whether the laſt letters brought any accounts that one might rely upon from Bender? I told him, none that I heard of; and aſked him, whether he had yet married his eldeſt daughter? He told me, No. 'But pray,' ſays he, 'tell me ſincerely, what are your thoughts of the king of Sweden?' For though his wife and children were ſtarving, I found his chief concern at preſent was for this great monarch. I told him, that I looked upon him as one of the firſt heroes of the age. 'But pray,' ſays he, 'do you think there is any truth in the ſtory of his wound?' And finding me ſurpriſed at the queſtion, 'Nay,' ſays he, 'I only propoſe it to you.' I anſwered, that I thought there was no reaſon to doubt of it. 'But why in the heel,' ſays he, 'more than in any other part of

[r] See N° 113, note, and Nichols's Anecdotes of W. Bowyer, 4to. p. 409.

the body?' 'Becauſe,' ſaid I, 'the bullet chanced to light there.'

This extraordinary dialogue was no ſooner ended, but he began to launch out into a long diſſertation upon the affairs of the North; and, after having ſpent ſome time on them, he told me he was in a great perplexity how to reconcile the Supplement with the Engliſh-poſt, and had been now juſt examining what the other papers ſay upon the ſame ſubject. 'The Daily Courant,' ſays he, 'has theſe words. "We have advices from very good hands, that a certain prince has ſome matters of great importance under conſideration." This is very myſterious; but the Poſt-boy leaves us more in the dark; for he tells us, that there are private intimations of meaſures taken by a certain prince, which time will bring to light. 'Now the Poſt-man,' ſays he, 'who uſes to be very clear, refers to the ſame news in theſe words; "The late conduct of a certain prince affords great matter of ſpeculation." This certain prince,' ſays the upholſterer, 'whom they are all ſo cautious of naming, I take to be——' Upon which, though there was nobody near us, he whiſpered ſomething in my ear, which I did not hear, or think worth my while to make him repeat.

We were now got to the upper end of the Mall, where were three or four very odd fellows ſitting together upon the bench. Theſe I found were all of them politicians, who uſed to ſun themſelves in that place every day about dinner-time. Obſerving them to be curioſities in their

kind, and my friend's acquaintance, I ſat down among them.

The chief politician of the bench was a great aſſerter of paradoxes. He told us, with a ſeeming concern, that by ſome news he had lately read from Muſcovy, it appeared to him that there was a ſtorm gathering in the Black-ſea, which might in time do hurt to the naval forces of this nation. To this he added, that, for his part, he could not wiſh to ſee the Turk driven out of Europe, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our woollen manufacture. He then told us, that he looked upon thoſe extraordinary revolutions which had lately happened in thoſe parts of the world, to have riſen chiefly from two perſons who were not much talked of; 'and thoſe,' ſays he, 'are prince Menzikoff, and the ducheſs of Mirandola.' He backed his aſſertions with ſo many broken hints, and ſuch a ſhow of depth and wiſdom, that we gave ourſelves up to his opinions.

The diſcourſe at length fell upon a point which ſeldom eſcapes a knot of true-born Engliſhmen, whether, in caſe of a religious war, the proteſtants would not be too ſtrong for the papiſts? This we unanimouſly determined on the proteſtant ſide. One who ſat on my right-hand, and, as I found by his diſcourſe, had been in the Weſt Indies, aſſured us, that it would be a very eaſy matter for the proteſtants to beat the pope at ſea; and added, that, whenever ſuch a war does break out, it muſt turn to the good of the Leeward Iſlands. Upon this,

one who ſat at the end of the bench, and, as I afterwards found, was the geographer of the company, ſaid, that in caſe the papiſts ſhould drive the proteſtants from theſe parts of Europe, when the worſt came to the worſt, it would be impoſſible to beat them out of Norway and Greenland, provided the Northern crowns hold together, and the czar of Muſcovy ſtand neuter.

He further told us for our comfort, that there were vaſt tracts of lands about the pole, inhabited neither by proteſtants nor papiſts, and of greater extent than all the Roman catholic dominions in Europe.

When we had fully diſcuſſed this point, my friend the upholſterer began to exert himſelf upon the preſent negociations of peace; in which he depoſed princes, ſettled the bounds of kingdoms, and balanced the power of Europe, with great juſtice and impartiality.

I at length took my leave of the company, and was going away; but had not got thirty yards, before the upholſterer hemmed again after me. Upon his advancing towards me with a whiſper, I expected to hear ſome ſecret piece of news, which he had not thought fit to communicate to the bench; but, inſtead of that, he deſired me in my ear to lend him half a crown. In compaſſion to ſo needy a ſtateſman, and to diſſipate the confuſion I found he was in, I told him, if he pleaſed, I would give him five ſhillings, to receive five pounds of him when the great Turk was driven out of Conſtantinople; which he very readily accepted, but not before

he had laid down to me the impoſſibility of ſuch an event, as the affairs of Europe now ſtand.

This paper I deſign for the particular benefit of thoſe worthy citizens who live more in a coffee-houſe than in their ſhops, and whoſe thoughts are ſo taken up with the affairs of the allies, that they forget their cuſtomers.

'Several of the laſt papers not having been printed from the corrected copy, the reader is deſired to correct the following errata in thoſe of the faulty impreſſion.'

'Errata in our laſt [i. e. N° 144.] col. 1, lin. 16, for "hath placed" read "deſcribes." Lin. 20, dele "pale." Col. 2, lin. 10, for "life" read "light." Lin. 17, for "their" read "the." Lin. 23, read "have a good." Lin. 34, for "pregnant" read "frequent." Col. 3, lin. 59, for "habitation" read "habitations." Lin. 66, for "its" read "their." Lin. 69, dele "even." Laſt line but 3, for "the ſoul from ignorance and vice" read "them." Col. 4, lin. 7, for "forgot" read "forget."

The introduction to the errata, the errors themſelves, the emendations and alterations recommended, and made in this edition, are ſo much in the manner always obſerved by Addiſon, and peculiarly obſervable in the editions in folio of the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian, that if there had been no collateral evidence, the annotator would have been abundantly ſatisfied, that Addiſon was the author, if not of this paper, at leaſt of N° 154.

It appears from this preface to the errata, that Addiſon's communications to the Tatler were wont to be tranſcribed by Steele, or ſome amanuenſis, before they were ſent to the printer; at leaſt this ſeems to have been done, up to the date of this paper, which, as it ſtands in the original, is from Tueſday April 4, to Thurſday April 6, 1710. It is ſaid, that 'ſeveral of the laſt papers,' which have been proved to be Addiſon's, 'were not printed from the corrected copy.'

Now if there were copies of them, more correct than thoſe from which the papers were printed, they muſt have been the author's own copies. It ſeems therefore to follow, that Addiſon's contributions to this work were hitherto undiſcloſed, or at leaſt induſtriouſly concealed from the printer. This circumſtance is mentioned as a confirmation, ſo far, at leaſt of what has been objected in the note on N° 77, to the ſtory relative to Addiſon's ſtopping the preſs, in order to inſert a new prepoſition, or conjunction. The curious advertiſements of errata, &c. ſo obſervable in the folio edition of the Tatler, in almoſt all Addiſon's papers, and very ſeldom in any other, are certainly evidences of that writer's great attention to the preſs, during the periodical publication of this work.

Such attention however ill agrees with the ſtory related by Dr. Warton. If the preſs had been ſtopt, and for the reaſons and purpoſes which the doctor aſſigns, there would have been no ſort of occaſion for ſuch notices and corrections. We ſhould then have wanted the fortunate, ſometimes the only means of diſcovering Addiſon's ſhare in the Tatler, generally with much probability, and nearly the ſame certainty as if his contributions had been marked with the ſignatures introduced into the Spectator and Guardian, to aſcertain his papers.

The doctor expreſsly refers the anecdote in queſtion to the time of the publication of the Spectator; but, on the ſtrength of what has been ſaid, the annotator proteſts againſt the ſtory altogether, and purpoſes to proceed, as he hath hitherto done, weighing carefully the advertiſements of errors and emendations as they occur, always conſidering them as preſumptive indications, and ſometimes perhaps, as deciſive marks of Addiſon's papers. See N° 36, N° 37, N° 38 and notes.

Dr. Johnſon, ſpeaking of the notoriety of Addiſon's concern in the Tatler, ſays, ‘ I know not whether his name was not kept ſecret till the papers were collected into volumes.’ Lives of Engliſh Poets, vol. ii. p. 360, 8vo. 1781.

This opinion refers the diſcovery of Addiſon's authorſhip in theſe papers to a time which it is difficult to aſcertain with preciſion, becauſe the volumes into which the papers were collected, were not publiſhed all at the ſame time, but at very different periods.

The firſt volume of the Lucubrations, &c. in 8vo. began to be delivered to the ſubſcribers, at the extraordinary price of One Guinea, July 10, 1710; and with it were publiſhed the two firſt pocket volumes in 12mo, or *infra*, on a neat Elzevir letter; a ſpurious edition of them, in the ſame ſize, having found its way to the public ſome time before. See N° 196, advert.

On the firſt day of September following the ſecond volume of the Tatler in 8vo. was publiſhed. See N° 219, advert.

The original publication of the papers in folio, cloſed finally Jan. 2, 1710-11; and the third and fourth volumes of the firſt edition of the Tatler in 8vo. were not ready to be delivered to the ſubſcribers till ſome conſiderable time after.

It is not therefore certain, that Addiſon's name was 'kept ſecret till all the papers were collected into volumes.' That Addiſon was both ſuſpected, and notoriouſly marked, if not generally known as a writer in the Tatler, long enough before this time, ſeems evident from the poſtſcript to a contemporary publication, quoted in a former note. See N° 86, note.

N° 156. Saturday, April 8, 1710.
ADDISON[s].

—— *Sequiturque patrem non paſſibus æquis.*
VIRG. Æn. ii. 742.

——————— follows his father,
But with ſteps not equal.———

From my own Apartment, April 7.

WE have already deſcribed out of Homer the voyage of Ulyſſes to the infernal ſhades, with

[s] This paper appears to have been aſcribed to Addiſon, in the liſt which Steele delivered to Mr. Tickell, as it is reprinted in the edition of Addiſon's Works, in 4to. vol. ii. p. 284. It is likewiſe marked as Addiſon's, in the MS. notes of C. Byron, eſq; communicated by J—n H—y. M. See N° 74, note.

the ſeveral adventures that attended it. If we look into the beautiful romance publiſhed not many years ſince by the archbiſhop of Cambray, we may ſee the ſon of Ulyſſes bound on the ſame expedition, and after the ſame manner making his diſcoveries among the regions of the dead. The ſtory of Telemachus is formed altogether in the ſpirit of Homer, and will give an unlearned reader a notion of that great poet's manner of writing, more than any tranſlation of him can poſſibly do. As it was written for the inſtruction of a young prince who may one day ſit upon the throne of France, the author took care to ſuit the ſeveral parts of his ſtory, and particularly the deſcription we are now entering upon, to the character and quality of his pupil. For which reaſon, he inſiſts very much on the miſery of bad, and the happineſs of good kings, in the account he hath given of puniſhments and rewards in the other world.

We may however obſerve, notwithſtanding the endeavours of this great and learned author, to copy after the ſtyle and ſentiments of Homer, that there is a certain tincture of Chriſtianity running through the whole relation. The prelate in ſeveral places mixes himſelf with the poet; ſo that his future ſtate puts me in mind of Michael Angelo's Laſt Judgment; where Charon and his boat are repreſented as bearing a part in the dreadful ſolemnities of that great day.

Telemachus, after having paſſed through the dark avenues of Death in the retinue of Mercury, who every day delivers up a certain tale of ghoſts to the ferryman of Styx, is admitted to the in-

fernal bark. Among the companions of his voyage is the ſhade of Nabopharzan, a king of Babylon, and tyrant of all the Eaſt. Among the ceremonies and pomps of his funeral, there were four ſlaves ſacrificed, according to the cuſtom of the country, in order to attend him among the ſhades. The author, having deſcribed this tyrant in the moſt odious colours of pride, inſolence, and cruelty, tells us, that his four ſlaves, inſtead of ſerving him after death, were perpetually inſulting him with reproaches and affronts for his paſt uſage: that they ſpurned him as he lay upon the ground, and forced him to ſhew his face, which he would fain have covered, as lying under all the confuſion of guilt and infamy; and, in ſhort, that they kept him bound in a chain, in order to drag him before the tribunal of the dead.

Telemachus, upon looking out of the bark, ſees all the ſtrand covered with an innumerable multitude of ſhades, who, upon his jumping aſhore, immediately vaniſhed. He then purſues his courſe to the palace of Pluto, who is deſcribed as ſeated on his throne in terrible majeſty, with Proſerpine by his ſide. At the foot of his throne was the pale hideous ſpectre, who, by the ghaſtlineſs of his viſage, and the nature of the apparitions that ſurround him, diſcovers himſelf to be Death. His attendants are, Melancholy, Diſtruſt, Revenge, Hatred, Avarice, Deſpair, Ambition, Envy, Impiety, with frightful Dreams, and waking Cares, which are all drawn very naturally in proper actions and poſtures. The author, with great beauty, places

near his frightful Dreams an aſſembly of Phantoms, which are often employed to terrify the living, by appearing in the ſhape and likeneſs of the dead.

The young hero in the next place takes a ſurvey of the different kinds of criminals, that lay in torture among clouds of ſulphur, and torrents of fire. The firſt of theſe were ſuch as had been guilty of impieties, which every one hath an horror for: to which is added a catalogue of ſuch offenders *that* ſcarce appear to be faulty in the eyes of the vulgar. Among theſe, ſays the author, are malicious critics, that have endeavoured to caſt a blemiſh upon the perfections of others; with whom he likewiſe places ſuch as have often hurt the reputation of the innocent, by paſſing a raſh judgment on their actions, without knowing the occaſions of them. Theſe crimes, ſays he, are more ſeverely puniſhed after death, becauſe they generally meet with impunity upon earth.

Telemachus, after having taken a ſurvey of ſeveral other wretches in the ſame circumſtances, arrives at that region of torments in which wicked kings are puniſhed. There are very fine ſtrokes of imagination in the deſcription which he gives of this unhappy multitude. He tells us, that on one ſide of them there ſtood a revengeful fury, thundering in their ears inceſſant repetitions of all the crimes they had committed upon earth, with the aggravations of ambition, vanity, hardneſs of heart, and all thoſe ſecret affections of mind that enter into the compoſition of a tyrant. At the ſame time, ſhe holds up to them

a large mirror, in which every one ſees himſelf repreſented in the natural horror and deformity of his character. On the other ſide of them ſtands another fury, that, with an inſulting deriſion, repeats to them all the praiſes that their flatterers had beſtowed upon them while they ſat upon their reſpective thrones. She too, ſays the author, preſents a mirror before their eyes, in which every one ſees himſelf adorned with all thoſe beauties and perfections, in which they had been drawn by the vanity of their own hearts, and the flattery of others. To puniſh them for the wantonneſs of the cruelty which they formerly exerciſed, they are now delivered up to be treated according to the fancy and caprice of ſeveral ſlaves, who have here an opportunity of tyrannizing in their turns.

The author having given us a deſcription of theſe ghaſtly ſpectres, who, ſays he, are always calling upon Death, and are placed under the diſtillation of that burning vengeance which falls upon them drop by drop, and is never to be exhauſted, leads us into a pleaſing ſcene of groves, filled with the melody of birds, and the odours of a thouſand different plants. Theſe groves are repreſented as riſing among a great many flowery meadows, and watered with ſtreams that diffuſe a perpetual freſhneſs, in the midſt of an eternal day, and a never fading ſpring. This, ſays the author, was the habitation of thoſe good princes who were friends of the gods, and parents of the people. Among theſe Telemachus converſes with the ſhade of one of his anceſtors, who makes a moſt agreeable relation of the joys

of Elyſium, and the nature of its inhabitants. The reſidence of Seſoſtris among theſe happy ſhades, with his character and preſent employment, is drawn in a very lively manner, and with a great elevation of thought.

The deſcription of that pure and gentle light, which overflows theſe happy regions, and clothes the ſpirits of theſe virtuous perſons, hath ſomething in it of that enthuſiaſm which this author was accuſed of by his enemies in the church of Rome; but, however it may look in religion, it makes a very beautiful figure in poetry.

The rays of the ſun, ſays he, are darkneſs in compariſon with this light, which rather deſerves the name of glory, than that of light. It pierces the thickeſt bodies, in the ſame manner as the ſun-beams paſs through cryſtal. It ſtrengthens the ſight inſtead of dazzling it; and nouriſhes in the moſt inward receſſes of the mind a perpetual ſerenity that is not to be expreſſed. It enters and incorporates itſelf with the very ſubſtance of the ſoul. The ſpirits of the bleſſed feel it in all their ſenſes, and in all their perceptions. It produces a certain ſource of peace and joy that ariſes in them for ever, running through all the faculties, and refreſhing all the deſires of the ſoul. External pleaſures and delights, with all their charms and allurements, are regarded with the utmoſt indifference and neglect by theſe happy ſpirits, who have this great principle of pleaſure within them, drawing the whole mind to itſelf, calling off their attention from the moſt delightful objects, and giving

them all the tranſports of inebriation, without the confuſion and folly of it.

I have here only mentioned ſome maſter-touches of this admirable piece, becauſe the original itſelf is underſtood by the greater part of my readers. I muſt confeſs, I take a particular delight in theſe proſpects of futurity, whether grounded upon the probable ſuggeſtions of a fine imagination, or the more ſevere concluſions of philoſophy; as a man loves to hear all the diſcoveries or conjectures relating to a foreign country which he is, at ſome time, to inhabit. Proſpects of this nature lighten the burden of any preſent evil, and refreſh us under the worſt and loweſt circumſtances of mortality. They extinguiſh in us both the fear and envy of human grandeur. Inſolence ſhrinks its head, power diſappears; pain, poverty, and death fly before them. In ſhort, the mind that is habituated to the lively ſenſe of an hereafter, can hope for what is the moſt terrifying to the generality of mankind, and rejoice in what is the moſt afflicting.

N° 157. Tueſday, April 11, 1710.
ADDISON[t].

——*Facile eſt inventis addere.*——
It is eaſy to improve an invention.

From my own Apartment, April 10.

I WAS laſt night in an aſſembly of very fine women. How I came among them is of no great importance to the reader. I ſhall only let him know, that I was betrayed into ſo good company by the device of an old friend, who had promiſed to give ſome of his female acquaintance a ſight of Mr. Bickerſtaff. Upon hearing my name mentioned, a lady who ſat by me told me, they had brought together a female concert for my entertainment. 'You muſt know,' ſays ſhe, 'that we all of us look upon ourſelves to be muſical inſtruments, though we do not yet know of what kind; which we hope to learn from you, if you will give us leave to play before you.' This was followed by a general laugh,

[t] Steele ſeems to aſcribe this paper to Addiſon, in his dedication of the Drummer to Mr. Congreve, where he ſays, that 'the diſtinguiſhing characters of men and women, under the names of muſical inſtruments, were written by Addiſon.' See N° 153, and note.

'It is likewiſe marked as Addiſon's, in the MS. notes of C. Byron, eſq; communicated by J——n H——y.' M. See N° 74, note.

It ſeems difficult, therefore, to account for Mr. Tickell's omiſſion of this paper, in his edition of Addiſon's Works.

which I always look upon as a neceſſary flouriſh in the opening of a female concert. They then ſtruck up together, and played a whole hour upon two grounds, viz. the trial [u] and the opera [x]. I could not but obſerve, that ſeveral of their notes were more ſoft, and ſeveral more ſharp, than any that I ever heard in a male concert; though, I muſt confeſs, there was not any regard to time, nor any of thoſe reſts and pauſes

[u] The trial of Dr. Sacheverell, which was a principal topic of converſation at the time here referred to.

In The Britiſh Apollo, vol. iii. N° 28, dated from May 29, to May 31, 1710; a country lady, on a viſit in London, is introduced complaining, that the entertainments on viſiting days, were compoſed of noiſe, ſcandal, and confuſion, after this manner. One lady highly commends the ſermon at St. James's laſt Sunday, and thinks Dr. Sacheverell the handſomeſt clergyman ſhe ever ſaw. She has ſcarcely done, ere another tells you, ſhe wiſhes operas may laſt for ever, for they coſt them nothing, the tickets being all preſented them; beſides, they are ſure of meeting the beau monde at them. Then three or four together fall on diſſecting the laſt Baby from France, &c. See Spectator, N° 277, and Guardian, N° 149.

[x] C. Cibber, in The Apology for his Life, tells us, that the Italian opera began to ſteal into England about the beginning of this century; and that the new theatre in the Haymarket opened with a tranſlated opera to Italian muſic, called The Triumph of Love. A better judge of this matter cenſures Cibber's account as erroneous. 'It is true,' ſays ſir John Hawkins, 'that entertainments of a ſimilar kind to the opera were known among us ſoon after the Reſtoration; but theſe were, in ſtrictneſs, no more than muſical dramas; tragedies with interludes ſet to muſic; which for a ſeries of years were performed at the theatre in Drury-lane, which was deſigned by ſir C. Wren, and furniſhed with all the conveniencies and accommodations requiſite in ſuch a building. But the firſt opera, truly and properly ſo called, exhibited on the Engliſh ſtage, was that of Arſinoë, ſet to muſic by Mr. Thomas Clayton, and performed at Dury-lane in 1707.'

which are frequent in the harmony of the other ſex: beſides that the muſic was generally full, and no particular inſtrument permitted to play long by itſelf.

I ſeemed ſo very well pleaſed with what every one ſaid, and ſmiled with ſo much complaiſance at all their pretty fancies, that, though I did not put one word into their diſcourſe, I have the vanity to think they looked upon me as very agreeable company. I then told them, that if I were to draw the picture of ſo many charming muſicians, it ſhould be like one I had ſeen of the Muſes, with their ſeveral inſtruments in their hands; upon which the lady Kettledrum toſſed back her head, and cried, 'A very pretty ſimile!' The concert again revived; in which with nods, ſmiles, and approbations, I bore the part rather of one who beats the time, than of a performer.

I was no ſooner retired to my lodgings, but I ran over in my thoughts the ſeveral characters of this fair aſſembly; which I ſhall give ſome account of, becauſe they are various in their kind, and may each of them ſtand as a ſample of a whole ſpecies.

The perſon who pleaſed me moſt was a Flute, an inſtrument that, without any great compaſs, hath ſomething exquiſitely ſweet and ſoft in its ſound: it lulls and ſooths the ear, and fills it with ſuch a gentle kind of melody, as keeps the mind awake without ſtartling it, and raiſes a moſt agreeable paſſion between tranſport and indolence. In ſhort, the muſic of the Flute is the converſation of a mild and amiable woman, that

has nothing in it very elevated, nor at the ſame time, any thing mean or trivial.

I muſt here obſerve, that the Hautboy is the moſt perfect of the Flute ſpecies, which, with all the ſweetneſs of the ſound, hath a great ſtrength and variety of notes; though at the ſame time I muſt obſerve, that the Hautboy in one ſex is as ſcarce as the Harpſichord in the other.

By the ſide of the Flute there ſat a Flagelet; for ſo I muſt call a certain young lady, who fancying herſelf a wit, deſpiſed the muſic of the Flute as low and inſipid, and would be entertaining the company with tart ill-natured obſervations, pert fancies, and little turns, which ſhe imagined to be full of life and ſpirit. The Flagelet therefore doth not differ from the Flute ſo much in the compaſs of its notes, as in the ſhrillneſs and ſharpneſs of the ſound. We muſt however take notice, that the Flagelets among their own ſex are more valued and eſteemed than the Flutes.

There chanced to be a coquette in the concert, that with a great many ſkittiſh notes, affected ſqueaks, and ſtudied inconſiſtencies, diſtinguiſhed herſelf from the reſt of the company. She did not ſpeak a word during the whole trial; but I thought ſhe would never have done upon the opera. One while ſhe would break out upon, 'That hideous king!' then upon 'The charming blackmoor!' then, 'O that dear lion!' then would hum over two or three notes; then run to the window to ſee what coach was coming. The coquette therefore, I muſt diſtinguiſh by

that muſical inſtrument which is commonly known by the name of a Kit, that is more jiggiſh than the Fiddle itſelf, and never ſounds but to dance.

The fourth perſon who bore a part in the converſation was a prude, who ſtuck to the trial, and was ſilent upon the whole opera. The gravity of her cenſures, and compoſure of her voice, which were often attended with ſupercilious caſts of the eye, and a ſeeming contempt for the lightneſs of the converſation, put me in mind of that ancient, ſerious, matron-like inſtrument, the Virginal.

I muſt not paſs over in ſilence a Lancaſhire Hornpipe, by which I would ſignify a young country lady, who, with a great deal of mirth and innocence, diverted the company very agreeably; and, if I am not miſtaken, by that time the wildneſs of her notes is a little ſoftened, and the redundancy of her muſic reſtrained by converſation and good company, will be improved into one of the moſt amiable Flutes about the town. Your romps and boarding-ſchool girls fall likewiſe under this denomination.

On the right-hand of the Hornpipe ſat a Welſh-Harp, an Inſtrument which very much delights in the tunes of old hiſtorical ballads, and in celebrating the renowned actions and exploits of ancient Britiſh heroes. By this inſtrument I therefore would deſcribe a certain lady, who is one of thoſe female hiſtorians that upon all occaſions enters into pedigrees and deſcents, and finds herſelf related, by ſome off-ſhoot or other, to almoſt every great family in England;

for which reaſon, ſhe jars and is out of tune very often in converſation, for the company's want of due attention and reſpect to her.

But the moſt ſonorous part of our concert was a She-drum, or, as the vulgar call it, a Kettle-drum, who accompanied her diſcourſe with motions of the body, toſſes of the head, and brandiſhes of the fan. Her muſic was loud, bold, and maſculine. Every thump ſhe gave alarmed the company, and very often ſet ſome-body or other in it a-bluſhing.

The laſt I ſhall mention was a certain romantic inſtrument called a Dulcimer, who talked of nothing but ſhady woods, flowery meadows, purling ſtreams, larks and nightingales, with all the beauties of the ſpring, and the pleaſures of a country life. This inſtrument hath a fine melancholy ſweetneſs in it, and goes very well with the Flute.

I think moſt of the converſable part of womankind may be found under one of the foregoing diviſions; but it muſt be confeſſed, that the generality of that ſex, notwithſtanding they have naturally a great genius for being talkative, are not miſtreſſes of more than one note; with which, however, by frequent repetition, they make a greater ſound than thoſe who are poſſeſſed of the whole gamut; as may be obſerved in your Larums or houſehold-ſcolds, and in your Caſtanets or impertinent tittle-tattles, who have no other variety in their diſcourſe but that of talking ſlower or faſter.

Upon communicating this ſcheme of muſic to an old friend of mine, who was formerly a man

of gallantry and a rover, he told me, that he believed he had been in love with every inſtrument in my concert. The firſt that ſmit him was a Hornpipe, who lived near his father's houſe in the country; but upon his failing to meet her at an aſſize, according to appointment, ſhe caſt him off. His next paſſion was for a Kettle-drum, whom he fell in love with at a play; but when he became acquainted with her, not finding the ſoftneſs of her ſex in her converſation, he grew cool to her; though at the ſame time he could not deny but that ſhe behaved herſelf very much like a gentlewoman. His third miſtreſs was a Dulcimer, who he found took great delight in ſighing and languiſhing, but would go no farther than the preface of matrimony; ſo that ſhe would never let a lover have any more of her than her heart, which, after having won, he was forced to leave her, as deſpairing of any further ſucceſs. 'I muſt confeſs,' ſays my friend, 'I have often conſidered her with a great deal of admiration; and I find her pleaſure is ſo much in this firſt ſtep of an amour, that her life will paſs away in dream, ſolitude, and ſoliloquy, until her decay of charms makes her ſnatch at the worſt man that ever pretended to her. In the next place,' ſays my friend, 'I fell in love with a Kit, who led me ſuch a dance through all the varieties of a familiar, cold, fond, and indifferent behaviour, that the world began to grow cenſorious, though without any cauſe; for which reaſon, to recover our reputations, we parted by conſent. To mend my hand,' ſays he, 'I made my next ap-

plication to a Virginal, who gave me great encouragement, after her cautious manner, until ſome malicious companion told her of my long paſſion for the Kit, which made her turn me off as a ſcandalous fellow. At length, in deſpair,' ſays he, 'I betook myſelf to a Welſh-Harp, who rejected me with contempt, after having found that my great grandmother was a brewer's daughter.'

I found, by the ſequel of my friend's diſcourſe, that he had never aſpired to a Hautboy; that he had been exaſperated by a Flagelet; and that, to this very day, he pines away for a Flute.

Upon the whole, having thoroughly conſidered how abſolutely neceſſary it is, that two inſtruments, which are to play together for life, ſhould be exactly tuned, and go in perfect concert with each other; I would propoſe matches between the muſic of both ſexes, according to the following Table of Marriage:

1. Drum and Kettle-drum.
2. Lute and Flute.
3. Harpſichord and Hautboy.
4. Violin and Flagelet.
5. Baſs-viol and Kit.
6. Trumpet and Welſh-Harp.
7. Hunting-horn [y] and Hornpipe.

[y] The following quotation ſeems to furniſh a particular proof of the immediate utility of the Tatler, and may be added to the one mentioned, N° 118, lett. 2.

'GENTLEMEN,

'READING Mr. Bickerſtaff's N° 153, I found by inward conviction my own character, being what he there

8. Bagpipe and Caſtanet.
9. Paſſing-bell and Virginal.

'Mr. Bickerſtaff, in conſideration of his ancient friendſhip and acquaintance with Mr. Betterton, and great eſteem for his merit, ſummonſes all his diſciples, whether dead or living, mad or tame, Toaſts, Smarts, Dappers, Pretty-fellows, muſicians or ſcrapers, to make their appearance at the playhouſe in the Hay-market on Thurſday next, when there will be a play acted for the benefit of the ſaid Betterton.'

calls a Hunting-horn. My reflections upon the ridiculous figure in which thoſe of this character appear to men of ſenſe, being joined with intimations of ſome philoſophical gentlemen of my acquaintance, to the ſame purpoſe, wrought in me a ſudden, though ſecret reſolution, of leaving off the purſuit of hares and foxes, and of betaking myſelf to a more pleaſant and profitable amuſement, viz. the ſtudy of experimental philoſophy. For which purpoſe I apply myſelf to you, gentlemen, for information, what authors have writ beſt upon this ſubject in Engliſh. Believe this to proceed from a ſincerity not to be rallied.' The Britiſh Apollo, vol. iii. N° 19, in folio.

N. B. The writers of The Britiſh Apollo acknowledge that they contracted the letter, which, they ſay, was too long in its original ſtate to be inſerted in their work. Their anſwer to it will be as unſatisfactory to the curious, as it probably was to their diſappointed correſpondent.

*** The play advertiſed, or rather alluded to in this paper, was The Maid's Tragedy, of Beaumont and Fletcher, in which Mr. Thomas Betterton played his celebrated part of Melantius, for his own benefit, on the 25th of April, 1710. In the interval between the advertiſement and the performance of this play, Betterton was ſeized with a ſudden fit of the gout, and, unwilling to diſappoint his friends, had recourſe to fomentations, by which the ſwellings of his feet were ſo far reduced, that he was enabled to come upon the

ſtage ſlip ſhod. He acted with unuſual ſpirit and univerſal approbation; but the diſtemper, thus driven from his extremities, ſeized his head, and carried him off the third day after. He was born in 1638, died April 28, 1710, and was buried on the 2d of May, with much ceremony, in the cloiſter of Weſtminſter. See Tat. N° 71. N° 167, and note on Betterton, and Mrs. Betterton, an accompliſhed virtuous lady, and a fine actreſs, whoſe name before her marriage to Mr. Betterton was Mrs. Saunderſon; ſhe did not long ſurvive her huſband, with whom ſhe lived very happily and much reſpected; ſhe maintained the foremoſt character among the female, as her huſband did among the male performers on the ſtage. Mr. Betterton retired from the theatre rather in narrow circumſtances, but the public continued to manifeſt their grateful ſenſe of the pleaſure his theatrical abilities had given them, to the end of his life, by thronging the playhouſe, at uncommon prices, on his benefit nights.

N° 158. Thurſday, April 13, 1710.

ADDISON[z].

Faciunt næ intelligendo, ut nihil intelligant. TER.

While they pretend to know more than others, they know nothing in reality.

From my own Apartment, April 12.

TOM FOLIO[a] is a broker in learning, employed to get together good editions, and ſtock

[z] This paper is marked as Addiſon's in the MS. notes communicated by J——n H——y. M. See N° 74, note.

It appears likewiſe to have been aſcribed to Addiſon, in the liſt delivered by Steele to Mr. Tickell, who has republiſhed it in Addiſon's Works, 4to. vol. ii. p. 288.

[a] The perſon alluded to here, was Thomas Rawlinſon, eſq; the eldeſt ſon of ſir Thomas Rawlinſon, lord mayor of London in 1706; 'who,' ſays my author, 'without any very great ſtock of learning, collected a very great ſtock of

the libraries of great men. There is not a ſale of books begins until Tom Folio is ſeen at the door. There is not an auction where his name

books, which were ſold by auction after his deceaſe. He lived in Gray's-inn, where he had four chambers ſo filled with books, both on the ſhelves, and on the floors, that he was obliged to remove his bed into the paſſage.' It is added, that he was the elder brother of Chriſtopher Rawlinſon, eſq; who likewiſe made a very numerous collection of books; but Collier, in his Dictionary ſays, that Chriſtopher was the only ſon of Curwen Rawlinſon, of Cark-hall, in Lancaſhire, deſcended from a family of long ſtanding in High Furneſs, and only collaterally related to Mr. T. Rawlinſon, ſpoken of here, and in N° 160.

The worthy communicator of the intelligence given above, was himſelf very learned, and well acquainted with the learned men of his time. Nevertheleſs, it is ſaid, in contradiction to his modeſt account, and the probable teſtimony of Addiſon in this paper, that Mr. T. Rawlinſon was a man of learning, as well as a patron of learned men. Mattaire's dedication of his Juvenal to him, is alledged in proof of this; and it is farther ſaid, that Hearne, who publiſhed the Aluredi Beverlacenſis Annales, &c. from an original MS. in the poſſeſſion of Mr. T. Rawlinſon, takes every opportunity of expreſſing his gratitude for very numerous communications received from him. He removed from Gray's-inn to London-houſe, the ancient palace of the biſhops of London, in Alderſgate-ſtreet, where he died, Auguſt 6, 1725, aged 44.

He was certainly the elder brother of Dr. Richard Rawlinſon, F. R. S. and F. S. A. who alſo lived in London-houſe, and was likewiſe a great collector of books, the ſale of which, after his death in 1756, continued for fifty days, and produced 1164l.; the auction of his pamphlets and ſcarce books, in the following year, laſted for ten days, and was ſucceeded by the ſale of his prints, &c. which took up eight days more.

Dr. R. Rawlinſon was no inconſiderable antiquary, and a great benefactor to the univerſity of Oxford, eſpecially to St. John's college, in which he was educated. He endowed a profeſſorſhip in Oxford, for the purpoſe of an Anglo-Saxon lecture; and, with many other things, left his diploma, his heart, and the bulk of his eſtate, to the amount of about

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is not heard, and that too in the very nick of time, in the critical moment, before the laſt deciſive ſtroke of the hammer. There is not a ſubſcription goes forward in which Tom is not privy to the firſt rough draught of the propoſals; nor a catalogue printed, that doth not come to him wet from the preſs. He is an univerſal ſcholar, ſo far as the title-page of all authors; knows the manuſcripts in which they were diſcovered, the editions through which they have paſſed, with the praiſes or cenſures which they have received from the ſeveral members of the learned world. He has a greater eſteem for Aldus and Elzevir, than for Virgil and Horace. If you talk of Herodotus, he breaks out into a panegyric upon Harry Stephens. He thinks he gives you an account of an author, when he tells you the ſubject he treats of, the name of the editor, and the year in which it was printed. Or if you draw him into further particulars, he cries up the goodneſs of the paper, extols the diligence of the corrector, and is tranſported with the beauty of the letter. This he looks upon to be ſound learning, and ſubſtantial criticiſm. As for thoſe who talk of the fineneſs of ſtyle, and the juſtneſs of thought, or deſcribe the brightneſs of any particular paſſages; nay, though they themſelves write in the genius and

700l. per ann. to the college of St. John the Baptiſt. He died at Iſlington April 6, 1755, and was buried, as he directed, with the head of counſellor Layer in his right-hand, which he had preſerved as a valuable relic, having bought it at a great price from Mr. John Pearce an attorney, who took it up when it was blown off from Temple-bar.

ſpirit of the author they admire; Tom looks upon them as men of ſuperficial learning, and flaſhy parts.

I had yeſterday morning a viſit from this learned idiot [b], for that is the light in which I conſider every pedant, when I diſcovered in him ſome little touches of the coxcomb, which I had not before obſerved. Being very full of the figure which he makes in the republic of letters, and wonderfully ſatisfied with his great ſtock of knowledge, he gave me broad intimations, that he did not believe in all points as his forefathers had done. He then communicated to me a thought of a certain author upon a paſſage of Virgil's account of the dead, which I made the ſubject of a late paper [c]. This thought had taken very much among men of Tom's pitch and underſtanding, though univerſally exploded by all that know how to conſtrue Virgil, or have any reliſh of antiquity. Not to trouble my reader with it, I found, upon the whole, that Tom did not believe a future ſtate of re-

[b] This harſh expreſſion here ſeems to be applied improperly, to a perſon of affluence and leiſure, who certainly did not injure the community, by cultivating the ſtudy of bibliography, and collecting curious books, many of which he probably reſcued from oblivion. Magliabecchi, Bentley, Bayle, and many others, who knew more of books than their title pages, &c. are ſtill obnoxious to the imputation of pedantry; but ſurely he would err from the truth, and pay an ill compliment to his own character as a gentleman and a ſcholar, who ſaid, or conceived, that they were learned idiots. Pedant and learned idiot are by no means ſynonymous terms, nor is pedantry confined only to the learned.

[c] See N° 154.

wards and puniſhments, becauſe Æneas, at his leaving the empire of the dead, paſſed through the gate of ivory, and not through that of horn. Knowing that Tom had not ſenſe enough to give up an opinion which he had once received, that I might avoid wrangling, I told him, that Virgil poſſibly had his overſights as well as another author. 'Ah! Mr. Bickerſtaff,' ſays he, 'you would have another opinion of him, if you would read him in Daniel Henſius's edition. I have peruſed him myſelf ſeveral times in that edition,' continued he; 'and, after the ſtricteſt and moſt malicious examination, could find but two faults in him, one of them is in the Æneids, where there are two commas inſtead of a parentheſis; and another in the third Georgic, where you may find a ſemicolon turned upſide down.' 'Perhaps,' ſaid I, 'theſe were not Virgil's faults, but thoſe of the tranſcriber, 'I do not deſign it,' ſays Tom, 'as a reflection on Virgil; on the contrary, I know that all the manuſcripts declaim againſt ſuch a punctuation. Oh! Mr. Bickerſtaff,' ſays he, 'what would a man give to ſee one ſimile of Virgil writ in his own hand?' I aſked him which was the ſimile he meant; but was anſwered, 'Any ſimile in Virgil.' He then told me all the ſecret hiſtory in the commonwealth of learning; of modern pieces that had the names of ancient authors annexed to them; of all the books that were now writing or printing in the ſeveral parts of Europe; of many amendments which are made, and not yet publiſhed; and a thouſand other

particulars, which I would not have my memory burdened with for a Vatican [d].

At length, being fully perſuaded that I thoroughly admired him, and looked upon him as a prodigy of learning, he took his leave. I know ſeveral of Tom's claſs, who are profeſſed admirers of Taſſo, without underſtanding a word of Italian: and one, in particular, that carries a Paſtor Fido in his pocket, in which, I am ſure, he is acquainted with no other beauty but the clearneſs of the character.

There is another kind of pedant, who, with all Tom Folio's impertinencies, hath greater ſuperſtructures and embelliſhments of Greek and Latin; and is ſtill more inſupportable than the other, in the ſame degree as he is more learned. Of this kind very often are editors, commentators, interpreters, ſcholiaſts, and critics; and, in ſhort, all men of deep learning without common ſenſe. Theſe perſons ſet a greater value on themſelves for having found out the meaning of a paſſage in Greek, than upon the author for having written it; nay, will allow the paſſage itſelf not to have any beauty in it, at the ſame time that they would be conſidered as the greateſt men of the age for having interpreted it. They will look with contempt on the moſt beautiful poems that have been compoſed by any of their contemporaries; but will lock themſelves up in their ſtudies for a twelvemonth together, to correct, publiſh, and expound ſuch trifles of antiquity, as a modern

[d] The meaning is, for all the books in the Vatican library.

author would be contemned for. Men of the ſtricteſt morals, ſevereſt lives, and the graveſt profeſſions, will write volumes upon an idle ſonnet, that is originally in Greek or Latin; give editions of the moſt immoral authors; and ſpin out whole pages upon the various readings of a lewd expreſſion. All that can be ſaid in excuſe for them is, that their works ſufficiently ſhew they have no taſte of their authors; and that what they do in this kind, is out of their great learning, and not out of any levity or laſciviouſneſs of temper.

A pedant of this nature is wonderfully well deſcribed in ſix lines of Boileau, with which I ſhall conclude his character:

'*Un pedant enyvré de ſa vaine ſcience,*
Tout heriſſé de Grec, tout bouffi d'arrogance.
Et qui de mille auteurs retenus mot par mot,
Dans ſa tête entaſſez n'a ſouvent fait qu'un ſot,
Croit qu'un livre fait tout, et que ſans Ariſtote
La raiſon ne voit goute, et le bon ſens radote.'

'Brim-full of learning ſee that pedant ſtride,
Briſtling with horrid Greek, and puff'd with pride!
A thouſand authors he in vain has read,
And with their maxims ſtuff'd his empty head;
And thinks that, without Ariſtotle's rule,
Reaſon is blind, and common ſenſe a fool.'

WYNNE.

N° 159. Saturday, April 15, 1710.
STEELE.

Nitor in adverſum; nec me, qui cætera vincit
Impetus———— OVID. Met. lib. ii. ver. 72.

I ſteer againſt their motions; nor am I
Borne back by all the current———

ADDISON.

From my own Apartment, April 14.

THE wits of this iſland, for above fifty years paſt, inſtead of correcting the vices of the age, have done all they could to inflame them. Marriage has been one of the common topics of ridicule that every ſtage-ſcribbler hath found his account in; for whenever there is an occaſion for a clap, an impertinent jeſt upon matrimony is ſure to raiſe it. This hath been attended with very pernicious conſequences. Many a country eſquire, upon his ſetting up for a man of the town, has gone home in the gaiety of his heart, and beat his wife. A kind huſband hath been looked upon as a clown, and a good wife as a domeſtic animal unfit for the company or converſation of the beau monde. In ſhort, ſeparate beds, ſilent tables, and ſolitary homes, have been introduced by your men of wit and pleaſure of the age.

As I ſhall always make it my buſineſs to ſtem the torrents of prejudice and vice, I ſhall take particular care to put an honeſt father of a

family in countenance; and endeavour to remove all the evils out of that ſtate of life, which is either the moſt happy or moſt miſerable that a man can be placed in. In order to this, let us, if you pleaſe, conſider the wits and well-bred perſons of former time. I have ſhewn in another paper, that Pliny, who was a man of the greateſt genius, as well as of the firſt quality of his age, did not think it below him to be a kind huſband, and to treat his wife as a friend, companion, and counſellor. I ſhall give the like inſtance of another, who in all reſpects was a much greater man than Pliny, and hath writ a whole book of letters to his wife. They are not ſo full of turns as thoſe of the former author, who writes very much like a modern; but are full of that beautiful ſimplicity which is altogether natural, and is the diſtinguiſhing character of the beſt ancient writers. The author I am ſpeaking of, is Cicero; who, in the following paſſages which I have taken out of his letters, ſhews, that he did not think it inconſiſtent with the politeneſs of his manners, or the greatneſs of his wiſdom, to ſtand upon record in his domeſtic character.

Theſe letters were written in a time when he was baniſhed from his country, by a faction that then prevailed at Rome.

CICERO TO TERENTIA.

I.

'I LEARN from the letters of my friends, as well as from common report, that you give in-

credible proofs of virtue and fortitude, and that you are indefatigable in all kinds of good offices. How unhappy a man am I, that a woman of your virtue, conſtancy, honour, and good-nature, ſhould fall into ſo great diſtreſſes upon my account! and that my dear Tulliola ſhould be ſo much afflicted for the ſake of a father, with whom ſhe had once ſo much reaſon to be pleaſed! How can I mention little Cicero, whoſe firſt knowledge of things began with the ſenſe of his miſery? If all this had happened by the decrees of Fate, as you would kindly perſuade me, I could have borne it. But, alas! it is all befallen me by my own indiſcretion, who, thought I was beloved by thoſe that envied me, and did not join with them who ſought my friendſhip——At preſent, ſince my friends bid me hope, I ſhall take care of my health, that I may enjoy the benefit of your affectionate ſervices. Plancius hopes we may ſome time or other come together into Italy. If I ever live to ſee that day; if I ever return to your dear embraces; in ſhort, if I ever again recover you and myſelf, I ſhall think our conjugal piety very well rewarded.——As for what you write to me about ſelling your eſtate, conſider, my dear Terentia, conſider, alas! what would be the event of it. If our preſent fortune continues to oppreſs us, what will become of our poor boy! My tears flow ſo faſt, that I am not able to write any further; and I would not willingly make you weep with me.——Let us take care not to undo the child that is already undone: if we can leave him any thing, a little virtue will

keep him from want, and a little fortune raiſe him in the world. Mind your health, and let me know frequently what you are doing.—— Remember me to Tulliola and Cicero [e].'

II.

'Do not fancy that I write longer letters to any one than to yourſelf, unleſs when I chance to receive a longer letter from another, which I am indiſpenſably obliged to anſwer in every particular. The truth of it is, I have no ſubject for a letter at preſent; and, as my affairs now ſtand, there is nothing more painful to me than writing. As for you, and our dear Tulliola, I cannot write to you without abundance of tears; for I ſee both of you miſerable, whom I always wiſhed to be happy, and whom I ought to have made ſo.——I muſt acknowledge, you have done every thing for me with the utmoſt fortitude, and the utmoſt affection; nor indeed is it more than I expected from you; though at the ſame time it is a great aggravation of my ill fortune, that the afflictions I ſuffer can be relieved only by thoſe which you undergo for my ſake. For honeſt Valerius has written me a letter, which I could not read without weeping very bitterly; wherein he gives me an account of the public proceſſion which you have made for me at Rome. Alas! my deareſt life, muſt then Terentia, the darling of my ſoul, whoſe favour and recommendations have been

[e] M. T. Ciceronis Opera, vol. vi. pars ii. epiſt. lib. xiv. ep. i. p. 807. Edit. Verburgii, 1724.

ſo often ſought by others; muſt my Terentia droop under the weight of ſorrow, appear in the habit of a mourner, pour out floods of tears, and all this for my ſake; for my ſake, who have undone my family, by conſulting the ſafety of others?—As for what you write about ſelling your houſe, I am very much afflicted, that what is laid out upon my account may any way reduce you to miſery and want. If we can bring about our deſign, we may indeed recover every thing; but if fortune perſiſts in perſecuting us, how can I think of your ſacrificing for me the poor remainder of your poſſeſſions? No, my deareſt life, let me beg you to let thoſe bear my expences who are able, and perhaps willing to do it; and if you would ſhew your love to me, do not injure your health, which is already too much impaired. You preſent yourſelf before my eyes day and night; I ſee you labour amidſt innumerable difficulties; I am afraid leſt you ſhould ſink under them; but I find in you, all the qualifications that are neceſſary to ſupport you: be ſure therefore to cheriſh your health, that you may compaſs the end of your hopes and your endeavours.——— Farewell, my Terentia, my heart's deſire, farewell [f].'

III.

'ARISTOCRITUS hath delivered to me three of your letters, which I have almoſt defaced

[f] M. T. Ciceronis Opera, *ut ſupra*. ep. ii. p. 820.

with my tears. Oh! my Terentia, I am conſumed with grief, and feel the weight of your ſufferings more than of my own. I am more miſerable than you are, notwithſtanding you are very much ſo; and that for this reaſon, becauſe, though our calamity is common, it is my fault that brought it upon us. I ought to have died rather than have been driven out of the city; I am therefore overwhelmed, not only with grief, but with ſhame. I am aſhamed, that I did not do my utmoſt for the beſt of wives, and the deareſt of children. You are ever preſent before my eyes, in your mourning, your affliction, and your ſickneſs. Amidſt all which, there ſcarce appears to me the leaſt glimmering of hope.—However, as long as you hope, I will not deſpair—I will do what you adviſe me. I have returned my thanks to thoſe friends whom you mentioned, and have let them know, that you have acquainted me with their good offices. I am ſenſible of Piſo's extraordinary zeal and endeavours to ſerve me. Oh! would the gods grant that you and I might live together in the enjoyment of ſuch a ſon-in-law, and of our dear children!—As for what you write of your coming to me, if I deſire it, I would rather you ſhould be where you are, becauſe I know you are my principal agent at Rome. If you ſucceed, I ſhall come to you: if not—But I need ſay no more. Be careful of your health; and be aſſured, that nothing is, or ever was, ſo dear to me as yourſelf. Farewell, my Terentia! I fancy that I ſee you, and therefore cannot

command my weakneſs ſo far as to refrain from tears [g].

IV.

'I DO not write to you as often as I might; becauſe, notwithſtanding I am afflicted at all times, I am quite overcome with ſorrow whilſt I am writing to you, or reading any letters that I receive from you.—If theſe evils are not to be removed, I muſt deſire to ſee you, my deareſt life, as ſoon as poſſible, and to die in your embraces; ſince neither the gods, whom you always religiouſly worſhipped, nor the men, whoſe good I always promoted, have rewarded us according to our deſerts.——What a diſtreſſed wretch am I! Should I aſk a weak woman, oppreſſed with cares and ſickneſs, to come and live with me; or ſhall I not aſk her? Can I live without you? But I find I muſt. If there be any hopes of my return, help it forward, and promote it as much as you are able. But if all that is over, as I fear it is, find out ſome way or other of coming to me. This you may be ſure of, that I ſhall not look upon myſelf as quite undone whilſt you are with me. But what will become of Tulliola? You muſt look to that; I muſt confeſs, I am entirely at a loſs about her. Whatever happens, we muſt take care of the reputation and marriage of that dear unfortunate girl. As for Cicero, he ſhall live in my boſom, and in my arms. I cannot write any further, my ſorrows will not let me——

[g] M. T. Ciceronis Opera, *ut ſupra*, ep. iii. p. 812.

Support yourſelf, my dear Terentia, as well as you are able. We have lived and flouriſhed together amidſt the greateſt honours: it is not our crimes, but our virtues, that have diſtreſſed us.——Take more than ordinary care of your health; I am more afflicted with your ſorrows than my own.—Farewell, my Terentia, thou deareſt, faithfulleſt, and beſt of wives[h]!'

Methinks it is a pleaſure to ſee this great man in his family, who makes ſo different a figure in the forum, or ſenate of Rome. Every one admires the orator and the conſul; but for my part, I eſteem the huſband and the father. His private character, with all the little weakneſſes of humanity, is as amiable, as the figure he makes in public is awful and majeſtic. But at the ſame time that I love to ſurpriſe ſo great an author in his private walks, and to ſurvey him in his moſt familiar lights, I think it would be barbarous to form to ourſelves any idea of mean ſpiritedneſs from theſe natural openings of his heart, and diſburdening of his thoughts to a wife. He has written ſeveral other letters to the ſame perſon, but none with ſo great paſſion as theſe of which I have given the foregoing extracts.

It would be ill nature not to acquaint the Engliſh reader, that his wife was ſucceſsful in her ſolicitations for this great man; and ſaw her huſband return to the honours of which he had been deprived, with all the pomp and

[h] M. T. Ciceronis Opera, *ut ſupra*, ep. iv. p. 814.

acclamation that uſually atttended the greateſt trumph [i].

[i] *Notandum putavi invitiſſimè, Ciceronem fuiſſe et in uxoribus, et in liberis infelicem. Terentiam, et ab illa alteram repudiavit. Tullia, patris deliciæ, partu periit. Tullius, ex paterno ingenio nihil habuit præter urbanitatem; nam huic natura memoriam dempſerat, et ſi quid ex ea ſupererat ebrietas ſubducebat.*

Terentia poſt repudium ter nupſit, C. Salluſtio, Meſſalæ Corvino, et Vibio Rufo; vixitque, teſte Plinio, annos CXVII. Vide C. Plinii, Hiſt. Nat. vii. cap. xlviii. Baſil. 1530, in folio, p. 121. See N° 81, note on Salluſt.

N° 160. Tueſday, April 18, 1710.
ADDISON AND STEELE [k].

From my own Apartment, April 17.

A COMMON civility to an impertinent fellow often draws upon one a great many unforeſeen troubles; and, if one doth not take particular care, will be interpreted by him as an overture of friendſhip and intimacy. This I was very ſenſible of this morning. About two hours before day, I heard a great rapping at my door, which continued ſome time, until my maid could get herſelf ready to go down and ſee what was the occaſion of it. She then brought me up

[k] Part of this paper being reprinted in Mr. Tickell's edition of Addiſon's Works, in 4to. vol. ii. p. 290, it appears to have been aſcribed to Addiſon in the liſt delivered by Steele to that gentleman. It is likewiſe marked as a paper of Addiſon's, in the MS. notes communicated by J——n H——y. M. See N° 74, note.

word, that there was a gentleman who ſeemed very much in haſte, and ſaid he muſt needs ſpeak with me. By the deſcription ſhe gave me of him, and by his voice, which I could hear as I lay in my bed, I fancied him to be my old acquaintance the upholſterer [1], whom I met the other day in St. James's-park. For which reaſon, I bid her tell the gentleman, whoever he was, that I was indiſpoſed; that I could ſee nobody; and that, if he had any thing to ſay to me, I deſired he would leave it in writing. My maid, after having delivered her meſſage, told me, that the gentleman ſaid he would ſtay at the next coffee-houſe until I was ſtirring; and bid her be ſure to tell me, that the French were driven from the Scarp, and that Douay was inveſted. He gave her the name of another town, which I found ſhe had dropped by the way.

As much as I love to be informed of the ſucceſs of my brave countrymen, I do not care for hearing of a victory before day; and was therefore very much out of humour at this unſeaſonable viſit. I had no ſooner recovered my temper, and was falling aſleep, but I was immediately ſtartled by a ſecond rap; and, upon my maid's opening the door, heard the ſame voice aſk her, if her maſter was yet up? and at the ſame time bid her tell me, that he was come on purpoſe to talk with me about a piece of home news, which every body in town will be full of two hours hence. I ordered my maid, as ſoon as ſhe came into the room, without hearing her meſſage, to

[1] See N° 155, and N° 171.

tell the gentleman, that whatever his news was, I would rather hear it two hours hence than now; and that I perſiſted in my reſolution not to ſpeak with any body that morning. The wench delivered my anſwer preſently, and ſhut the door. It was impoſſible for me to compoſe myſelf to ſleep after two ſuch unexpected alarms; for which reaſon, I put on my clothes in a very peeviſh humour. I took ſeveral turns about my chamber, reflecting with a great deal of anger and contempt on theſe volunteers in politics, that undergo all the pain, watchfulneſs, and diſquiet of a firſt miniſter, without turning it to the advantage either of themſelves or their country; and yet it is ſurpriſing to conſider how numerous this ſpecies of men is. There is nothing more frequent than to find a taylor breaking his reſt on the affairs of Europe, and to ſee a cluſter of porters ſitting upon the miniſtry. Our ſtreets ſwarm with politicians, and there is ſcarce a ſhop which is not held by a ſtateſman. As I was muſing after this manner, I heard the upholſterer at the door delivering a letter to my maid, and begging her, in a very great hurry, to give it to her maſter as ſoon as ever he was awake; which I opened, and found as follows:

'Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

'I WAS to wait upon you about a week ago, to let you know, that the honeſt gentleman whom you converſed with upon the bench at the end of the Mall, having heard that I had received five ſhillings of you, to give you an hundred pounds upon the great Turk's being driven

out of Europe, deſired me to acquaint you, that every one of that company would be willing to receive five ſhillings, to pay a hundred pounds on the ſame condition. Our laſt advices from Muſcovy making this a fairer bet than it was a week ago, I do not queſtion but you will accept the wager.

'But this is not my preſent buſineſs. If you remember, I whiſpered a word in your ear, as we were walking up the Mall; and you ſee what has happened ſince. If I had ſeen you this morning, I would have told you in your ear another ſecret. I hope you will be recovered of your indiſpoſition by to-morrow morning, when I will wait on you at the ſame hour as I did this; my private circumſtances being ſuch, that I cannot well appear in this quarter of the town after it is day.

'I have been ſo taken up with the late good news from Holland, and expectation of further particulars, as well as with other tranſactions, of which I will tell you more to-morrow morning, that I have not ſlept a wink theſe three nights.

'I have reaſon to believe, that Picardy will ſoon follow the example of Artois, in caſe the enemy continue in their preſent reſolution of flying away from us. I think I told you the laſt time we were together my opinion about the Deulle.

'The honeſt gentlemen upon the bench bid me tell you, that they would be glad to ſee you often among them. We ſhall be there all the warm hours of the day during the preſent poſture of affairs.

'This happy opening of the campaign will, I hope, give us a very joyful ſummer; and I propoſe to take many a pleaſant walk with you, if you will ſometimes come into the Park; for that is the only place in which I can be free from the malice of my enemies. Farewell until three of the clock to-morrow morning!

I am,

Your moſt humble ſervant, &c.

'P. S. The king of Sweden is ſtill at Bender.'

I ſhould have fretted myſelf to death at this promiſe of a ſecond viſit, if I had not found in his letter an intimation of the good news which I have ſince heard at large. I have however ordered my maid to tie up the knocker of my door, in ſuch a manner as ſhe would do it if I was really indiſpoſed. By which means I hope to eſcape breaking my morning's reſt.

Since I have given this letter to the public, I ſhall communicate one or two more, which I have lately received from others of my correſpondents. The following is from a coquette, who is very angry at my having diſpoſed of her in marriage to a Baſs-viol.

'Mr. Bickerstaff,

'I thought you would never have deſcended from the Cenſor of Great-Britain, to become a match-maker. But pray, why ſo ſevere upon the Kit? Had I been a Jews-harp that is nothing but tongue, you could not have uſed me

worſe. Of all things, a Baſs-viol is my averſion. Had you married me to a Bag-pipe, or a Paſſing-bell, I ſhould have been better pleaſed. Dear father Iſaac, either chooſe me a better huſband, or I will live and die a Dulcimer. In hopes of receiving ſatisfaction from you, I am yours, whilſt

ISABELLA KIT.'

The pertneſs which this fair lady hath ſhewn in this letter, was one occaſion of my joining her to the Baſs-viol, which is an inſtrument that wants to be quickened by theſe little vivacities; as the ſprightlineſs of the Kit ought to be checked and curbed by the gravity of the Baſs-viol.

My next letter is from Tom Folio, who, it ſeems, takes it amiſs that I have publiſhed a character of him ſo much to his diſadvantage.

' SIR,

' I SUPPOSE you mean Tom Fool, when you call me Tom Folio in a late trifling paper of yours; for I find, it is your deſign to run down all uſeful and ſolid learning. The tobacco-paper [m] on which your own writings are uſually printed, as well as the incorrectneſs of the preſs, and the ſcurvy letter, ſufficiently ſhew the extent of your knowledge. I queſtion not but you look upon John Morphew to be as great a man as Elzevir; and Aldus to have been ſuch another

[m] The wit and propriety of Tom Folio's remarks, can hardly be ſufficiently conceived by ſuch as have not ſeen the bad paper and print of the half ſheets in which theſe eſſays were originally publiſhed.

as Bernard Lintot. If you would give me my revenge, I would only desire of you to let me publish an account of your library, which, I dare say, would furnish out an extraordinary catalogue.

TOM FOLIO [n].'

It hath always been my way to baffle reproach with silence; though I cannot but observe the disingenuous proceedings of this gentleman, who is not content to asperse my writings, but hath wounded, through my sides, those eminent and worthy citizens, Mr. John Morphew, and Mr. Bernard Lintot.

N° 161. Thursday, April 20, 1710.
ADDISON [o].

—— *Nunquam libertas gratior exstat*
Quàm sub rege pio.

Never does liberty appear more amiable than under the government of a pious prince.

From my own Apartment, April 19.

I WAS walking two or three days ago in a very pleasant retirement, and amusing myself

[n] See N° 158, and note.

[o] This paper is ascribed to Addison, on the authority of the list delivered by Steele to Mr. Tickell, as it is reprinted by that gentleman in Addison's Works, 4to. vol. ii. p. 293.

It is likewise marked as a paper of Addison's, in the MS. notes of C. Byron, esq; communicated by J——n H——y. M. See N° 74, note.

with the reading of that ancient and beautiful allegory, called The Tablature of Cebes. I was at laſt ſo tired with my walk, that I ſat down to reſt myſelf upon a bench that ſtood in the midſt of an agreeable ſhade. The muſic of the birds, that filled all the trees about me, lulled me aſleep before I was aware of it; which was followed by a dream, that I impute in ſome meaſure to the foregoing author, who had made an impreſſion upon my imagination, and put me into his own way of thinking.

I fancied myſelf among the Alps, and, as it is natural in a dream, ſeemed every moment to bound from one ſummit to another, until at laſt, after having made this airy progreſs over the tops of ſeveral mountains, I arrived at the very centre of thoſe broken rocks and precipices. I here methought I ſaw a prodigious circuit of hills, that reached above the clouds, and encompaſſed a large ſpace of ground, which I had a great curioſity to look into. I thereupon continued my former way of travelling through a great variety of winter ſcenes, until I had gained the top of theſe white mountains, which ſeemed another Alps of ſnow. I looked down from hence into a ſpacious plain, which was ſurrounded on all ſides by this mound of hills, and which preſented me with the moſt agreeable proſpect I had ever ſeen. There was a greater variety of colours in the embroidery of the meadows, a more lively green in the leaves and graſs, a brighter cryſtal in the ſtreams, than what I ever met with in any other region. The light itſelf had ſomething more ſhining and glorious

in it than that of which the day is made, in other places. I was wonderfully aſtoniſhed at the diſcovery of ſuch a paradiſe amidſt the wildneſs of theſe cold, hoary landſcapes, which lay about it; but found at length, that this happy region was inhabited by the goddeſs of Liberty; whoſe preſence ſoftened the rigours of the climate, enriched the barrenneſs of the ſoil, and more than ſupplied the abſence of the ſun. The place was covered with a wonderful profuſion of flowers, that, without being diſpoſed into regular borders and parterres, grew promiſcuouſly; and had a greater beauty in their natural luxuriancy and diſorder, than they could have received from the checks and reſtraints of art. There was a river that aroſe out of the ſouth ſide of the mountain, that, by an infinite number of turnings and windings, ſeemed to viſit every plant, and cheriſh the ſeveral beauties of the ſpring, with which the fields abounded. After having run to and fro in a wonderful variety of meanders, as unwilling to leave ſo charming a place, it at laſt throws itſelf into the hollow of a mountain; from whence it paſſes under a long range of rocks, and at length riſes in that part of the Alps where the inhabitants think is the firſt ſource of the Rhône. This river, after having made its progreſs through thoſe free nations, ſtagnates in a huge lake [p] at the leaving of them; and no ſooner enters into the regions of ſlavery, but it runs through them with an incredible rapidity, and takes its ſhorteſt way to the ſea.

[p] The lake of Geneva.

I deſcended into the happy fields that lay beneath me, and in the midſt of them beheld the goddeſs ſitting upon a throne. She had nothing to incloſe her but the bounds of her own dominions, and nothing over her head but the heavens. Every glance of her eye caſt a track of light where it fell, that revived the ſpring, and made all things ſmile about her. My heart grew cheerful at the ſight of her; and as ſhe looked upon me, I found a certain confidence growing in me, and ſuch an inward reſolution as I never felt before that time.

On the left-hand of the goddeſs ſat the genius of a Commonwealth, with the cap of Liberty on her head, and in her hand a wand, like that with which a Roman citizen uſed to give his ſlaves their freedom. There was ſomething mean and vulgar, but at the ſame time exceeding bold and daring in her air; her eyes were full of fire; but had in them ſuch caſts of fierceneſs and cruelty, as made her appear to me rather dreadful than amiable. On her ſhoulders ſhe wore a mantle, on which there was wrought a great confuſion of figures. As it flew in the wind, I could not diſcern the particular deſign of them, but ſaw wounds in the bodies of ſome, and agonies in the faces of others; and over one part of it could read in letters of blood, 'The ides of March.'

On the right-hand of the goddeſs was the genius of Monarchy. She was clothed in the whiteſt ermine, and wore a crown of the pureſt gold upon her head. In her hand ſhe held a ſceptre like that which is borne by the Britiſh

monarchs. A couple of tame lions lay crouching at her feet. Her countenance had in it a very great majeſty without any mixture of terror. Her voice was like the voice of an angel, filled with ſo much ſweetneſs, accompanied with ſuch an air of condeſcenſion, as tempered the awfulneſs of her appearance, and equally inſpired love and veneration into the hearts of all that beheld her.

In the train of the goddeſs of Liberty, were the ſeveral Arts and Sciences, who all of them flouriſhed underneath her eye. One of them in particular made a greater figure than any of the reſt, who held a thunder-bolt in her hand, which had the power of melting, piercing, or breaking, every thing that ſtood in its way. The name of this goddeſs was Eloquence.

There were two other dependent goddeſſes, who made a very conſpicuous figure in this bliſsful region. The firſt of them was ſeated upon a hill, that had every plant growing out of it, which the ſoil was in its own nature capable of producing. The other was ſeated in a little iſland, that was covered with groves of ſpices, olives, and orange-trees; and, in a word, with the products of every foreign clime. The name of the firſt was Plenty, of the ſecond Commerce. The firſt leaned her right arm upon a plough, and under her left held a huge horn, out of which ſhe poured a whole Autumn of fruits. The other wore a roſtral crown upon her head, and kept her eyes fixed upon a compaſs.

I was wonderfully pleaſed in ranging through this delightful place, and the more ſo, becauſe

it was not incumbered with fences and inclosures; until at length, methought I ſprung [9] from the ground, and pitched upon the top of a hill, that preſented ſeveral objects to my ſight which I had not before taken notice of. The winds that paſſed over this flowery plain, and through the tops of the trees which were full of bloſſoms, blew upon me in ſuch a continued breeze of ſweets, that I was wonderfully charmed with my ſituation. I here ſaw all the inner declivities of that great circuit of mountains, whoſe outſide was covered with ſnow, overgrown with huge foreſts of fir-trees, which indeed are very frequently found in other parts of the Alps. Theſe trees were inhabited by ſtorks, that came thither in great flights from very diſtant quarters of the world. Methoughts, I was pleaſed in my dream to ſee what became of theſe birds, when upon leaving the places to which they make an annual viſit, they riſe in great flocks *ſo* high *until* they are out of ſight, and for that reaſon have been thought by ſome modern philoſophers to take a flight to the moon. But my eyes were ſoon diverted from this proſpect, when I obſerved two great gaps that led through this circuit of mountains, where guards and watches were poſted day and night. Upon examination, I found that there were two formidable enemies encamped before each of theſe avenues, who kept the place in a perpetual alarm, and watched all opportunities of invading it.

[9] The participle for the præterite.

Tyranny was at the head of one of these armies, dressed in an Eastern habit, and grasping in her hand an iron sceptre. Behind her was Barbarity, with the garb and complexion of an Ethiopian; Ignorance, with a turbant upon her head; and Persecution holding up a bloody flag, embroidered with flower-de-luces. These were followed by Oppression, Poverty, Famine, Torture, and a dreadful train of appearances that made me tremble to behold them. Among the baggage of this army, I could discover racks, wheels, chains, and gibbets, with all the instruments art could invent to make human nature miserable.

Before the other avenue I saw Licentiousness, dressed in a garment not unlike the Polish cassock, and leading up a whole army of monsters, such as Clamour, with a hoarse voice and an hundred tongues; Confusion, with a mishapen body, and a thousand heads; Impudence, with a forehead of brass; and Rapine, with hands of iron. The tumult, noise, and uproar in this quarter, were so very great, that they disturbed my imagination more than is consistent with sleep, and by that means awaked me.

N° 162. Saturday, April 22, 1710.
ADDISON[r].

Tertius è cœlo cecidit Cato. Juv. Sat. ii. 40.

See! a third Cato from the clouds is dropt.

R. Wynne.

From my own Apartment, April 21.

In my younger years I uſed many endeavours to get a place at court, and indeed continued my purſuits until I arrived at my grand climacteric. But at length, altogether deſpairing of ſucceſs, whether it were for want of capacity, friends, or due application, I at laſt reſolved to erect a new office, and for my encouragement, to place myſelf in it. For this reaſon, I took upon me the title and dignity of Cenſor of Great Britain, reſerving to myſelf all ſuch perquiſites, profits, and emoluments, as ſhould ariſe out of the diſcharge of the ſaid office. Theſe in truth have not been inconſiderable; for, beſides thoſe weekly contributions which I received from John Morphew [s], and thoſe annual ſubſcriptions which I

[r] This paper appears to have been aſcribed to Addiſon in the liſt delivered by Steele to Mr. Tickell, as it is reprinted in his edition of Addiſon's Works, in 4to. vol. ii. p. 296. It is likewiſe marked as a paper of Addiſon's, in the MS. notes of C. Byron, eſq; communicated by J——n H——y. M. See N° 74, note.

[s] John Morphew, the printer, appears to have ſuperintended the delivery, and received the prices of theſe papers on their firſt periodical publication, for which it ſeems he accounted to Steele weekly, and probably oftener.

propoſe to myſelf from the moſt elegant part of this great iſland, I daily live in a very comfortable affluence of wine, ſtale-beer, Hungary water, beef, books, and marrow-bones, which I receive from many well-diſpoſed citizens; not to mention the forfeitures which accrue to me from the ſeveral offenders that appear before me on court-days.

Having now enjoyed this office for the ſpace of a twelvemonth [t], I ſhall do what all good officers ought to do, take a ſurvey of my behaviour, and conſider carefully, whether I have diſcharged my duty, and acted up to the character with which I am inveſted. For my direction in this particular, I have made a narrow ſearch into the nature of the old Roman cenſors, whom I muſt always regard, not only as my predeceſſors, but as my patterns in this great employment; and have ſeveral times aſked my own heart with great impartiality, whether Cato will not bear a more venerable figure among poſterity than Bickerſtaff?

I find the duty of the Roman cenſor was twofold. The firſt part of it conſiſted in making frequent reviews of the people, in caſting up their numbers, ranging them under their ſeveral tribes, diſpoſing them into proper claſſes, and ſubdividing them into their reſpective centuries.

In compliance of this part of the office, I have taken many curious ſurveys of this great city. I have collected into particular bodies

[t] The firſt paper of the Tatler is dated April 12, 1709.

the [u] dappers and the ſmarts, the natural and affected rakes, the pretty-fellows, and the very pretty-fellows. I have likewiſe drawn out in ſeveral diſtinct parties your pedants and men of fire, your gameſters and politicians. I have ſeparated cits from citizens, freethinkers from philoſophers, wits from ſnuff-takers, and duelliſts from men of honour. I have likewiſe made a calculation of eſquires [u]; not only conſidering the ſeveral diſtinct ſwarms of them that are ſettled in the different parts of this town, but alſo that more rugged ſpecies that inhabit the fields and woods, and are often found in pot-houſes, and upon hay-cocks.

I ſhall paſs the ſoft ſex over in ſilence, having not yet reduced them into any tolerable order; as likewiſe the ſofter tribe of lovers, which will coſt me a great deal of time, before I ſhall be able to caſt them into their ſeveral centuries and ſubdiviſions.

The ſecond part of the Roman cenſor's office was to look into the manners of the people; and to check any growing luxury, whether in diet, dreſs, or building. This duty likewiſe I have endeavoured to diſcharge, by thoſe wholeſome precepts which I have given my countrymen in regard to beef and mutton, and the ſevere cenſures which I have paſſed upon ragoûts and fricaſſees [x]. There is not, as I am informed, a

[u] Tatler, Numbers 85; 26, 28; 27, 143; 21, 22, 24; 158; 61; 13, 14, 15, 56, 57, 59, 62, 64, 65, 66, 68, 70; 40, 155; 25; 108, 111, 135; 35, 141; 25, 26, 28, 29, 30, 39; 19, 115.

[x] See N° 148.

pair of red heels to be ſeen within ten miles of London; which I may likewiſe aſcribe, without vanity, to the becoming zeal which I expreſſed in that particular. I muſt own, my ſucceſs with the petticoat is not ſo great: but as I have not yet done with it, I hope I ſhall in a little time put an effectual ſtop to that growing evil. As for the article of building, I intend hereafter to enlarge upon it; having lately obſerved ſeveral warehouſes, nay private ſhops, that ſtand upon Corinthian pillars, and whole rows of tin pots ſhewing themſelves, in order to their ſale, through a ſaſh-window [y].

I have likewiſe followed the example of the Roman cenſors, in puniſhing offences according to the quality of the offender. It was uſual for them to expel a ſenator, who had been guilty of great immoralities, out of the ſenate-houſe, by omitting his name when they called over the liſt of his brethren. In the ſame manner, to remove effectually ſeveral worthleſs men who ſtand poſſeſſed of great honours, I have made frequent draughts of dead men out of the vicious part of the nobility, and given them up to the new ſociety of upholders, with the neceſſary orders for their interment. As the Roman cen-

[y] Theſe pillars and ſaſh-windows ſeem to be mentioned here as novelties and luxuries, from which it may be inferred, that the ſhops in London began to be ſhut in and glazed, in 1710, or a little ſooner. Several prints might eaſily be referred to, containing repreſentations of the old ſhops without windows. Some few ſuch, particularly among the woollen-drapers, remain to this day.

There was therefore at that time more propriety than there is now in the phraſe 'of keeping open ſhop.'

ſors uſed to puniſh the knights or gentlemen of Rome, by taking away their horſes from them, I have ſeized the canes of many criminals of figure, whom I had juſt reaſon to animadvert upon. As for the offenders among the common people of Rome, they were generally chaſtiſed by being thrown out of a higher tribe, and placed in one which was not ſo honourable. My reader cannot but think I have had an eye to this puniſhment, when I have degraded one ſpecies of men into bombs, ſquibs, and crackers[z], and another into drums, baſs-viols, and bag-pipes[a]; not to mention whole packs of delinquents whom I have ſhut up in kennels, and the new hoſpital[b] which I am at preſent erecting for the reception of thoſe my countrymen, who give me but little hopes of their amendment, on the borders of Moorfields. I ſhall only obſerve upon this laſt particular, that ſince ſome late ſurveys I have taken of this iſland, I ſhall think it neceſſary to enlarge the plan of the buildings which I deſign in this quarter.

When my great predeceſſor, Cato the elder, ſtood for the cenſorſhip of Rome, there were ſeveral other competitors who offered themſelves; and, to get an intereſt amongſt the people, gave them great promiſes of the mild and gentle treatment which they would uſe towards them in that office. Cato, on the contrary, told them, he preſented himſelf as a candidate, becauſe he knew the age was ſunk in immorality and cor-

[z] See N° 188.

[a] See N° 188.

[b] N° 153, and N° 156.

ruption; and that, if they would give him their votes, he would promiſe them to make uſe of ſuch a ſtrictneſs and ſeverity of diſcipline, as ſhould recover them out of it. The Roman hiſtorians, upon this occaſion, very much celebrated the public-ſpiritedneſs of that people, who choſe Cato for their cenſor, notwithſtanding his method of recommending himſelf. I may in ſome meaſure extol my own countrymen upon the ſame account; who, without any reſpect to party, or any application from myſelf, have made ſuch generous ſubſcriptions [c] for the

[c] This alludes not only to the extenſive ſale, and great profits of theſe papers on their periodical publication, but alſo, and chiefly, to the very numerous and reſpectable ſubſcriptions for the re-publication of them in their firſt edition in octavo, at the very extraordinary price of one guinea for each volume.

Theſe very generous ſubſcriptions, forwarded by no particular party, and unſolicited by the perſon principally concerned, were an unequivocal extraordinary mark of general approbation, ſo lucrative and ſo honourable to Steele, that they well deſerved this grateful public acknowledgment. It ſtands here an additional proof of ſome part of what has been advanced in the note on N° 80; and was drawn up, as it appears, not by Steele himſelf, but by his friend Addiſon, who poſſibly might be very active in promoting theſe generous ſubſcriptions, though it is very probable that he himſelf was intereſted in them, and benefited by them, as Dr. Johnſon affirms.

The alledged price of a guinea for a volume in 8vo, on which this note proceeds, being very remarkable, and rare perhaps to ſingularity, that fact has been conſidered at ſome length, and aſcertained as it is thought ſufficiently. Such therefore as have any curioſity or doubt about it, are referred to the note abovementioned on N° 80.

Steele, it may be thought, diſpoſed of the more beautiful copies in 8vo. on royal paper to his particular friends; but unfortunately his generoſity and his circumſtances were almoſt

Cenſor of Great Britain, as will give a magnificence to my old age, and which I eſteem more than I would any poſt in Europe of an hundred times the value. I ſhall only add, that, upon looking into my catalogue of ſubſcribers [d], which I intend to print alphabetically in the front of my Lucubrations, I find the names of the greateſt beauties and wits in the whole iſland of Great

always at variance, and the conſiderations which, no doubt, prompted and promoted the generous ſubſcriptions here acknowledged, ſeem to militate againſt ſuch a ſuppoſition. Nor does it appear very probable, that theſe ſplendid copies were given to ſome favourite ſubſcribers in preference to others, for ſuch diſtinction, if not really unjuſt, would have ſeemed invidious, and proved the cauſe, or the occaſion, of ſerious inconveniences.

It ſeems, therefore, that the copies of the firſt edition of the Spectator in octavo, on royal paper, were generally ſold, at a more advanced price than even that of one guinea each volume.

The following advertiſement concerning the propoſals for printing, or rather reprinting the Lucubrations, &c. in octavo, appeared firſt in the original paper in folio of Tatler, N° 126, and was continued, with ſome variations, in the form of it, throughout all the ſucceeding papers of the periodical publication in folio, as far as N° 163; ſo that it was only printed once more, after the notice which is given of it here.

*** Propoſals for printing the Lucubrations of Iſaac Bickerſtaff, Eſq; by ſubſcriptions, in two volumes in octavo, on a large character, and fine royal paper, are to be ſeen, and ſubſcriptions taken, at Charles Lillie's, a perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort-buildings, in the Strand; and John Morphew's, near Stationers-hall. All perſons that deſign to ſubſcribe to this work, are deſired to ſend in their ſubſcriptions, the book being put to preſs, in order to be publiſhed with all expedition. Tat. in folio, N° 162, and N° 163.

[d] The curious may ſee a ſatisfactory proof of what is ſaid here, in looking over the liſt of ſubſcribers, reprinted in the edition of the Tatler, in crown 8vo. in ſix volumes, copied faithfully from the firſt edition in 8vo.

Britain; which I only mention for the benefit of any of them who have not yet ſubſcribed, it being my deſign to cloſe the ſubſcription in a very ſhort time.

N° 163. Tueſday, April 25, 1710.

ADDISON [e].

Idem inficeto eſt inficetior rure,
Simul poemata attigit; neque idem unquam
Æquè eſt beatus, ac poema cum ſcribit:
Tam gaudet in ſe, tamque ſe ipſe miratur.
Nimirum idem omnes fallimur; neque eſt quiſquam
Quem non in aliquâ re videre Suffenum
Poſſis———— CATUL. de Suffeno, xx. 14.

Suffenus has no more wit than a mere clown when he attempts to write verſes; and yet he is never happier than when he is ſcribbling: ſo much does he admire himſelf and his compoſitions. And, indeed, this is the foible of every one of us; for there is no man living who is not a Suffenus in one thing or other.

Will's Coffee-houſe, April 24.

I YESTERDAY came hither about two hours before the company generally make their appearance, with a deſign to read over all the news-papers; but, upon my ſitting down, I was ac-

[e] This paper appears to have been given to Addiſon, in the liſt delivered by Steele to Mr. Tickell, as it is republiſhed in that gentleman's edition of Addiſon's Works, in 4to. vol. ii. p. 299. It is likewiſe marked as a paper of Addiſon, in the MS. notes of C. Byron, eſq; communicated by J——n H——y. M. See N° 74, note.

coſted by Ned Softly [f], who ſaw me from a corner in the other end of the room, where I found he had been writing ſomething. 'Mr. Bickerſtaff,' ſays he, 'I obſerve, by a late paper of yours, that you and I are juſt of a humour; for you muſt know, of all impertinencies, there is nothing which I ſo much hate as news. I never read a Gazette in my life; and never trouble my head about our armies, whether they win or loſe, or in what part of the world they lie encamped.' Without giving me time to reply,

[f] Whether the ſonnet, which is the ſubject of criticiſm in this paper, was fabricated by Addiſon, for the purpoſe of merriment, or publiſhed by one or other of the gentlemen rallied here, under the fictitious names of Ned Softly and Dick Eaſy, this annotator cannot poſitively affirm.

Edward Howard, earl of Surrey, had a great inclination to verſify, and, though his furor was not of the true poetic ſort, yet, as Walpole informs us, he actually publiſhed, in 1725, a volume in 8vo. under the title of Miſcellanies in Proſe and Verſe, by a Perſon of Quality.

He had the misfortune to be of both the ſame names with the honourable Edward Howard, about the time here ſpoken of, ſo much ridiculed as a writer, that no printer would meddle with his works. His lordſhip, being much in the ſame predicament with his kinſman, applied to a gentleman, well known in the literary world, to recommend him to ſome printer of his acquaintance.

It ſeems that the female charms deſcribed in this nobleman's ſonnets were copied from real life, and that he kept a ſeraglio of beauties, who were always in waiting to diſplay their reſpective perfections, at whatever time his lordſhip was in the humour to employ his pen, or his pencil.

The honourable Edward Howard, who publiſhed plays, poems, and eſſays, has been mentioned in preceding notes. See N° 17, and N° 21.

He was of his lordſhip's family, and had a kindred ſpirit. The reader may take his choice of a Ned Softly from between them.

he drew a paper of verſes out of his pocket, telling me, that he had ſomething which would entertain me more agreeably; and that he would deſire my judgment upon every line, for that we had time enough before us until the company came in.

Ned Softly is a very pretty poet, and a great admirer of eaſy lines. Waller is his favourite: and, as that admirable writer has the beſt and worſt verſes of any among our great Engliſh poets, Ned Softly has got all the bad ones without book; which he repeats upon occaſion, to ſhew his reading, and garniſh his converſation. Ned is indeed a true Engliſh reader, incapable of reliſhing the great and maſterly ſtrokes of this art; but wonderfully pleaſed with the little gothic ornaments of epigrammatical conceits, turns, points, and quibbles, which are ſo frequent in the moſt admired of our Engliſh poets, and practiſed by thoſe who want genius and ſtrength to repreſent, after the manner of the ancients, ſimplicity in its natural beauty and perfection.

Finding myſelf unavoidably engaged in ſuch a converſation, I was reſolved to turn my pain into a pleaſure, and to divert myſelf as well as I could with ſo very odd a fellow. 'You muſt underſtand,' ſays Ned, 'that the ſonnet I am going to read to you was written upon a lady, who ſhewed me ſome verſes of her own making, and is, perhaps, the beſt poet of our age. But you ſhall hear it.'

Upon which he began to read as follows:

'To Mira, on her incomparable poems.

I.

'When dreſs'd in laurel wreaths you ſhine,
And tune your ſoft melodious notes,
You ſeem a ſiſter of the Nine,
Or Phoebus' ſelf in petticoats.

II.

'I fancy, when your ſong you ſing,
(Your ſong you ſing with ſo much art)
Your pen was pluck'd from Cupid's wing;
For, ah! it wounds me like his dart.'

'Why,' ſays I, 'this is a little noſegay of conceits, a very lump of ſalt: every verſe has ſomething in it that piques; and then the dart in the laſt line is certainly as pretty a ſting in the tail of an epigram, for ſo I think you critics call it, as ever entered into the thought of a poet.' 'Dear Mr. Bickerſtaff,' ſays he, ſhaking me by the hand, 'every body knows you to be a judge of theſe things; and, to tell you truly, I read over Roſcommon's tranſlation of Horace's Art of Poetry, three ſeveral times, before I ſat down to write the ſonnet which I have ſhewn you. But you ſhall hear it again, and pray obſerve every line of it; for not one of them ſhall paſs without your approbation.

'When dreſs'd in laurel wreaths you ſhine,

'That is,' ſays he, 'when you have your garland on; when you are writing verſes.' To

which I replied, 'I know your meaning: a metaphor?' 'The ſame,' ſaid he, and went on;

'And tune your ſoft melodious notes,

'Pray obſerve the gliding of that verſe; there is ſcarce a conſonant in it: I took care to make it run upon liquids. Give me your opinion of it.' 'Truly,' ſaid I, 'I think it as good as the former.' 'I am very glad to hear you ſay ſo,' ſays he; 'but mind the next:

'You ſeem a ſiſter of the Nine,

'That is,' ſays he, 'you ſeem a ſiſter of the Muſes; for, if you look into ancient authors, you will find it was their opinion, that there were nine of them.' 'I remember it very well,' ſaid I; 'but pray proceed.'

'Or Phoebus' ſelf in petticoats.

'Phoebus,' ſays he, 'was the god of poetry. Theſe little inſtances, Mr. Bickerſtaff, ſhew a gentleman's reading. Then, to take off from the air of learning, which Phoebus and the Muſes had given to this firſt ſtanza, you may obſerve, how it falls all of a ſudden into the familiar—in petticoats!

'Or Phoebus ſelf in petticoats.'

'Let us now,' ſays I, 'enter upon the ſecond ſtanza; I find the firſt line is ſtill a continuation of the metaphor:

'I fancy, when your ſong you ſing.'

'It is very right,' ſays he; 'but pray obſerve the turn of words in thoſe two lines. I was a whole hour in adjuſting *of* them, and have ſtill a doubt upon me, whether in the ſecond line it ſhould be "Your ſong you ſing;" or, "You ſing your ſong?" You ſhall hear them both:

'I fancy, when your ſong you ſing,
(Your ſong you ſing with ſo much art)

'OR,

'I fancy, when your ſong you ſing,
(You ſing your ſong with ſo much art).'

'Truly,' ſaid I, 'the turn is ſo natural either way, that you have made me almoſt giddy with it.' 'Dear ſir,' ſaid he, graſping me by the hand, 'you have a great deal of patience; but pray what do you think of the next verſe?

'Your pen was pluck'd from Cupid's wing.'

'Think!' ſays I; 'I think you have made Cupid look like a little gooſe.' 'That was my meaning,' ſays he: 'I think the ridicule is well enough hit off. But we come now to the laſt, which ſums up the whole matter:

'For, ah! it wounds me like his dart.

'Pray how do you like that ah! doth it not make a pretty figure in that place? Ah!—— it looks as if I felt the dart, and cried out as being pricked with it:

'For, ah! it wounds me like his dart.

'My friend Dick Eaſy [g],' continued he, 'aſſured me, he would rather have written that ah! than to have been the author of the Æneid. He indeed objected, that I made Mira's pen like a quill in one of the lines, and like a dart in the other. But as to that———' 'Oh! as to that,' ſays I, 'it is but ſuppoſing Cupid to be like a porcupine, and his quills and darts will be the ſame thing.' He was going to embrace me for the hint; but half a dozen critics coming into the room, whoſe faces he did not like, he conveyed the ſonnet into his pocket, and whiſpered me in the ear, he would ſhew it me again as ſoon as his man had written it over fair.

[g] It would ſeem, from what we are told by Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, jun. in Pylades and Corinna, vol. i. p. 194, that Henry Cromwell, eſq; was the perſon here meant by Dick Eaſy. See N° 47, N° 49, N° 165, and notes.

N° 164. Thurſday, April 27, 1710.
STEELE.

——*Qui promittit cives, urbem, ſibi curæ,*
Imperium fore, et Italiam, et delubra deorum,
Quo patre ſit natus, num ignotâ matre inhoneſtus?
Omnes mortales curare et quærere cogit.

HOR. 1. Sat. vi. 34.

Whoever promiſes to guard the ſtate,
The gods, the temples, and imperial ſeat,
Makes ev'ry mortal aſk his father's name,
Or if his mother was a ſlave-born dame?

FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, April 26.

I HAVE lately been looking over the many packets of letters which I have received from all quarters of Great Britain, as well as from foreign countries, ſince my entering upon the office of Cenſor; and indeed am very much ſurpriſed to ſee ſo great a number of them, and pleaſed to think that I have ſo far increaſed the revenue of the poſt-office. As this collection will grow daily, I have digeſted it into ſeveral bundles, and made proper indorſements on each particular letter; it being my deſign, when I lay down the work that I am now engaged in, to erect a paper-office, and give it to the public[h].

[h] What this writer conceives to be meant here by a paper office, was afterwards, by the permiſſion of Steele, and under his proper reſtrictions, erected by Charles Lillie, who printed, for his own benefit, two volumes in 8vo. of letters not made uſe of in the Tatler, Spectator, &c. See N° 13, N° 110, and notes.

I could not but make ſeveral obſervations upon reading over the letters of my correſpondents. As, firſt of all, on the different taſtes that reign in the different parts of this city. I find, by the approbations which are given me, that I am ſeldom famous on the ſame days on both ſides of Temple-bar; and that, when I am in the greateſt repute within the liberties, I dwindle at the court-end of the town. Sometimes I ſink in both theſe places at the ſame time; but, for my comfort, my name hath then been up in the diſtricts of Wapping and Rotherhithe [i]. Some of my correſpondents deſire me to be always ſerious, and others to be always merry. Some of them intreat me to go to bed and fall into a dream, and like me better when I am aſleep than when I am awake: others adviſe me to ſit all night upon the ſtars, and be more frequent in my aſtrological obſervations; for that a viſion is not properly a Lucubration. Some of my readers thank me for filling my paper with the flowers of antiquity, others deſire news from Flanders. Some approve my criticiſms on the dead, and others my cenſures on the living. For this reaſon, I once reſolved, in the new edition of my works, to range my ſeveral papers under diſtinct heads, according as their principal deſign was to benefit and inſtruct

[i] See N° 105. It ſeems, from what is acknowledged here, that the ſtory of Will Roſin the fidler, whether true or falſe, was, at its firſt publication, nearly as unintereſting as it is now. It was not reliſhed either within the liberties, or at the court end of the town, and was only popular in the diſtricts of Wapping and Rotherhithe.

the different capacities of my readers; and to follow the example of ſome very great authors, by writing at the head of each diſcourſe, *Ad Aulam*, *Ad Academiam*, *Ad Populum*, *Ad Clerum* [k].

There is no particular in which my correſpondents of all ages, conditions, ſexes, and complexions, univerſally agree, except only in their thirſt after ſcandal. It is impoſſible to conceive, how many have recommended their neighbours to me upon this account, or how unmercifully I have been abuſed by ſeveral unknown hands, for not publiſhing the ſecret hiſtories of cuckoldom that I have received from almoſt every ſtreet in town.

It would indeed be very dangerous for me to read over the many praiſes and eulogiums, which come poſt to me from all the corners of the nation, were they not mixed with many checks, reprimands, ſcurrilities, and reproaches; which ſeveral of my good-natured countrymen cannot forbear ſending me, though it often coſts them two-pence or a groat before they can convey them to my hands [l]: ſo that ſometimes when I am

[k] An edition of the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian, on this plan, in four volumes, containing ſeparately the papers adapted to 'The Court, The Univerſity, The People, and Clergy,' might be attended with advantages; but, from the mixt nature of many, and indeed moſt of the papers, it would be a work attended with difficulty, and the loſs of many beautiful introductions, connections, &c.

[l] It may be inferred from what is ſaid here, that Bickerſtaff inſiſted that his correſpondents ſhould pay for the carriage of the letters they ſent. The poſtage of a ſingle letter to any place not exceeding 80 miles was then but 2d. and a double letter 4d. But in the very next ſeſſion of parliament the poſtage to the ſame diſtance was advanced to 3d. and 6d.;

put into the beſt humour in the world, after having read a panegyric upon my performances, and looked upon myſelf as a benefactor to the Britiſh nation, the next letter, perhaps, I open, begins with, ‘ You old doting ſcoundrel !—— Are not you a ſad dog ?——Sirrah, you deſerve to have your noſe ſlit ;’ and the like ingenious conceits. Theſe little mortifications are neceſſary to ſuppreſs that pride and vanity which naturally ariſe in the mind of a received author, and enable me to bear the reputation which my courteous readers beſtow upon me, without becoming a coxcomb by it. It was for the ſame reaſon, that when a Roman general entered the city in the pomp of a triumph, the commonwealth allowed of ſeveral little drawbacks to his reputation, by conniving at ſuch of the rabble as repeated libels and lampoons upon him within his hearing; and by that means engaged his thoughts upon his weakneſs and imperfections, as well as on the merits that advanced him to ſo great

and in September 1784, it was ſtill further advanced to 4d. and 8d.

That Bickerſtaff had correſpondents who begrudged the expence of poſtage, and did not pay for the carriage of their letters, is certain from an advertiſement ſubjoined to N° 186. in folio ; but, from the manner in which they are mentioned in that advertiſement, it ſeems that they tranſgreſſed the ordinary form and rules of this correſpondence.

It appears, however, probable that Bickerſtaff's coadjutors and principal friends did not pay for the conveyance of their communications ; for, at the cloſe of N° 117, in folio, he gives his thanks, and humble ſervice, for a parcel of letters value ten ſhillings, of which, it is ſaid there, that the ſubſequent letter was one ; meaning, as this writer apprehends, the firſt letter in the next paper, N° 118, dated from the banks of Styx, and ſigned John Partridge.

honours. The conqueror, however, was not the leſs eſteemed for being a man in ſome particulars, becauſe he appeared as a god in others.

There is another circumſtance in which my countrymen have dealt very perverſely with me; and that is, in ſearching not only into my life, but alſo into the lives of my anceſtors. If there has been a blot in my family for theſe ten generations, it hath been diſcovered by ſome or other of my correſpondents. In ſhort, I find the ancient family of the Bickerſtaffs has ſuffered very much through the malice and prejudice of my enemies. Some of them twit me in the teeth with the conduct of my aunt Margery [m]. Nay, there are ſome who have been ſo diſingenuous, as to throw Maud the milk-maid [n] into my diſh, notwithſtanding I myſelf was the firſt who diſcovered that alliance. I reap however many benefits from the malice of theſe enemies, as they let me ſee my own faults, and give me a view of myſelf in the worſt light; as they hinder me from being blown up by flattery and ſelf-conceit; as they make me keep a watchful eye over my own actions; and at the ſame time make me cautious how I talk of others, and particularly of my friends and relations, or value myſelf upon the antiquity of my family.

But the moſt formidable part of my correſpondents are thoſe, whoſe letters are filled with threats and menaces. I have been treated ſo often after this manner, that, not thinking it ſufficient to fence well, in which I am now ar-

[m] See N° 151. [n] See N° 75.

rived at the utmoſt perfection °, and to carry piſtols about me, which I have always tucked within my girdle; I ſeveral months ſince made my will, ſettled my eſtate, and took leave of my friends, looking upon myſelf as no better than a dead man. Nay, I went ſo far as to write a long letter to the moſt intimate acquaintance I have in the world, under the character of a departed perſon, giving him an account of what brought me to that untimely end, and of the fortitude with which I met it. This letter being too long for the preſent paper, I intend to print it by itſelf very ſuddenly; and at the ſame time I muſt confeſs, I took my hint of it from the behaviour of an old ſoldier in the civil wars, who was corporal of a company in a regiment of foot, about the ſame time that I myſelf was a cadet in the king's army.

This gentleman was taken by the enemy; and the two parties were upon ſuch terms at that time, that we did not treat each other as priſoners of war, but as traitors and rebels. The poor corporal being condemned to die, wrote a letter to his wife when under ſentence of execution. He writ on the Thurſday, and was to be executed on the Friday: but, conſidering that the letter would not come to his wife's hands until Saturday, the day after execution, and being

° A man arrived at the age of Bickerſtaff, under the infirmities that neceſſarily accompany that advanced period of human life, looking through ſpectacles, can ill be ſuppoſed to have acquired perfection in the art of fencing, in the practice of which he only began to exerciſe himſelf but a few months before. See N° 173. A.

at that time more ſcrupulous than ordinary in ſpeaking exact truth, he formed his letter rather according to the poſture of his affairs when ſhe ſhould read it, than as they ſtood when he ſent it: though, it muſt be confeſſed, there is a certain perplexity in the ſtyle of it, which the reader will eaſily pardon, conſidering his circumſtances.

'DEAR WIFE,

'HOPING you are in good health, as I am at this preſent writing; this is to let you know, that yeſterday, between the hours of eleven and twelve, I was hanged, drawn, and quartered. I died very penitently, and every body thought my caſe very hard. Remember me kindly to my poor fatherleſs children.

Yours, until death,

W. B.'

It ſo happened, that this honeſt fellow was relieved by a party of his friends, and had the ſatisfaction to ſee all the rebels hanged who had been his enemies. I muſt not omit a circumſtance which expoſed him to raillery his whole life after. Before the arrival of the next poſt, that would have ſet all things clear, his wife was married to a ſecond huſband, who lived in the peaceable poſſeſſion of her; and the corporal, who was a man of plain underſtanding, did not care to ſtir in the matter, as knowing that ſhe had the news of his death under his own hand, which ſhe might have produced upon occaſion.

N° 165. Saturday, April 29, 1710.
ADDISON[P].

From my own Apartment, April 28.

It has always been my endeavour to diſtinguiſh between realities and appearances, and to ſeparate true merit from the pretence to it. As it ſhall ever be my ſtudy to make diſcoveries of this nature in human life, and to ſettle the proper diſtinctions between the virtues and perfections of mankind, and thoſe falſe colours and reſemblances of them that ſhine alike in the eyes of the vulgar; ſo I ſhall be more particularly careful to ſearch into the various merits and pretences of the learned world. This is the more neceſſary, becauſe there ſeems to be a general combination among the pedants to extol one another's labours, and cry up one another's parts; while men of ſenſe, either through that modeſty which is natural to them, or the ſcorn they have for ſuch trifling commendations, enjoy their ſtock of knowledge, like a hidden treaſure, with ſatisfaction and ſilence. Pedantry indeed in learning is like hypocriſy in religion, a form of knowledge without the power of it; that attracts the

[P] This paper appears to have been aſcribed to Addiſon, in the liſt delivered by Steele to Mr. Tickell, as it is republiſhed in that gentleman's edition of Addiſon's Works, in 4to. vol. ii. p. 302. And it is likewiſe marked as a paper written by Addiſon, in the MS. notes of C. Byron, eſq; communicated by J—n H—y. M. See N° 74, note.

eyes of the common people; breaks out in noiſe and ſhow; and finds its reward not from any inward pleaſure that attends it, but from the praiſes and approbations which it receives from men.

Of this ſhallow ſpecies there is not a more importunate, empty, and conceited animal, than that which is generally known by the name of a critic. This, in the common acceptation of the word, is one that, without entering into the ſenſe and ſoul of an author, has a few general rules, which, like mechanical inſtruments, he applies to the works of every writer; and, as they quadrate with them, pronounces the author perfect or defective. He is maſter of a certain ſet of words, as 'unity, ſtyle, fire, phlegm, eaſy, natural, turn, ſentiment,' and the like; which he varies, compounds, divides, and throws together, in every part of his diſcourſe, without any thought or meaning. The marks you may know him by are, an elevated eye, and dogmatical brow, a poſitive voice, and a contempt for every thing that comes out, whether he has read it or not. He dwells altogether in generals. He praiſes or diſpraiſes in the lump. He ſhakes his head very frequently at the pedantry of univerſities, and burſts into laughter when you mention an author that is not known at Will's. He hath formed his judgement upon Homer, Horace, and Virgil, not from their own works, but from thoſe of Rapin and Boſſu. He knows his own ſtrength ſo well, that he never dares praiſe any thing in which he has not a French author for his voucher.

With theſe extraordinary talents and accompliſhments, ſir Timothy Tittle [q] puts men in vogue, or condemns them to obſcurity; and ſits as judge of life and death upon every author that appears in public. It is impoſſible to repreſent the pangs, agonies, and convulſions, which ſir Timothy expreſſes in every feature of his face, and muſcle of his body, upon the reading of a bad poet.

About a week ago, I was engaged at a friend's houſe of mine, in an agreeable converſation with his wife and daughters, when in the height of our mirth, ſir Timothy, who makes love to my friend's eldeſt daughter, came in amongſt us, puffing and blowing as if he had been very much out of breath. He immediately called for a chair, and deſired leave to ſit down without any further ceremony. I aſked him, where he had been? whether he was out of order? He only replied, that he was quite ſpent, and fell a curſing in ſoliloquy. I could hear him cry, 'A wicked rogue——An execrable wretch—Was there ever ſuch a monſter!'—The young ladies upon this began to be affrighted, and aſked,

[q] Henry Cromwell, eſq; is ſaid to have been the original of ſir Timothy Tittle. If the teſtimony on which this is alledged be to be credited, this gentleman was, 'the butt of the Tatler,' more than once, twice, or thrice. It is ſaid that H. Cromwell, eſq; is characteriſed in the Tatler, under the fictitious names of ſquire Eaſy, the amorous Bard, of ſir Taffety Trippet, the fortune-hunter; of Limberham, in N° 49, and of ſir Timothy Tittle, the critic. See N° 47, N° 49, N° 163, and Pylades and Corinna; or Memoirs of the Lives, &c. of Richard Gwinnet, eſq; and Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, 8vo. 2 vols. 1731, vol. i. p. 194, and p. 96. See Pope's Works, *paſſim*.

whether any one had hurt him? He anſwered nothing, but ſtill talked to himſelf. 'To lay the firſt ſcene,' ſays he, 'in St. James's-park, and the laſt in Northamptonſhire!' 'Is that all?' ſaid I. 'Then I ſuppoſe you have been at the rehearſal of a play this morning.' 'Been!' ſays he, 'I have been at Northampton, in the Park, in a lady's bed-chamber, in a dining-room, every where; the rogue has led me ſuch a dance——' Though I could ſcarce forbear laughing at his diſcourſe, I told him I was glad it was no worſe, and that he was only metaphorically weary. 'In ſhort, ſir,' ſays he, 'the author has not obſerved a ſingle unity in his whole play; the ſcene ſhifts in every dialogue; the villain has hurried me up and down at ſuch a rate, that I am tired off my legs.' I could not but obſerve, with ſome pleaſure, that the young lady whom he made love to, conceived a very juſt averſion towards him, upon ſeeing him ſo very paſſionate in trifles. And as ſhe had that natural ſenſe which makes her a better judge than a thouſand critics, ſhe began to rally him upon this fooliſh humour. 'For my part,' ſays ſhe, 'I never knew a play take that was written up to your rules, as you call them.' 'How, madam!' ſays he, 'is that your opinion? I am ſure you have a better taſte.' 'It is a pretty kind of magic,' ſays ſhe, 'the poets have, to tranſport an audience from place to place without the help of a coach and horſes; I could travel round the world at ſuch a rate. It is ſuch an entertainment as an enchantreſs finds when ſhe fancies herſelf in a wood, or upon a mountain, at a feaſt, or a ſo-

lemnity; though at the ſame time ſhe has never ſtirred out of her cottage.' 'Your ſimile, madam,' ſays ſir Timothy, 'is by no means juſt.' 'Pray,' ſays ſhe, 'let my ſimiles paſs without a criticiſm. I muſt confeſs,' continued ſhe, (for I found ſhe was reſolved to exaſperate him) 'I laughed very heartily at the laſt new comedy which you found ſo much fault with.' 'But, madam,' ſays he, 'you ought not to have laughed; and I defy any one to ſhew me a ſingle rule that you could laugh by.' 'Ought not to laugh!' ſays ſhe; 'pray who ſhould hinder me?' 'Madam,' ſays he, 'there are ſuch people in the world as Rapin, Dacier, and ſeveral others, that ought to have ſpoiled your mirth.' 'I have heard,' ſays the young lady, 'that your great critics are always very bad poets: I fancy there is as much difference between the works of the one and the other, as there is between the carriage of a dancing-maſter and a gentleman. I muſt confeſs,' continued ſhe, 'I would not be troubled with ſo fine a judgment as yours is; for I find you feel more vexation in a bad comedy, than I do in a deep tragedy.' 'Madam,' ſays ſir Timothy, 'that is not my fault; they ſhould learn the art of writing.' 'For my part,' ſays the young lady, 'I ſhould think the greateſt art in your writers of comedies is to pleaſe.' 'To pleaſe!' ſays ſir Timothy; and immediately fell a laughing. 'Truly,' ſays ſhe, 'that is my opinion.' Upon this, he compoſed his countenance, looked upon his watch, and took his leave.

I hear that ſir Timothy has not been at my friend's houſe ſince this notable conference, to

the great ſatisfaction of the young lady, who by this means has got rid of a very impertinent fop.

I muſt confeſs I could not but obſerve, with a great deal of ſurpriſe, how this gentleman, by his ill-nature, folly, and affectation, had made himſelf capable of ſuffering ſo many imaginary pains, and looking with ſuch a ſenſeleſs ſeverity upon the common diverſions of life.

*** At the deſire of ſeveral ladies of quality, and for the entertainment of the emperor of the Mohocks, and the three Indian kings, being the laſt time of their appearance in public, on Monday next, the 1ſt of May, for the benefit of Mrs. Hemmings, at the great room in York-buildings, will be performed a *conſort* of vocal and inſtrumental muſic, by the beſt maſters. Wherein Mrs. Hemmings and others will ſing in Engliſh and Italian ſeveral new cantatas, ſongs, and other pieces of muſic. She alſo accompanies to her own voice on the harpſichord, being the firſt time of her appearance in public. To begin at eight in the evening. Tickets to be had, at 5s. each, at Mr. Hemmings's, in Playhouſe-court, in Drury-lane, &c. O. F. See Spect. N° 50, and Tat. N° 171, note.

N. B. The words of the cantatas here mentioned, were by Mr. John Hughes, and the muſic by John Chriſtopher Pepuſch, one of the greateſt theoretic muſicians of modern times, admitted to the degree of doctor of muſic at Oxford, in 1713. He married ſignora Margarita De l'Epine, and died at the Charter-houſe where he was organiſt in 1752. See Hawkins's Hiſt. of Muſic, v. 5. b. 2. c. 10; and Tat. N° 150, note on Pepuſch, &c.

N° 166. Tueſday, May 2, 1710.
STEELE.

———*Dicenda, tacenda locutus.*

HOR. Ep. vii. 72.

———————He ſaid,
Or right, or wrong, what came into his head.

FRANCIS.

White's Chocolate-houſe, May 1.

THE world is ſo overgrown with ſingularities in behaviour, and method of living, that I have no ſooner laid before mankind the abſurdity of one ſpecies of men, but there ſtarts up to my view ſome new ſect of impertinents that had before eſcaped notice. This afternoon, as I was walking with fine Mrs. Sprightly's porter, and deſiring admittance upon an extraordinary occaſion, it was my fate to be ſpied by Tom Modely riding by in his chariot. He did me the honour to ſtop, and aſked, what I did there on a Monday? I anſwered, that I had buſineſs of importance, which I wanted to communicate to the lady of the houſe. Tom is one of thoſe fools, who look upon knowledge of the faſhion to be the only liberal ſcience; and was ſo rough as to tell me, that a well-bred man would as ſoon call upon a lady, who keeps a day at midnight, as on any day but that which ſhe profeſſes being at home. 'There are rules and decorums,' adds he, 'which are never to be tranſgreſſed by thoſe who underſtand the world; and he who offends in that kind, ought not to take it ill if

he is turned away, even when he ſees the perſon look out at her window whom he inquires for. Nay,' ſaid he, 'my lady Dimple is ſo poſitive in this rule, that ſhe takes it for a piece of good-breeding and diſtinction to deny herſelf with her own mouth. Mrs. Comma[r], the great ſcholar, inſiſts upon it, and I myſelf have heard her aſſert, that a lord's porter, or a lady's woman, cannot be ſaid to lie in that caſe, becauſe they act by inſtruction; and their words are no more their own, than thoſe of a puppet[s].'

[r] 'I have been informed by a relation of hers, that when Mrs. Mary Aſtell has accidentally ſeen needleſs viſitors coming, whom ſhe knew to be incapable of diſcourſing upon any uſeful ſubject, ſhe would look out of the window, and jeſtingly tell them [as Cato did Nacica] Mrs. Aſtell is not at home; and in good earneſt keep them out, not ſuffering ſuch triflers to make inroads upon her more ſerious hours.' Ballard's Memoirs of Britiſh learned Ladies, 8vo. edit. 1775, p. 309.

If the perſon alluded to here was Mrs. Mary Aſtell, as this writer is inclined to believe, ſhe is much too contemptuouſly denominated, either by the name of Mrs. Comma, or of lady Dimple. Steele ſeems here to have been actuated by that inordinate party-ſpirit that then raged, and at times overpowered his good-nature, and miſled him. In the foul ink of the ſame party, ſaturated with his natural malignity, Swift dipped his pen, when he miſrepreſented this tory lady in N° 32, and N° 63; but he ſoon after made ſuperabundant atonement to the party, by abandoning himſelf to all its rancour. By thus changing ſides, which he ſometimes avows, and at other times denies, he got, or thought he got, 'the little circumſtance of favour and power he wanted,' and diſcovers, that he had more cunning than that in his right hand, of which he brags to lord Bolingbroke. See Swift's Works, vol. xix. p. 3, 68; vol. xxii. p. 23, 24, 58. Letters to Stella *paſſim*, cr. 8vo. and Tat. N° 32, note.

[s] See a curious diſſertation on this ſubject in a little book entitled, Eſſays Moral, Religious, and Miſcellaneous. By

He was going on with his ribaldry, when on a ſudden he looked on his watch, and ſaid, he had twenty viſits to make, and drove away without further ceremony. I was then at leiſure to reflect upon the taſteleſs manner of life, which a ſet of idle fellows lead in this town, and ſpend youth itſelf with leſs ſpirit, than other men do their old age. Theſe expletives in human ſociety, though they are in themſelves wholly inſignificant, become of ſome conſideration when they are mixed with others. I am very much at a loſs how to define, or under what character, diſtinction, or denomination, to place them; except you give me leave to call them the order of the Inſipids. This order is in its extent like that of the Jeſuits; and you ſee of them in every way of life, and in every profeſſion. Tom Modely has long appeared to me at the head of this ſpecies. By being habitually in the beſt company, he knows perfectly well when a coat is well cut, or a perriwig well mounted. As ſoon as you enter the place where he is, he tells the next man to him, who is your taylor, and judges of you more from the choice of your perriwig-maker than of your friend. His buſineſs in this world is to be well dreſſed; and the greateſt circumſtance that is to be recorded in his annals is, that he wears twenty ſhirts a week. Thus, without ever ſpeaking reaſon among the men, or paſſion among the women, he is every where well re-

J. H. [Joſeph Highmore, eſq;] Printed for B. White, 1766, 2 vols. ſmall 8vo. vol. i. p. 37.

ceived; and without any one man's eſteem, he has every man's indulgence.

This order has produced great numbers of tolerable copiers in painting, good rhymers in poetry, and harmleſs projectors in politics. You may ſee them at firſt ſight grow acquainted by ſympathy; inſomuch, that one who had not ſtudied nature, and did not know the true cauſe of their ſudden familiarities, would think that they had ſome ſecret intimation of each other, like the Free-maſons. The other day at Will's I heard Modely, and a critic of the ſame order, ſhew their equal talents with great delight. The learned Inſipid was commending Racine's turns; the genteel Inſipid, Devillier's curls.

Theſe creatures, when they are not forced into any particular employment for want of ideas in their own imaginations, are the conſtant plague of all they meet with, by inquiries for news and ſcandal, which makes them the heroes of viſiting-days; where they help the deſign of the meeting, which is to paſs away that odious thing called time, in diſcourſes too trivial to raiſe any reflections which may put well-bred perſons to the trouble of thinking.

From my own Apartment, May 1.

I WAS looking out of my parlour window this morning, and receiving the honours which Margery, the milk-maid to our lane, was doing me, by dancing before my door with the plate of half her cuſtomers on her head, when Mr.

Clayton[t], the author of Arſinoe, made me a viſit, and deſired me to inſert the following advertiſement in my enſuing paper.

'The paſtoral maſque, compoſed by Mr. Clayton, author of Arſinoe, will be performed on Wedneſday, the third inſtant, in the great room at York-buildings. Tickets to be had at White's Chocolate-houſe, St. James's coffee-houſe, in St. James's-ſtreet, and Young Man's coffee-houſe.

'Note; the tickets delivered out for the twenty-ſeventh of April will be then taken.'

When I granted his requeſt, I made one to him, which was, that the performers ſhould put their inſtruments in tune before the audience came in; for that I thought the reſentment of the Eaſtern prince, who, according to the old ſtory, took tuning for playing, to be very juſt and natural. He was ſo civil, as not only to promiſe that favour; but alſo aſſure me, that he would order the heels of the performers to be muffled in cotton, that the artiſts, in ſo polite an age as ours, may not intermix with their harmony a cuſtom which ſo nearly reſembles the ſtamping-dances of the Weſt Indians or Hottentots.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

'A Baſs-viol of Mr. Bickerſtaff's acquaintance, whoſe mind and fortune do not very

[t] This advertiſement has been printed, as it firſt appeared at the cloſe of N° 163, of which paper it was the concluſion in the original folio. See Spect. N° 258, N° 278, and notes.

exactly agree, propoſes to ſet himſelf to ſale by way of lottery. Ten thouſand pounds is the ſum to be raiſed, at three-pence a ticket, in conſideration that there are more women who are willing to be married, than that can ſpare a greater ſum. He has already made over his perſon to truſtees for the ſaid money to be forthcoming, and ready to take to wife the fortunate woman that wins him.

'N. B. Tickets are given out by Mr. Charles Lillie, and by Mr. John Morphew. Each adventurer muſt be a virgin, and ſubſcribe her name to her ticket [u].'

'Whereas the ſeveral churchwardens of moſt of the pariſhes within the bills of mortality have in an earneſt manner applied themſelves by way of petition, and have alſo made a preſentment, of the vain and looſe deportment during divine ſervice, of perſons of too great figure in all their ſaid pariſhes for their reproof: and whereas it is therein ſet forth, that by ſalutations given each other, hints, ſhrugs, ogles, playing of fans, fooling with canes at their mouths, and other wanton geſticulations, their whole congregation appears rather a theatrical audience, than a houſe of devotion; it is hereby ordered, that all canes, cravats, boſom-laces, muffs, fans, ſnuff-boxes [x], and all other inſtruments made uſe of to give perſons unbecoming airs, ſhall be immediately

[u] See N° 168, petition and letter, &c.

[x] As there is no mention made of glaſſes in this inventory of fine things, it would ſeem that the ſhort-ſightedneſs now ſo faſhionable, is but of very modern date.

forfeited and ſold; and of the ſum ariſing from the ſale thereof, a ninth part ſhall be paid to the poor, and the reſt to the overſeers.'

N° 167. Thurſday, May 4, 1710.
STEELE.

Segniùs irritant animos demiſſa per aures,
Quam quæ ſunt oculis ſubmiſſa fidelibus.—— HOR.

——————What we hear,
With weaker paſſion will affect the heart,
Than when the faithful eye beholds the part. FRAN.

From my own Apartment, May 2.

HAVING received notice, that the famous actor Mr. Betterton [y] was to be interred this evening in the cloyſters near Weſtminſter-abbey, I was reſolved to walk thither, and ſee the laſt office done to a man whom I had always very much admired, and from whoſe action I had received more ſtrong impreſſions of what is great and noble in human nature, than from the arguments of the moſt ſolid philoſophers, or the deſcriptions of the moſt charming poets I had read. As the rude and untaught multitude are no way wrought upon more effectually, than by ſeeing public puniſhments and executions; ſo

[y] Some account of this celebrated player, and of the cauſe or occaſion of his death, has been given in Tatler, Numbers 1, 71, 157. There was, in 1784, an admirable portrait of Betterton by Pope, ſaid to be the only one which that poet ever finiſhed, in the poſſeſſion of the right hon. earl Mansfield, at his houſe in Caen wood.

men of letters and education feel their humanity moſt forcibly exerciſed, when they attend the obſequies of men who had arrived at any perfection in liberal accompliſhments. Theatrical action is to be eſteemed as ſuch, except it be objected, that we cannot call that an art which cannot be attained by art. Voice, ſtature, motion, and other gifts, muſt be very bountifully beſtowed by nature, or labour and induſtry will but puſh the unhappy endeavourer in that way, the further off his wiſhes.

Such an actor as Mr. Betterton ought to be recorded with the ſame reſpect as Roſcius among the Romans. The greateſt orator has thought fit to quote his judgment, and celebrate his life. Roſcius was the example to all that would form themſelves into proper and winning behaviour. His action was ſo well adapted to the ſentiments he expreſſed, that the youth of Rome thought they wanted only to be virtuous, to be as graceful in their appearance as Roſcius. The imagination took a lively impreſſion of what was great and good; and they, who never thought of ſetting up for the art of imitation, became themſelves inimitable characters.

There is no human invention ſo aptly calculated for the forming a free-born people as that of a theatre. Tully reports, that the celebrated player, of whom I am ſpeaking, uſed frequently to ſay, 'The perfection of an actor is only to become what he is doing.' Young men, who are too unattentive to receive lectures, are irreſiſtibly taken with performances. Hence it is, that I extremely lament the little reliſh the gentry

of this nation have at preſent, for the juſt and noble repreſentations in ſome of our tragedies. The operas which are of late introduced, can leave no trace behind them that can be of ſervice beyond the preſent moment. To ſing, and to dance, are accompliſhments very few have any thoughts of practiſing; but to ſpeak juſtly, and move gracefully, is what every man thinks he does perform, or wiſhes he did.

I have hardly a notion, that any performer of antiquity could ſurpaſs the action of Mr. Betterton in any of the occaſions in which he has appeared on our ſtage. The wonderful agony which he appeared in, when he examined the circumſtance of the handkerchief in Othello; the mixture of love that intruded upon his mind, upon the innocent anſwers Deſdemona makes, betrayed in his geſture ſuch a variety and viciſſitude of paſſions, as would admoniſh a man to be afraid of his own heart; and perfectly convince him, that it is to ſtab it, to admit that worſt of daggers, Jealouſy. Whoever reads in his cloſet this admirable ſcene, will find that he cannot, except he has as warm an imagination as Shakeſpeare himſelf, find any but dry, incoherent, and broken ſentences; but a reader that has ſeen Betterton act it, obſerves, there could not be a word added; that longer ſpeeches had been unnatural, nay, impoſſible, in Othello's circumſtances. The charming paſſage in the ſame tragedy, where he tells the manner of winning the affection of his miſtreſs, was urged with ſo moving and graceful an energy, that, while I walked in the cloyſters, I thought of

him with the ſame concern as if I waited for the remains of a perſon, who had in real life done all that I had ſeen him repreſent. The gloom of the place, and faint lights before the ceremony appeared, contributed to the melancholy diſpoſition I was in: and I began to be extremely afflicted, that Brutus and Caſſius had any difference; that Hotſpur's gallantry was ſo unfortunate; and that the mirth and good humour of Falſtaff could not exempt him from the grave. Nay, this occaſion, in me who look upon the diſtinctions amongſt men to be merely ſcenical, raiſed reflections upon the emptineſs of all human perfection, and greatneſs in general; and I could not but regret, that the ſacred heads, which lie buried in the neighbourhood of this little portion of earth in which my poor old friend is depoſited, are returned to duſt as well as he, and that there is no difference in the grave between the imaginary and the real monarch. This made me ſay of human life itſelf, with Macbeth,

'To-morrow, to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in a ſtealing pace from day to day,
To the laſt moment of recorded time!
And all our yeſterdays have lighted fools
To their eternal night! Out, out, ſhort candle!
Life's but a walking ſhadow, a poor player
That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the ſtage,
And then is heard no more.'

The mention I have here made of Mr. Betterton, for whom I had, as long as I have known any thing, a very great eſteem and gratitude for

the pleaſure he gave me, can do him no good; but it may poſſibly be of ſervice to the unhappy woman he has left behind him[z], to have it known, that this great tragedian was never in a ſcene half ſo moving, as the circumſtances of his affairs created at his departure. His wife, after a cohabitation of forty years in the ſtricteſt

[z] In the year 1670, Mr. Thomas Betterton, who made the foremoſt figure among the men in ſir William Davenant's company, married Mrs. Saunderſon, an actreſs in the ſame company, no leſs eminent among the women. Mrs. Saunderſon was bred in ſir William Davenant's houſe; ſhe daily improved herſelf in her profeſſion, and having from nature all the accompliſhments to make a perfect actreſs, ſhe added to them the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of a virtuous life. As an actreſs, and as a woman, ſhe was every thing that human imperfection is capable of arriving at; and Mr. Betterton, by this very judicious marriage, enjoyed, for the remainder of his life, all the happineſs that a perfect union of hearts could beſtow. They were both held in high eſtimation, as appears from the following relation.

In 1675, a paſtoral written by Mr. John Crown, called Caliſto, or The Chaſte Nymph, was performed at the court, by the deſire of queen Catherine, conſort to Charles II. The performers were perſons of the greateſt diſtinction. On that occaſion Mr. Betterton was employed to inſtruct the gentlemen, and Mrs. Betterton was honoured with the tutorage of the ladies, among whom were the two princeſſes Mary and Anne, daughters of the duke of York, who both of them afterwards ſucceeded to the crown of theſe realms. In grateful remembrance of this, queen Anne ſettled a penſion of 100l. per ann. on her old inſtructreſs.

It does not appear that Mrs. Betterton was ever ſenſible of this obligation to her royal pupil; perhaps ſhe never derived any benefit from her majeſty's appointment; certainly ſhe was not an expenſive penſioner on the queen's bounty; for, after lingering in the melancholy circumſtances deſcribed in this paper, ſhe died in April or May 1712; her will, which is in the prerogative court, is dated in March 1711-12.

amity, has long pined away with a ſenſe of his decay, as well in his perſon as his little fortune; and, in proportion to that, ſhe has herſelf decayed both in her health and reaſon. Her huſband's death, added to her age and infirmities, would certainly have determined her life, but that the greatneſs of her diſtreſs has been her relief, by a preſent deprivation of her ſenſes. This abſence of reaſon is her beſt defence againſt age, ſorrow, poverty, and ſickneſs. I dwell upon this account ſo diſtinctly, in obedience to a certain great ſpirit [a], who hides her name, and has by letter applied to me to recommend to her ſome object of compaſſion, from whom ſhe may be concealed.

This, I think, is a proper occaſion for exerting ſuch heroic generoſity; and as there is an ingenuous ſhame in thoſe who have known better fortune, to be reduced to receive obligations, as well as a becoming pain in the truly generous to receive thanks; in this caſe both thoſe delicacies are preſerved; for the perſon obliged is as incapable of knowing her benefactreſs, as her benefactreſs is unwilling to be known by her.

[a] As the royal penſion, mentioned in the preceding note, was not ſettled on Mrs. Betterton till the death of her huſband, perhaps it may be alluded to here. But as it no where appears, ſo far as this writer knows, that her majeſty did Steele the honour of conſulting him by letter, on that, or any other ſimilar occaſion, it is more probable that the 'great ſpirit' here mentioned, was the divine Aſpaſia, the illuſtrious pattern to all who love things praiſe worthy, the honourable lady Elizabeth Haſtings. See N° 42, N° 49, and notes.

ADVERTISEMENT.

'Whereas it hath been ſignified to the Cenſor, that under the pretence that he has encouraged the moving picture [b], and particularly admired the walking ſtatue, ſome perſons within the liberties of Weſtminſter have vended walking pictures, inſomuch, that the ſaid pictures have, within few days after ſales by auction, returned to the habitations of their firſt proprietors; that matter has been narrowly looked into, and orders are given to Pacolet, to take notice of all who are concerned in ſuch frauds, with directions to draw their pictures, that they may be hanged *in effigie in terrorem* to all auctions for the future [c].

N° 168. Saturday, May 6, 1710.
STEELE.

From my own Apartment, May 5.

NEVER was man ſo much teaſed, or ſuffered half ſo much uneaſineſs, as I have done this evening between a couple of fellows, with whom I was unfortunately engaged to ſup, where there were alſo ſeveral others in company. One of them is the moſt invincibly impudent, and the other as incorrigibly abſurd. Upon hearing my name, the man of audacity, as he calls himſelf,

[b] See N° 129, and note. [c] See N° 171, adv.

began to aſſume an awkward way of reſerve by way of ridicule upon me as a cenſor, and ſaid, he muſt have a care of his behaviour, for there would notes be writ upon all that ſhould paſs. The man of freedom and eaſe, for ſuch the other thinks himſelf, aſked me, whether my ſiſter Jenny was breeding or not? After they had done with me, they were impertinent to a very ſmart, but well-bred man; who ſtood his ground very well, and let the company ſee they ought, but could not, be out of countenance. I look upon ſuch a defence as a real good action; for while he received their fire, there was a modeſt and worthy young gentleman ſat ſecure by him, and a lady of the family at the ſame time guarded againſt the nauſeous familiarity of the one, and the more painful mirth of the other. This converſation, where there were a thouſand things ſaid, not worth repeating, made me conſider with myſelf, how it is that men of theſe diſagreeable characters often go great lengths in the world, and ſeldom fail of outſtripping men of merit; nay ſucceed ſo well, that, with a load of imperfections on their heads, they go on in oppoſition to general diſeſteem; while they, who are every way their ſuperiors, languiſh away their days, though poſſeſſed of the approbation and good-will of all who know them.

If we would examine into the ſecret ſprings of action in the impudent and the abſurd, we ſhall find, though they bear a great reſemblance in their behaviour, that they move upon very different principles. The impudent are preſſing,

though they know they are diſagreeable; the abſurd are importunate, becauſe they think they are acceptable. Impudence is a vice, and abſurdity a folly. Sir Francis Bacon [d] talks very agreeably upon the ſubject of impudence. He takes notice, that the orator being aſked, what was the firſt, ſecond, and third requiſite to make a fine ſpeaker? ſtill anſwered, 'Action. This,' ſaid he, 'is the very outward form of ſpeaking; and yet it is what with the generality has more force than the moſt conſummate abilities. Impudence is to the reſt of mankind of the ſame uſe which action is to orators.'

The truth is, the groſs of men are governed more by appearances than realities; and the impudent man in his air and behaviour undertakes for himſelf that he has ability and merit, while the modeſt, or diffident, gives himſelf up as one who is poſſeſſed of neither. For this reaſon, men of front carry things before them with little oppoſition; and make ſo ſkilful an uſe of their talent, that they can grow out of humour like men of conſequence, and be ſour, and make their diſſatisfaction do them the ſame ſervice as deſert. This way of thinking has often furniſhed me with an apology for great men who confer favours on the impudent. In carrying on the government of mankind, they are not to conſider what men they themſelves approve in their cloſets and private converſations; but what men will extend themſelves furtheſt, and more

[d] Shaw's edit. of Bacon's Works, 4to. vol. ii. p. 67, ann. 1733.

generally paſs upon the world for ſuch as their patrons want in ſuch and ſuch ſtations, and conſequently take ſo much work off the hands of thoſe who employ them.

Far be it that I ſhould attempt to leſſen the acceptance which men of this character meet with in the world; but I only humbly propoſe, that they who have merit of a different kind would accompliſh themſelves in ſome degree with this quality, of which I am now treating. Nay, I allow theſe gentlemen to preſs as forward as they pleaſe in the advancements of their intereſts and fortunes, but not to intrude upon others in converſation alſo. Let them do what they can with the rich and the great, as far as they are ſuffered; but let them not interrupt the eaſy and agreeable. They may be uſeful as ſervants in ambition, but never as aſſociates in pleaſure. However, as I would ſtill drive at ſomething inſtructive in every Lucubration, I muſt recommend it to all men who feel in themſelves an impulſe towards attempting laudable actions, to acquire ſuch a degree of aſſurance, as never to loſe the poſſeſſion of themſelves in public or private, ſo far as to be incapable of acting with a due decorum on any occaſion they are called to. It is a mean want of fortitude in a good man, not to be able to do a virtuous action with as much confidence as an impudent fellow does an ill one. There is no way of mending ſuch falſe modeſty, but by laying it down for a rule, that there is nothing ſhameful but what is criminal.

The Jeſuits, an order whoſe inſtitution is perfectly calculated for making a progreſs in the

world, take care to accompliſh their diſciples for it, by breaking them of all impertinent baſhfulneſs, and accuſtoming them to a ready performance of all indifferent things. I remember in my travels, when I was once at a public exerciſe in one of their ſchools, a young man made a moſt admirable ſpeech, with all the beauty of action, cadence of voice, and force of argument imaginable, in defence of the love of glory. We were all enamoured with the grace of the youth, as he came down from the deſk where he ſpoke, to preſent a copy of his ſpeech to the head of the ſociety. The principal received it in a very obliging manner, and bid him go to the market-place and fetch a joint of meat, for he ſhould dine with him. He bowed, and in a trice the orator returned, full of the ſenſe of glory in this obedience, and with the beſt ſhoulder of mutton in the market.

This treatment capacitates them for every ſcene of life. I therefore recommend it to the conſideration of all who have the inſtruction of youth, which of the two is the more inexcuſable, he who does every thing by the mere force of his impudence, or he who performs nothing through the oppreſſion of his modeſty? In a word, it is a weakneſs not to be able to attempt what a man thinks he ought, and there is no modeſty but in ſelf-denial.

P. S. Upon my coming home I received the following petition and letter:

'*The humble petition of Sarah Lately,*

'SHEWETH,

'THAT your petitioner has been one of thoſe ladies who has had fine things conſtantly ſpoken to her in general terms, and lived, during her moſt blooming years, in daily expectation of declarations of marriage, but never had one made to her.

'That ſhe is now in her grand climacteric; which being above the ſpace of four virginities, accounting at fifteen years each;

'Your petitioner moſt humbly prays, that in the lottery for the Baſs-viol [e] ſhe may have four tickets, in conſideration that her ſingle life has been occaſioned by the inconſtancy of her lovers, and not through the cruelty or frowardneſs of your petitioner.

'And your Petitioner ſhall, &c.'

May 3, 1710.

'Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

'ACCORDING to my fancy, you took a much better way to diſpoſe of a Baſs-viol in yeſterday's paper, than you did in your table of marriage. I deſire the benefit of a lottery for myſelf too——The manner of it I leave to your own diſcretion: only, if you can——allow the tickets at above five farthings a piece. Pray ac-

[e] See N° 166, adv. 1.

cept of one ticket for your trouble; and I wiſh you may be the fortunate man that wins

Your very humble ſervant; until then,

ISABELLA KIT.'

I muſt own the requeſt of the aged petitioner to be founded upon a very undeſerved diſtreſs; and ſince ſhe might, had ſhe had juſtice done her, been mother of many pretenders to this prize, inſtead of being one herſelf, I do readily grant her demand; but as for the propoſal of Mrs. Iſabella Kit, I cannot project a lottery for her, until I have ſecurity ſhe will ſurrender herſelf to the winner.

N° 169. Tueſday, May 9, 1710.
STEELE.

O rus! quando ego te aſpiciam? quandoque licebit
Nunc veterum libris, nunc ſomno, et inertibus horis,
Ducere ſolicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?

HOR. 2 Sat. vi. 60.

——— Oh when again
Shall I behold the rural plain?
And when with books of ſages deep,
Sequeſter'd eaſe, and gentle ſleep,
In ſweet oblivion, bliſsful balm!
The buſy cares of life becalm. FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, May 8.

THE ſummer ſeaſon now approaching, ſeveral of our family have invited me to paſs away a month or two in the country; and indeed no-

thing could be more agreeable to me than ſuch a receſs, did I not conſider that I am by two quarts a worſe companion than when I was laſt among my relations: and I am admoniſhed by ſome of our club, who lately viſited Staffordſhire, that they drink at a greater rate than they did at that time. As every ſoil does not produce every fruit or tree, ſo every vice is not the growth of every kind of life; and I have, ever ſince I could think, been aſtoniſhed, that drinking ſhould be the vice of the country. If it were poſſible to add to all our ſenſes, as we do to that of ſight by perſpectives, we ſhould methinks more particularly labour to improve them in the midſt of the variety of beauteous objects, which nature has produced to entertain us in the country; and do we in that place deſtroy the uſe of what organs we have? As for my part, I cannot but lament the deſtruction that has been made of the wild beaſts of the field, when I ſee large tracks of earth poſſeſſed by men who take no advantage of their being rational, but lead mere animal lives; making it their whole endeavour to kill in themſelves all they have above beaſts, to wit, the uſe of reaſon, and taſte of ſociety. It is frequently boaſted in the writings of orators and poets, that it is to eloquence and poeſy we owe that we are drawn out of woods and ſolitudes into towns and cities, and, from a wild and ſavage being, become acquainted with the laws of humanity and civility. If we are obliged to theſe arts for ſo great ſervice, I could wiſh they were employed to give us a ſecond turn; that as they have brought us to dwell in ſociety, a bleſſing

which no other creatures know, ſo they would perſuade us, now they have ſettled us, to lay out all our thoughts in ſurpaſſing each other in thoſe faculties in which only we excel other creatures. But it is at preſent ſo far otherwiſe, that the contention ſeems to be, who ſhall be moſt eminent in performances wherein beaſts enjoy greater abilities than we have. I will undertake, were the butler and ſwineherd at any true eſquire's in Great Britain, to keep and compare accounts of what waſh is drunk up in ſo many hours in the parlour and the pig-ſtye, it would appear, the gentleman of the houſe gives much more to his friends than his hogs.

This, with many other evils, ariſes from an error in men's judgments, and not making true diſtinctions between perſons and things. It is uſually thought, that a few ſheets of parchment, made before a male and female of wealthy houſes come together, give the heirs and deſcendants of that marriage poſſeſſion of lands and tenements; but the truth is, there is no man who can be ſaid to be proprietor of an eſtate, but he who knows how to enjoy it. Nay, it ſhall never be allowed, that the land is not a waſte, when the maſter is uncultivated. Therefore, to avoid confuſion, it is to be noted, that a peaſant with a great eſtate is but an incumbent, and that he muſt be a gentleman to be a landlord. A landlord enjoys what he has with his heart, an incumbent with his ſtomach. Gluttony, drunkenneſs, and riot, are the entertainments of an incumbent; benevolence, civility, ſocial and humane virtues, the accompliſhments of a landlord.

Who that has any paſſion for his native country, does not think it worſe than conquered, when ſo large dimenſions of it are in the hands of ſavages, that know no uſe of property, but to be tyrants; or liberty, but to be unmannerly? A gentleman in a country life enjoys paradiſe with a temper fit for it; a clown is curſed in it with all the cutting and unruly paſſions man could be tormented with, when he was expelled from it.

There is no character more deſervedly eſteemed than that of a country gentleman, who underſtands the ſtation in which heaven and nature have placed him. He is father to his tenants, and patron to his neighbours, and is more ſuperior to thoſe of lower fortune by his benevolence than his poſſeſſions. He juſtly divides his time between ſolitude and company, ſo as to uſe the one for the other. His life is ſpent in the good offices of an advocate, a referee, a companion, a mediator, and a friend. His counſel and knowledge are a guard to the ſimplicity and innocence of thoſe of lower talents, and the entertainment and happineſs of thoſe of equal. When a man in a country life has this turn, as it is hoped thouſands have, he lives in a more happy condition than any that is deſcribed in the paſtoral deſcriptions of poets, or the vain-glorious ſolitudes recorded by philoſophers.

To a thinking man it would ſeem prodigious, that the very ſituation in a country life does not incline men to a ſcorn of the mean gratifications ſome take in it. To ſtand by a ſtream, naturally lulls the mind into compoſure and reverence; to

walk in ſhades, diverſifies that pleaſure; and a bright ſunſhine makes a man conſider all nature in gladneſs, and himſelf the happieſt being in it, as he is the moſt conſcious of her gifts and enjoyments. It would be the moſt impertinent piece of pedantry imaginable to form our pleaſures by imitation of others. I will not therefore mention Scipio and Lælius, who are generally produced on this ſubject as authorities for the charms of a rural life [f]. He that does not feel the force of agreeable views and ſituations in his own mind, will hardly arrive at the ſatisfactions they bring from the reflections of others. However, they who have a taſte that way, are more particularly inflamed with deſire, when they ſee others in the enjoyment of it, eſpecially when men carry into the country a knowledge of the world as well as of nature. The leiſure of ſuch perſons is endeared and refined by reflection upon cares and inquietudes. The abſence of paſt labours doubles preſent pleaſures, which is ſtill augmented, if the perſon in ſolitude has the happineſs of being addicted to letters. My couſin, Frank Bickerſtaff, gives me a very good notion of this ſort of felicity in the following letter:

'SIR,

'I WRITE this to communicate to you the happineſs I have in the neighbourhood and converſation of the noble lord, whoſe health you inquired after in your laſt. I have bought that little hovel which borders upon his royalty; but am ſo far from being oppreſſed by his greatneſs,

[f] Cicero De Oratore, lib. ii. 6; and De Amicitia, *paſſim.*

that I, who know no envy, and he who is above pride, mutually recommend ourſelves to each other by the difference of our fortunes. He eſteems me for being ſo well pleaſed with a little, and I admire him for enjoying ſo handſomely a great deal. He has not the little taſte of obſerving the colour of a tulip, or the edging of a leaf of box; but rejoices in open views, the regularity of this plantation, and the wildneſs of another, as well as the fall of a river, the riſing of a promontory, and all other objects fit to entertain a mind like his, that has been long verſed in great and public amuſements. The make of the ſoul is as much ſeen in leiſure as in buſineſs. He has long lived in courts, and been admired in aſſemblies; ſo that he has added to experience a moſt charming eloquence, by which he communicates to me the ideas of my own mind upon the objects we meet with ſo agreeably, that, with his company in the fields, I at once enjoy the country, and a landſcape of it. He is now altering the courſe of canals and rivulets, in which he has an eye to his neighbour's ſatisfaction as well as his own. He often makes me preſents by turning the water into my grounds, and ſends me fiſh by their own ſtreams. To avoid my thanks, he makes nature the inſtrument of his bounty, and does all good offices ſo much with the air of a companion, that his frankneſs hides his own condeſcenſion as well as my gratitude. Leave the world to itſelf, and come ſee us.

Your affectionate couſin,

FRANCIS BICKERSTAFF.'

*** At Drury-lane, on Thurſday, May 11, Caius Marius, a tragedy by T. Otway, acted at the Duke's Theatre, 4to, 1680. Its ingenious author, after ſuffering ſeverely for his want of economy, died in a ſpunging-houſe on Tower-hill, known by the ſign of a Bull, about five years after the publication of this play, at the age of 35. See Tat. in cr. 8vo. 6th vol. edit. 1786, N° 169.

N° 170. Thurſday, May 11, 1710.
STEELE.

Fortuna ſævo læta negotio, et
Ludum inſolentem ludere pertinax,
Tranſmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alio benigna.

HOR. 3. Od. xxix. 49.

But Fortune, ever-changing dame,
Indulges her malicious joy,
And conſtant plays her haughty game,
Proud of her office to deſtroy;
To-day to me her bounty flows,
And now to others ſhe the bliſs beſtows.

FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, May 10.

HAVING this morning ſpent ſome time in reading on the ſubject of the viciſſitude of human life, I laid aſide my book, and began to ruminate on the diſcourſe which raiſed in me *thoſe* reflections. I believed it a very good office to the world, to ſit down and ſhew others the road, in which I am experienced by my wanderings and errors. This is Seneca's way of thinking, and he had half convinced me, how dangerous it is to our true happineſs and tranquillity, to fix our minds upon any thing which is in the

power of fortune. It is excuſable only in animals who have not the uſe of reaſon, to be catched by hooks and baits. Wealth, glory, and power, which the ordinary people look up *at* with admiration, the learned and wiſe know to be only ſo many ſnares laid to enſlave them. There is nothing farther to be ſought for with earneſtneſs, than what will cloath and feed us. If we pamper ourſelves in our diet, or give our imaginations a looſe in our deſires, the body will no longer obey the mind. Let us think no further than to defend ourſelves againſt hunger, thirſt, and cold. We are to remember that every thing elſe is deſpicable, and not worth our care. To want little is true grandeur, and very few things are great, to a great mind. Thoſe who form their thoughts in this manner, and abſtract themſelves from the world, are out of the way of fortune, and can look with contempt both on her favours and her frowns. At the ſame time, they who ſeparate themſelves from the immediate commerce with the buſy part of mankind, are ſtill beneficial to them, while, by their ſtudies and writings, they recommend to them the ſmall value which ought to be put upon what they purſue with ſo much labour and diſquiet. Whilſt ſuch men are thought the moſt idle, they are the moſt uſefully employed. They have all things, both human and divine, under conſideration. To be perfectly free from the inſults of fortune, we ſhould arm ourſelves with their reflections. We ſhould learn, that none but intellectual poſſeſſions are what we can properly call our own. All things from without are but borrowed. What

fortune gives us, is not ours; and whatever ſhe gives, ſhe can take away.

It is a common imputation to Seneca, that, though he declaimed with ſo much ſtrength of reaſon, and a ſtoical contempt of riches and power, he was at the ſame time one of the richeſt and moſt powerful men in Rome. I know no inſtance of his being inſolent in that fortune, and can therefore read his thoughts on thoſe ſubjects with the more deference. I will not give philoſophy ſo poor a look as to ſay it cannot live in courts; but I am of opinion, that it is there in the greateſt eminence, when, amidſt the affluence of all the world can beſtow, and the addreſſes of a crowd who follow him for that reaſon, a man can think both of himſelf and thoſe about him, abſtracted from theſe circumſtances. Such a philoſopher is as much above an anchorite, as a wiſe matron, who paſſes through the world with innocence, is preferable to the nun who locks herſelf up from it.

Full of theſe thoughts, I left my lodging, and took a walk to the court-end of the town; and the hurry and buſy faces I met with about Whitehall made me form to myſelf ideas of the different proſpects of all I ſaw, from the turn and caſt of their countenances. All, methought, had the ſame thing in view; but proſecuted their hopes with a different air. Some ſhewed an unbecoming eagerneſs, ſome a ſurly impatience, ſome a winning deference; but the generality a ſervile complaiſance.

I could not but obſerve, as I roved about the offices, that all who were ſtill but in expecta-

tion, murmured at fortune; and all who had obtained their wiſhes, immediately began to ſay, there was no ſuch being. Each believed it an act of blind chance that any other man was preferred, but *owed* only to ſervice and merit what he had obtained himſelf. It is the fault of ſtudious men to appear in public with too contemplative a carriage; and I began to obſerve, that my figure, age, and dreſs, made me particular; for which reaſon, I thought it better to remove a ſtudious countenance from among buſy ones, and take a turn with a friend in the Privy-garden.

When my friend was alone with me there, 'Iſaac,' ſaid he, 'I know you come abroad only to moralize and make obſervations; and I will carry you hard by, where you ſhall ſee all that you have yourſelf conſidered or read in authors, or collected from experience, concerning blind Fortune and irreſiſtible Deſtiny, illuſtrated in real perſons, and proper mechaniſms. The Graces, the Muſes, the Fates, all the beings which have a good or ill influence upon human life, are, you will ſay, very juſtly figured in the perſons of women; and where I am carrying you, you will ſee enough[g] of that ſex together, in an employment which will have ſo important an effect upon thoſe who are to receive their manufacture, as will make them be reſpectively called deities, or furies, as their labour ſhall prove diſadvantageous, or ſucceſsful to their votaries.' Without waiting for my anſwer, he

[g] Enow, the ſingular number for the plural.

carried me to an apartment contiguous to the Banqueting-houſe, where there were placed at two long tables a large company of young women, in decent and agreeable habits, making up tickets for the lottery appointed by the government. There walked between the tables a perſon who preſided over the work. This gentlewoman ſeemed an emblem of Fortune; ſhe commanded, as if unconcerned in their buſineſs; and, though every thing was performed by her direction, ſhe did not viſibly interpoſe in particulars. She ſeemed in pain at our near approach to her, and moſt to approve us when we made her no advances. Her height, her mien, her geſture, her ſhape, and her countenance, had ſomething that ſpoke familiarity and dignity. She therefore appeared to be not only a picture of Fortune, but of Fortune as I liked her; which made me break out in the following words:

'Madam, I am very glad to ſee the fate of the many, who now languiſh in expectation of what will be the event of your labours, in the hands of one who can act with ſo impartial an indifference. Pardon me, that have often ſeen you before, and have loſt you for want of the reſpect due to you. Let me beg of you, who have both the furniſhing and turning of that wheel of lots, to be unlike the reſt of your ſex; repulſe the forward and the bold, and favour the modeſt and the humble. I know you fly the importunate; but ſmile no more on the careleſs. Add not to the coffers of the uſurer; but

give the power of beſtowing to the generous. Continue his wants, who cannot enjoy or communicate plenty; but turn away his poverty, who can bear it with more eaſe than he can ſee it in another.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

'Whereas Philander ſignified to Clarinda, by letter, bearing date Thurſday twelve o'clock, that he had loſt his heart by a ſhot from her eyes, and deſired ſhe would condeſcend to meet him the ſame day at eight in the evening at Roſamond's pond; faithfully proteſting, that in caſe ſhe would not do him that honour, ſhe might ſee the body of the ſaid Philander the next day floating on the ſaid lake of love, and that he deſired only three ſighs upon view of his ſaid body. It is deſired, if he has not made away with himſelf accordingly, that he would forthwith ſhew himſelf to the coroner of the city of Weſtminſter; or Clarinda, being an old offender, will be found guilty of wilful murder.'

N° 171. Saturday, May 13, 1710.
STEELE.

Alter rixatus de lanâ ſæpe caprinâ,
Propugnat nugis armatus———

HOR. 1. Ep. xviii. 15.

He ſtrives for trifles, and for toys contends,
And then in earneſt, what he ſays, defends.

Grecian Coffee-houſe, May 12.

IT hath happened to be for ſome days the deliberation at the learnedeſt board in this houſe, whence honour and title had its firſt original. Timoleon, who is very particular in his opinion, but is thought particular for no other cauſe but that he acts againſt depraved cuſtom, by the rules of nature and reaſon, in a very handſome diſcourſe gave the company to underſtand, that in thoſe ages which firſt degenerated from the ſimplicity of life and natural juſtice, the wiſe among them thought it neceſſary to inſpire men with the love of virtue, by giving thoſe who adhered to the intereſts of innocence, and truth, ſome diſtinguiſhing name to raiſe them above the common level of mankind. This way of fixing appellations of credit upon eminent merit, was what gave being to titles, and terms of honour. 'Such a name,' continued he, 'without the qualities which ſhould give a man pretence to be exalted above others, does but turn him to jeſt and ridicule. Should one ſee another cudgelled, or ſcurvily treated, do you think

a man ſo uſed would take it kindly to be called Hector, or Alexander? Every thing muſt bear a proportion with the outward value that is ſet upon it; or, inſtead of being long had in veneration, that very term of eſteem will become a word of reproach.' When Timoleon had done ſpeaking, Urbanus purſued the ſame purpoſe, by giving an account of the manner in which the Indian kings [h], who were lately in Great

[h] About a month before the date of this paper, the four Indian kings, here ſpoken of, came into England with the Weſt India fleet, in behalf of the ſix Indian nations, who at that time inhabited the back country of North America, between New England and the French ſettlements in Canada. They were clothed and entertained here at the public expence, being lodged, while they continued in London, in handſome apartments, perhaps in the houſe of Mr. Arne, as may be inferred from N° 155, and note. Certainly their landlord was an upholſterer in Covent-garden, in a new ſtreet which ſeems at that time to have received the name of King-ſtreet, which it retains to this day, in common with many other ſtreets, ſo called in honour of Charles II.

The names and titles of their majeſties are recorded here, and in the Annals of Queen Anne, but with the following differences from the account of them in this paper.

'Tee Yee Neen Ho Ga Prow, and Sa Ga Yean Qua Prah Ton, of the Maqua's;—Elow Oh Kaom, and Oh Nee Yeath Ton No Prow, of the river Sachem, and the Ganajohbore Sachem.'

On the 18th or 19th of April, 1710, they were conveyed, in two of the queen's coaches, to St. James's by ſir Charles Cotterel, maſter of the ceremonies, and introduced to their public audience by the duke of Shrewſbury, then lord chamberlain. They made a ſpeech by an interpreter, which major Pidgeon, an officer who came over with them from America, read in Engliſh to her majeſty. 'They had,' they ſaid, 'with one conſent, hung up the kettle, and taken up the hatchet, in token of their friendſhip to their great queen and her children; and had been on the other ſide of the great water, a ſtrong wall of ſecurity to their great

Britain, did honour to the perſon where they lodged. ‘ They were placed,’ ſaid he, ‘ in

queen's children, even to the loſs of their beſt men.’ For the truth of what they affirmed, and their written propoſals, they referred to Scuyler and colonel Nicholſon, whom they called, in their language, Brother Queder, and Anadgarjaux, and, ſpeaking of colonel Vetch, they named him Anadiaſia.

They ſaid they had always conſidered the French as ‘ men of falſehood,’ and rejoiced in the proſpect of the reduction of Canada; after which, ‘ they ſhould have free hunting and a great trade with their great queen's children; and, as a token of the ſincerity of the ſix nations, in the name of all, they preſented their great queen with the belts of Wampoum.’

They concluded their ſpeech, with recommending their very hard caſe to her majeſty's gracious conſideration, expreſſing their hopes of her favour, and requeſting the miſſion of more of her children to re-inforce and to inſtruct them, for they had got, as they ſaid, ‘ ſince their alliance with her children, ſome knowledge of the Saviour of the world.’

On the ſame day a royal meſſenger of the emperor of Morocco, Elhadge Guzman, was likewiſe introduced by the duke of Shrewſbury to a private audience, and delivered letters to the queen from Muley Iſhmael his maſter, the ſame emperor, probably, who ſent an ambaſſador to our court in 1706, mentioned in N° 120.

The Indian kings continued about a fortnight longer in London, during which time they were hoſpitably entertained by ſeveral perſons of diſtinction. They were carried to ſee the mathematical inſtruments in Greenwich-park, and entertained with the ſight of the principal curioſities in and about the metropolis, then conveyed to Portſmouth through Hampton-court and Windſor, and embarked with colonel Francis Nicholſon, commander in chief of the forces appointed to the American ſervice, on board the dragon, captain Martin, commodore, who, with about eighteen ſail under his convoy, ſailed from Spithead on the 8th of May, and landed their majeſties ſafe at Boſton in New England, July 15, 1710.

Colonel Nicholſon, mentioned in this paper, lived to be a general. He was governor of New York, of Maryland, of Virginia, at the time of his death, of South-Carolina, and commander in chief in America. He died March 5, 1728.

See Spect. N° 50, and note.

handſome apartments at an upholſterer's in King-ſtreet, Covent-garden. The man of the houſe, it ſeems, had been very obſervant of them, and ready in their ſervice. Theſe juſt and generous princes, who act according to the dictates of natural juſtice, thought it proper to confer ſome dignity upon their landlord before they left his houſe. One of them had been ſick during his reſidence there, and having never before been in a bed, had a very great veneration for him who made that engine of repoſe, ſo uſeful and ſo neceſſary in his diſtreſs. It was conſulted among the four princes, by what name to dignify his great merit and ſervices. The emperor of the Mohocks and the other three kings ſtood up, and in that poſture recounted the civilities they had received; and particularly repeated the care which was taken of their ſick brother. This in their imagination, who are uſed to know the injuries of weather, and the viciſſitudes of cold and heat, gave them very great impreſſions of a ſkilful upholſterer, whoſe furniture was ſo well contrived for their protection on ſuch occaſions. It is with theſe leſs inſtructed, I will not ſay leſs knowing people, their manner of doing honour, to impoſe ſome name ſignificant of the qualities of the perſon they diſtinguiſh, and the good offices received from him. It was therefore reſolved to call their landlord Cadaroque, which is the name of the ſtrongeſt fort in their part of the world. When they had agreed upon the name, they ſent for their landlord; and, as he entered into their preſence, the emperor of the Mohocks, taking him by the hand, called

him Cadaroque. After which, the other three princes repeated the ſame word and ceremony.'

Timoleon appeared much ſatisfied with this account; and, having a philoſophic turn, began to argue againſt the modes and manners of thoſe nations which we eſteem polite, and to expreſs himſelf with diſdain at our uſual method of calling ſuch as are ſtrangers to our innovations barbarous, 'I have,' ſays he, 'ſo great a deference for the diſtinction given by theſe princes, that Cadaroque ſhall be my upholſterer.'—— He was going on; but the intended diſcourſe was interrupted by Minucio, who ſat near him, a ſmall philoſopher, who is alſo ſomewhat of a politician; one of thoſe who ſets up for knowledge by doubting, and has no other way of making himſelf conſiderable, but by contradicting all he hears ſaid. He has, beſides much doubt and ſpirit of contradiction, a conſtant ſuſpicion as to ſtate-affairs. This accompliſhed gentleman, with a very awful brow, and a countenance full of weight, told Timoleon, that it was a great misfortune men of letters ſeldom looked into the bottom of things. 'Will any man,' continued he, 'perſuade me, that this was not, from the beginning to the end, a concerted affair? Who can convince the world, that four kings ſhall come over here, and lie at the two Crowns and Cuſhion, and one of them fall ſick, and the place be called King-ſtreet, and all this by mere accident? No, no. To a man of very ſmall penetration it appears, that Tee Yee Neen Ho Ga Row, emperor of the Mohocks, was prepared for this adventure be-

forehand. I do not care to contradict any gentleman in his diſcourſe; but I muſt ſay, however Sa Ga Yeath Rua Geth Ton and E Tow Oh Koam might be ſurpriſed in this matter, nevertheleſs, Ho Nec Yeth Taw No Row knew it before he ſet foot on the Engliſh ſhore.'

Timoleon looked ſtedfaſtly at him for ſome time; then ſhaked his head, paid for his tea, and marched off. Several others, who ſat round him, were in their turns attacked by this ready diſputant. A gentleman, who was at ſome diſtance, happened in diſcourſe to ſay it was four miles to Hammerſmith. 'I muſt beg your pardon,' ſays Minucio; 'when we ſay a place is ſo far off, we do not mean exactly from the very ſpot of earth we are in, but from the town where we are; ſo that you muſt begin your account from the end of Piccadilly; and if you do ſo, I will lay any man ten to one, it is not above three good miles off.' Another, about Minucio's level of underſtanding, began to take him up in this important argument; and maintained, that, conſidering the way from Pimlico at the end of St. James's-park, and the croſſing from Chelſea by Earl's-court, he would ſtand to it, that it was full four miles. But Minucio replied with great vehemence, and ſeemed ſo much to have the better of the diſpute, that his adverſary quitted the field, as well as the other. I ſat until I ſaw the table almoſt all vaniſhed; when, for want of diſcourſe, Minucio aſked me, how I did; to which I anſwered, 'Very well.' 'That is very much,' ſaid he; 'I aſſure you, you look paler than ordinary.' Nay, thought

I, if he will not allow me to know whether I am well or not, there is no ſtaying for me neither. Upon which I took my leave, pondering, as I went home, at this ſtrange poverty of imagination, which makes men run into the fault of giving contradiction. They want in their minds entertainment for themſelves or their company, and therefore build all they ſpeak upon what is ſtarted by others; and, ſince they cannot improve that foundation, they ſtrive to deſtroy it. The only way of dealing with theſe people is to anſwer in monoſyllables, or by way of queſtion. When one of them tells you a thing that he thinks extraordinary, I go no farther than, 'Say you ſo, ſir? Indeed! Hey-day!' or, 'Is it come to that?' Theſe little rules, which appear but ſilly in the repetition, have brought me with great tranquillity to this age. And I have made it an obſervation, that as aſſent is more agreeable than flattery, ſo contradiction is more odious than calumny.

ADVERTISEMENT.

'Mr. Bickerſtaff's aërial meſſenger has brought him a report of what paſſed at the auction of pictures, which was in Somerſet-houſe yard on Monday laſt; and finds there were no Screens preſent, but all tranſacted with great juſtice.

'N. B. All falſe buyers at auctions being employed only to hide others, are from this day forward to be known in Mr. Bickerſtaff's writings by the word Screens.'

N° 172. Tueſday, May 16, 1710.
STEELE.

Quod quiſque vitet, nunquam homini ſatis
Cautum eſt in horas———

HOR. 2. Od. xiii. 13.

No man can tell the dangers of each hour,
Nor is prepar'd to meet them———

From my own Apartment, May 15.

WHEN a man is in a ſerious mood, and ponders upon his own make, with a retroſpect to the actions of his life and the many fatal miſcarriages in it, which he owes to ungoverned paſſions, he is then apt to ſay to himſelf, that experience has guarded him againſt ſuch errors for the future: but nature often recurs in ſpite of his beſt reſolutions; and it is to the very end of our days a ſtruggle between our reaſon and our temper, which ſhall have the empire over us. However, this is very much to be helped by circumſpection, and a conſtant alarm againſt the firſt onſets of paſſion. As this is, in general, a neceſſary care to make a man's life eaſy and agreeable to himſelf; ſo it is more particularly the duty of ſuch as are engaged in friendſhip, and nearer commerce with others. Thoſe who have their joys, have alſo their griefs in proportion; and none can extremely exalt or depreſs friends, but friends. The harſh things which come from the reſt of the world are received

and repulſed with that ſpirit which every honeſt man bears about him for his own vindication; but unkindneſs in words or actions among friends, affects us at the firſt inſtant in the inmoſt receſſes of our ſouls. Indifferent people, if I may ſo ſay, can wound us only in heterogeneous parts, maim us in our legs or arms; but the friend can make no paſs but at the heart itſelf. On the other ſide, the moſt impotent aſſiſtance, the mere well-wiſhes of a friend, gives a man conſtancy and courage againſt the moſt prevailing force of his enemies. It is here only a man enjoys and ſuffers to the quick. For this reaſon, the moſt gentle behaviour is abſolutely neceſſary to maintain friendſhip in any degree above the common level of acquaintance. But there is a relation of life much more near than the moſt ſtrict and ſacred friendſhip, that is to ſay, marriage. This union is of too cloſe and delicate a nature to be eaſily conceived by thoſe who do not know that condition by experience. Here a man ſhould, if poſſible, ſoften his paſſions; if not for his own eaſe, in compliance to a creature formed with a mind of a quite different make from his own. I am ſure I do not mean it an injury to women, when I ſay there is a ſort of ſex in ſouls. I am tender of offending them, and know it is hard not to do it on this ſubject; but I muſt go on to ſay, that the ſoul of a man, and that of a woman, are made very unlike, according to the employments for which they are deſigned. The ladies will pleaſe to obſerve, I ſay, our minds have different, not ſuperior qualities to theirs. The

virtues have reſpectively a maſculine and a feminine caſt. What we call in men wiſdom, is in women prudence. It is a partiality to call one greater than the other. A prudent woman is in the ſame claſs of honour as a wiſe man, and the ſcandals in the way of both are equally dangerous. But to make this ſtate any thing but a burden, and not hang a weight upon our very beings, it is proper each of the couple ſhould frequently remember, that there are many things which grow out of their very natures that are pardonable, nay becoming, when conſidered as ſuch, but without that reflection muſt give the quickeſt pain and vexation. To manage well a great family is as worthy an inſtance of capacity as to execute a great employment: and, for the generality, as women perform the conſiderable part of their duties as well as men do theirs; ſo, in their common behaviour, females of ordinary genius are not more trivial than the common rate of men; and, in my opinion, the playing of a fan is every whit as good an entertainment as the beating of a ſnuff-box.

But, however I have rambled in this libertine manner of writing by way of eſſay, I now ſit down with an intention to repreſent to my readers how pernicious, how ſudden, and how fatal, ſurpriſes of paſſion are to the mind of man; and that in the more intimate commerces of life they are more liable to ariſe, even in our moſt ſedate and indolent hours. Occurrences of this kind have had very terrible effects: and when one reflects upon them, we cannot but tremble to conſider what we are capable of being wrought

up to, againſt all the ties of nature, love, honour, reaſon, and religion, though the man who breaks through them all had, an hour before he did ſo, a lively and virtuous ſenſe of their dictates. When unhappy cataſtrophes make up part of the hiſtory of princes and perſons who act in high ſpheres or are repreſented in the moving language and well-wrought ſcenes of tragedians, they do not fail of ſtriking us with terror; but then they affect us only in a tranſient manner, and paſs through our imaginations as incidents in which our fortunes are too humble to be concerned; or which writers form for the oſtentation of their own force; or at moſt, as things fit rather to exerciſe the powers of our minds, than to create new habits in them. Inſtead of ſuch high paſſages, I was thinking it would be of great uſe, if any body could hit it, to lay before the world ſuch adventures as befal perſons not exalted above the common level. This, methought, would better prevail upon the ordinary race of men, who are ſo prepoſſeſſed with outward appearances, that they miſtake fortune for nature, and believe nothing can relate to them that does not happen to ſuch as live and look like themſelves.

The unhappy end of a gentleman, whoſe ſtory an acquaintance of mine was juſt now telling me, would be very proper for this end, if it could be related with all the circumſtances as I heard it this evening; for it touched me ſo much, that I cannot forbear entering upon it.

[1] 'Mr. Euſtace, a young gentleman of a good eſtate near Dublin in Ireland, married a lady of youth, beauty, and modeſty, and lived with her, in general, with much eaſe and tranquillity; but was in his ſecret temper impatient of rebuke. She was apt to fall into little ſallies of paſſion; yet as ſuddenly recalled by her own reflection on her fault, and the conſideration of her huſband's temper. It happened as he, his wife, and her ſiſter, were at ſupper together about two months ago, that, in the midſt of a careleſs and familiar converſation, the ſiſters fell into a little warmth and contradiction. He, who was one of that ſort of men who are never unconcerned at what paſſes before them, fell into an outrageous paſſion on the ſide of the ſiſter. The perſon about whom they diſputed was ſo near, that they were under no reſtraint from running into vain repetitions of paſt heats: on which occaſion all the aggravations of anger and diſtaſte boiled up, and were repeated with the bitterneſs of exaſperated lovers. The wife obſerving her huſband extremely moved, began

[1] The following paragraph from The Britiſh Mercury, publiſhed by the company of London inſurers for 1710, relates to this ſtory. Dublin, March 28. 'Laſt Sunday Mr. Francis Euſtace committed a moſt barbarous murder on the body of his wife, by giving her ſeven or eight ſtabs with his ſword, of which ſhe died inſtantly. He jumped out of the window, and, falling on a paliſado pale, tore his legs and thighs in ſuch a manner that he was forced to have them dreſſed by the ſurgeon, who is ſince ſent to Newgate for letting him eſcape, and a proclamation is iſſued out for apprehending him.' The unhappy end of this iraſcible gentleman we learn from this paper.

to turn it off, and rally him for interpoſing between two people, who from their infancy had been angry and pleaſed with each other every half hour. But it deſcended deeper into his thoughts, and they broke up with a ſullen ſilence. The wife immediately retired to her chamber, whither her huſband ſoon after followed. When they were in bed, he ſoon diſſembled a ſleep; and ſhe, pleaſed that his thoughts were compoſed, fell into a real one. Their apartment was very diſtant from the reſt of their family, in a lonely country-houſe. He now ſaw his opportunity, and with a dagger he had brought to bed with him ſtabbed his wife in the ſide. She awaked in the higheſt terror; but immediately imagining it was a blow deſigned for her huſband by ruffians, began to graſp him, and ſtrove to awake, and rouſe him to defend himſelf. He ſtill pretended himſelf ſleeping, and gave her a ſecond wound.

'She now drew open the curtain, and, by the help of moon-light, ſaw his hand lifted up to ſtab her. The horror diſarmed her from further ſtruggling; and he, enraged anew at being diſcovered, fixed his poyniard in her boſom. As ſoon as he believed he had diſpatched her, he attempted to eſcape out of the window: but ſhe, ſtill alive, called to him not to hurt himſelf, for ſhe might live. He was ſo ſtung with the inſupportable reflection upon her goodneſs, and his own villany, that he jumped to the bed, and wounded her all over with as much rage as if every blow was provoked by new aggravations. In this fury of mind he fled

away. His wife had ſtill ſtrength to go to her ſiſter's apartment, and give an account of this wonderful tragedy, but died the next day. Some weeks after, an officer of juſtice, in attempting to ſeize the criminal, fired upon him, as did the criminal upon the officer. Both their balls took place, and both immediately expired.'

N° 173. Thurſday, May 18, 1710.
STEELE.

——*Sapientia prima eſt*
Stultitiâ caruiſſe—— HOR. 1. Ep. i. 41.

When free from folly, we to wiſdom riſe.
FRANCIS.

Sheer-lane, May 17.

WHEN I firſt began to learn to puſh[k], this laſt winter, my maſter had a great deal of work upon his hands to make me unlearn the poſtures and motions which I had got, by having in my younger years practiſed backſword, with a little eye to the ſingle falchion. 'Knock down' was the word in the civil wars; and we generally added to this ſkill the knowledge of the 'Corniſh hug,' as well as the grapple to play with hand and foot. By this means I was for defending my head when the French gentleman was making a full paſs at my boſom; inſomuch, that he told me I was fairly killed ſeven times in one morn-

[k] See N° 164.

ing, without having done my maſter any other miſchief than one knock on the pate. This was a great misfortune to me; and I believe I may ſay, without vanity, I am the firſt who ever puſhed ſo erroneouſly, and yet conquered the prejudice of education ſo well, as to make my paſſes ſo clear, and recover hand and foot with that agility as I do at this day. The truth of it is, the firſt rudiments of education are given very indiſcreetly by moſt parents, as much with relation to the more important concerns of the mind, as in the geſtures of the body. Whatever children are deſigned for, and whatever proſpects the fortune or intereſt of their parents may give them in their future lives, they are all promiſcuouſly inſtructed the ſame way; and Horace and Virgil muſt be thumbed by a boy, as well before he goes to an apprenticeſhip as to the univerſity. This ridiculous way of treating the under-aged of this iſland has very often raiſed both my ſpleen and mirth, but I think never both at once ſo much as to-day. A good mother of our neighbourhood made me a viſit with her ſon and heir; a lad ſomewhat above five feet, who wants but little of the height and ſtrength of a good muſqueteer in any regiment in the ſervice. Her buſineſs was to deſire I would examine him; for he was far gone in a book, the firſt letters of which ſhe often ſaw in my papers. The youth produced it, and I found it was my friend Horace. It was very eaſy to turn to the place the boy was learning in, which was the fifth ode of the firſt book, to Pyrrha. I read it over aloud, as well

becauſe I am always delighted when I turn to the beautiful parts of that author, as alſo to gain time for conſidering a little how to keep up the mother's pleaſure in her child, which I thought barbarity to interrupt. In the firſt place I aſked him, who this ſame Pyrrha was. He anſwered very readily, 'She was the wife of Pyrrhus, one of Alexander's captains.' I lifted up my hands. The mother courtſies—'Nay,' ſays ſhe,—'I knew you would ſtand in admiration—I aſſure you,' continued ſhe, 'for all he looks ſo tall he is but very young. Pray aſk him ſome more; never ſpare him.' With that I took the liberty to aſk him, what was the character of this gentlewoman. He read the three firſt verſes;

Quis multa gracilis te puer in roſa
Perfuſus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, ſub antro? HOR. 1. Od. v. 1.

and very gravely told me, ſhe lived at the ſign of The Roſe in a cellar. I took care to be very much aſtoniſhed at the lad's improvements; but withal adviſed her, as ſoon as poſſible, to take him from ſchool, for he could learn no more there. This very ſilly dialogue was a lively image of the impertinent method uſed in breeding boys, without genius or ſpirit, to the reading things for which their heads were never framed. But this is the natural effect of a certain vanity in the minds of parents, who are wonderfully delighted with the thought of breeding their children to accompliſhments, which they believe nothing, but want of the ſame care in their own

fathers, prevented them from being maſters of. Thus it is, that the part of life moſt fit for improvement is generally employed in a method againſt the bent of nature; and a lad of ſuch parts as are fit for an occupation, where there can be no calls out of the beaten path, is two or three years of his time wholly taken up in knowing how well Ovid's miſtreſs became ſuch a dreſs; how ſuch a nymph for her cruelty was changed into ſuch an animal; and how it is made generous in Æneas to put Turnus to death: gallantries that can no more come within the occurrences of the lives of ordinary men, than they can be reliſhed by their imaginations. However, ſtill the humour goes on from one generation to another; and the paſtry-cook here in the lane, the other night, told me, he would not yet take away his ſon from his learning; but has reſolved, as ſoon as he had a little ſmattering in the Greek, to put him apprentice to a ſoap-boiler. Theſe wrong beginnings determine our ſucceſs in the world; and, when our thoughts are originally falſely biaſſed, their agility and force do but carry us the further out of our way, in proportion to our ſpeed. But we are half way our journey when we have got into the right road. If all our days were uſefully employed, and we did not ſet out impertinently, we ſhould not have ſo many groteſque profeſſors in all the arts of life; but every man would be in a proper and becoming method of diſtinguiſhing or entertaining himſelf, ſuitably to what nature deſigned him. As they go on now, our parents do not only force us upon what is againſt our talents,

but our teachers are alſo as injudicious in what they put us to learn. I have hardly ever ſince ſuffered ſo much by the charms of any beauty, as I did before I had a ſenſe of paſſion, for not apprehending that the ſmile of Lalage was what pleaſed Horace; and I verily believe the ſtripes I ſuffered about *Digito malè pertinaci* have given me that irreconcileable averſion, which I ſhall carry to my grave, againſt coquettes.

As for the elegant writer of whom I am talking, his excellencies are to be obſerved as they relate to the different concerns of his life; and he is always to be looked upon as a lover, a courtier, or a man of wit. His admirable odes have numberleſs inſtances of his merit in each of theſe characters. His epiſtles and ſatires are full of proper notices for the conduct of life in a court; and what we call good-breeding, is moſt agreeably intermixed with his morality. His addreſſes to the perſons who favoured him are ſo inimitably engaging, that Auguſtus complained of him for ſo ſeldom writing to him, and aſked him whether he was afraid poſterity ſhould read their names together. Now for the generality of men to ſpend much time in ſuch writings is as pleaſant a folly as any he ridicules. Whatever the crowd of ſcholars may pretend, if their way of life, or their own imaginations, do not lead them to a taſte of him, they may read, nay write, fifty volumes upon him, and be juſt as they were when they began. I remember to have heard a great painter ſay, 'There are certain faces for certain painters, as well as certain ſubjects for certain poets.' This is as true in the

choice of ſtudies; and no one will ever reliſh an author thoroughly well, who would not have been fit company for that author had they lived at the ſame time. All others are mechanics in learning, and take the ſentiments of writers like waiting-ſervants who report what paſſed at their maſter's table; but debaſe every thought and expreſſion for want of the air with which they were uttered.

N° 174. Saturday, May 20, 1710.
STEELE.

Quem mala ſtultitia, aut quæcunque inſcitia veri
Cæcum agit, inſanum Chryſippi porticus, et grex
Autumat.—— HOR. 2. Sat. ii. 43.

Whom vicious paſſions, or whom falſehood, blind,
Are by the Stoics held of mad'ning kind. FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, May 19.

THE learned Scotus, to diſtinguiſh the race of mankind, gives every individual of that ſpecies what he calls a Seity, ſomething peculiar to himſelf, which makes him different from all other perſons in the world. This particularity renders him either venerable or ridiculous, according as he uſes his talents, which always grow out into faults, or improve into virtues. In the office I have undertaken, you are to obſerve, that I have hitherto preſented only the more inſignificant and lazy part of mankind under the denomination of dead men, together

with the degrees towards non-exiſtence, in which others can neither be ſaid to live or be defunct; but are only animals merely dreſſed up like men, and differ from each other but as flies do by a little colouring or fluttering of their wings. Now, as our diſcourſes heretofore have chiefly regarded the indolent part of the ſpecies, it remains that we do juſtice alſo upon the impertinently active and enterpriſing. Such as theſe I ſhall take particular care to place in ſafe cuſtody, and have uſed all poſſible diligence to run up my edifice in Moorfields for that ſervice [1].

We who are adepts in aſtrology, can impute it to ſeveral cauſes in the planets, that this quarter of our great city is the region of ſuch perſons as either never had, or have loſt, the uſe of reaſon. It has indeed been, time out of mind, the reception of fools as well as madmen. The care and information of the former I aſſign to other learned men, who have for that end taken up their habitation in thoſe parts; as, among others, to the famous Dr. Trotter, and my ingenious friend Dr. Langham [m]. Theſe oraculous proficients are day and night employed in deep ſearches for the direction of ſuch as run aſtray

[1] See N° 162, *penult.* paragr. N° 125, N° 127, and N° 175.

[m] The leading principle of theſe two colleagues in employment ſeems to have been, *ſi populus vult decipi, decipiatur*, and its conſequences, as uſual, deteſtation and contempt.

For any thing that appears now, if this paper had ſhared the fate of moſt of its ſtill-born contemporaries, it ſeems the very names of theſe inglorious doctors muſt have been loſt at this day, beyond all poſſibility of recovery, and conſigned with their hiſtories to utter oblivion.

after their loſt goods: but at preſent they are more particularly ſerviceable to their country in foretelling the fate of ſuch as have chances in the public lottery. Dr. Langham ſhews a peculiar generoſity on this occaſion, taking only one half crown for a prediction, eighteen-pence of which to be paid out of the prizes; which method the doctor is willing to comply with in favour of every adventurer in the whole lottery. Leaving therefore the whole generation of ſuch inquirers to ſuch literati as I have now mentioned, we are to proceed towards peopling our houſe, which we have erected with the greateſt coſt and care imaginable.

It is neceſſary in this place to premiſe, that the ſuperiority and force of mind which is born with men of great genius, and which, when it falls in with a noble imagination, is called 'poetical fury,' does not come under my conſideration; but the pretence to ſuch an impulſe, without natural warmth, ſhall be allowed a fit object of this charity; and all the volumes, written by ſuch hands, ſhall be from time to time placed in proper order upon the rails of the unhouſed bookſellers within the diſtrict of the college, who have long inhabited this quarter [n], in the ſame manner as they are already diſpoſed ſoon after the publication. I promiſe myſelf from theſe writings my beſt opiates for thoſe patients whoſe high imaginations and hot ſpirits have awaked them into diſtraction. Their boiling

[n] The walls of Bedlam were at that time, and till within theſe twenty years, almoſt wholly covered by the dealers in old books.

tempers are not to be wrought upon by my gruels and juleps; but muſt ever be employed, or appear to be ſo, or their recovery will be impracticable. I ſhall therefore make uſe of ſuch poets as preſerve ſo conſtant a mediocrity, as never to elevate the mind into joy, or depreſs it into ſadneſs, yet at the ſame time keep the faculties of the readers in ſuſpenſe, though they introduce no ideas of their own. By this means a diſordered mind, like a broken limb, will recover its ſtrength by the ſole benefit of being out of uſe, and lying without motion. But as reading is not an entertainment that can take up the full time of my patients, I have now in penſion a proportionable number of ſtory-tellers, who are by turns to walk about the galleries of the houſe, and by their narrations ſecond the labours of my pretty good poets. There are, among theſe ſtory-tellers, ſome that have ſo earneſt countenances, and weighty brows, that they will draw a madman, even when his fit is juſt coming on, into a whiſper; and, by the force of ſhrugs, nods, and buſy geſtures, make him ſtand amazed ſo long, as that we have time to give him his broth without danger.

But as fortune has the poſſeſſion of men's minds, a phyſician may cure all the ſick people of ordinary degree in the whole town, and never come into reputation. I ſhall therefore begin with perſons of condition; and the firſt I ſhall undertake ſhall be the lady Fidget, the general viſitant, and Will Voluble, the fine talker °.

° The Fidgets and the Volubles have always been ſo numerous and ſo like, that it is difficult and diſagreeable to diſtinguiſh them.

Theſe perſons ſhall be the firſt locked up, for the peace of all whom the one viſits, and all whom the other talks to.

The paſſion that firſt touched the brain of both theſe perſons was envy, which has had ſuch wondrous effects, that to this lady Fidget owes that ſhe is ſo courteous, to this Will Voluble that he is eloquent. Fidget has a reſtleſs torment in hearing of any one's proſperity, and cannot know any quiet until ſhe viſits her, and is eye-witneſs of ſomething that leſſens it. Thus her life is a continual ſearch after what does not concern her, and her companions ſpeak kindly even of the abſent and the unfortunate to teaſe her. She was the firſt that viſited Flavia after the ſmall-pox, and has never ſeen her ſince becauſe ſhe is not altered. Call a young woman handſome in her company, and ſhe tells you, it is pity ſhe has no fortune; ſay ſhe is rich, and ſhe is as ſorry that ſhe is ſilly. With all this ill-nature, Fidget is herſelf young, rich, and handſome; but loſes the pleaſure of all thoſe qualities, becauſe ſhe has them in common with others.

To make up her miſery, ſhe is well bred; ſhe hears commendations, until ſhe is ready to faint for want of venting herſelf in contradictions. This madneſs is not expreſſed by the voice, but is uttered in the eyes and features: its firſt ſymptom is, upon beholding an agreeable object, a ſudden approbation immediately checked with diſlike.

——— *facies non omnibus una,*
Nec diverſa tamen. ———

See N° 177, note on Mrs. Manley.

This lady I ſhall take the liberty to conduct into a bed of ſtraw and darkneſs; and have ſome hopes that, after long abſence from the light, the pleaſure of ſeeing at all may reconcile her to what ſhe ſhall ſee, though it proves to be never ſo agreeable.

My phyſical remarks on the diſtraction of envy in other perſons, and particularly in Will Voluble, is interrupted.

N° 175. Tueſday, May 23, 1710.

STEELE.

From my own Apartment, May 22.

In the diſtribution of the apartments in the New Bedlam [p] proper regard is had to the different ſexes, and the lodgings accommodated accordingly. Among other neceſſaries, as I have thought fit to appoint ſtory-tellers to ſoothe the men, ſo I have allowed tale-bearers to indulge the intervals of my female patients. But, before I enter upon diſpoſing of the main of the great body that wants my aſſiſtance, it is neceſſary to conſider the human race abſtracted from all other diſtinctions and conſiderations except that of ſex. This will lead us to a nearer view of their excellencies and imperfections, which are to be accounted the one or the other as they are ſuitable to the deſign for which the perſon ſo defective or accompliſhed came into the world.

[p] See N° 174, &c.

To make this inquiry aright, we muſt ſpeak of the life of people of condition; and the proportionable applications to thoſe below them will be eaſily made, ſo as to value the whole ſpecies by the ſame rule. We will begin with the woman, and behold her as a virgin in her father's houſe. This ſtate of her life is infinitely more delightful than that of her brother at the ſame age. While ſhe is entertained with learning melodious airs at her ſpinnet, is led round a room in the moſt complaiſant manner to a fiddle, or is entertained with applauſes of her beauty and perfection, in the ordinary converſation ſhe meets with; the young man is under the dictates of a rigid ſchool-maſter or inſtructor, contradicted in every word he ſpeaks, and curbed in all the inclinations he diſcovers. Mrs. Elizabeth is the object of deſire and admiration, looked upon with delight, courted with all the powers of eloquence and addreſs, approached with a certain worſhip, and defended with a certain loyalty. This is her caſe as to the world. In her domeſtic character ſhe is the companion, the friend, and confident of her mother, and the object of a pleaſure, ſomething like the love between angels, to her father. Her youth, her beauty, her air, are by him looked upon with an ineffable tranſport beyond any other joy in this life, with as much purity as can be met with in the next.

Her brother William, at the ſame years, is but in the rudiments of thoſe acquiſitions which muſt gain him eſteem in the world. His heart beats for applauſe among men; yet he is fearful

of every ſtep towards it. If he propoſes to himſelf to make a figure in the world, his youth is damped with a proſpect of difficulties, dangers, and diſhonours; and an oppoſition in all generous attempts, whether they regard his love or his ambition.

In the next ſtage of life, ſhe has little elſe to do but (what ſhe is accompliſhed for by the mere gifts of nature) to appear lovely and agreeable to her huſband, tender to her children, and affable to her ſervants. But a man, when he enters into this way, is but in the firſt ſcene, far from the accompliſhment of his deſign. He is now in all things to act for others as well as himſelf. He is to have induſtry and frugality in his private affairs, and integrity and addreſs in public. To theſe qualities, he muſt add a courage and reſolution to ſupport his other abilities, leſt he be interrupted in the proſecution of his juſt endeavours, in which the honour and intereſt of his poſterity are as much concerned as his own perſonal welfare.

This little ſketch may, in ſome meaſure, give an idea of the different parts which the ſexes have to act, and the advantageous as well as inconvenient terms on which they are to enter upon their ſeveral parts of life. This may alſo be ſome rule to us in the examination of their conduct. In ſhort, I ſhall take it for a maxim, that a woman who reſigns the purpoſe of being pleaſing, and the man who gives up the thoughts of being wiſe, do equally quit their claim to the true cauſes of living, and are to be allowed the

diet and diſcipline of my charitable ſtructure, to reduce them to reaſon.

On the other ſide, the woman who hopes to pleaſe by methods which ſhould make her odious, and the man who would be thought wiſe by a behaviour that renders him ridiculous, are to be taken into cuſtody for their falſe induſtry, as juſtly as they ought for their negligence.

'N. B. Mr. Bickerſtaff is taken extremely ill with the tooth-ache, and cannot proceed in this diſcourſe.'

*** The Monthly Amuſement for Sept. 1709, N° 6, price 1s. N. B. Mr. John Hughes was concerned in this periodical publication.

N° 176. Thurſday, May 25, 1710.
STEELE.

Nullum numen abeſt, ſi ſit prudentia.

JUV. Sat. x. 365.

Whoe'er takes Prudence for his guard and guide,
Engages ev'ry guardian beſide.

From my own Apartment, May 23.

THIS evening, after a little eaſe from the raging pain cauſed by ſo ſmall an organ as an aching tooth (under which I have behaved myſelf ſo ill as to have broke two pipes and my ſpectacles) I began to reflect with admiration on thoſe heroic ſpirits *which*, in the conduct of their lives, ſeem to live ſo much above the condition of our make, as not only under the agonies of

pain to forbear any intemperate word or geſture, but alſo, in their general and ordinary behaviour, to reſiſt the impulſes of their very blood and conſtitution. This watch over a man's ſelf, and the command of his temper, I take to be the greateſt of human perfections, and is the effect of a ſtrong and reſolute mind. It is not only the moſt expedient practice for carrying on our own deſigns, but is alſo very deſervedly the moſt amiable quality in the ſight of others. It is a winning deference to mankind, which creates an immediate imitation of itſelf wherever it appears; and prevails upon all, who have to do with a perſon endued with it, either through ſhame or emulation. I do not know how to expreſs this habit of mind, except you will let me call it equanimity. It is a virtue which is neceſſary at every hour, in every place, and in all converſations; and it is the effect of a regular and exact prudence. He that will look back upon all the acquaintances he has had in his whole life, will find he has ſeen more men capable of the greateſt employments and performances, than ſuch as could, in the general bent of their carriage, act otherwiſe than according to their own complexion and humour. But the indulgence of ourſelves, in wholly giving way to our natural propenſity, is ſo unjuſt and improper a licence, that, when people take it up, there is but very little difference, with relation to their friends and families, whether they are good or ill-natured men: for he that errs by being wrought upon by what we call the ſweetneſs of his temper, is as guilty

as he that offends through the perverſeneſs of it.

It is not therefore to be regarded what men are in themſelves, but what they are in their actions. Eucrates [q] is the beſt-natured of all men; but that natural ſoftneſs has effects quite contrary to itſelf; and, for want of due bounds to his benevolence, while he has a will to be a friend to all, he has the power of being ſuch to none. His conſtant inclination to pleaſe makes him never fail of doing ſo; though, without being capable of falſehood, he is a friend only to thoſe who are preſent; for the ſame humour, which makes him the beſt companion, renders him the worſt correſpondent. It is a melancholy thing to conſider, that the moſt engaging ſort of men in converſation are frequently the moſt tyrannical in power, and the leaſt to be depended upon in friendſhip. It is certain this is not to be imputed to their own diſpoſition; but he that is to be led by others, has only good luck if he is not the worſt, though in himſelf the beſt man living. For this reaſon we are no more wholly to indulge our good than our ill diſpoſitions. I remember a crafty old cit, one day ſpeaking of a well-natured young fellow, who ſet up with a good ſtock in Lombard-ſtreet; 'I will,' ſays he, 'lay no more money in his hands, for he never denied me any thing.' This was a very baſe, but with him a prudential

[q] Steele ſeems to have copied here from himſelf, and to have been both the painter and the original. Some notice has been taken of a former picture of this ſort by the ſame hand, in a note on N° 27.

reaſon for breaking off commerce: and this acquaintance of mine carried this way of judging ſo far, that he has often told me, he never cared to deal with a man he liked, for that our affections muſt never enter into our buſineſs.'

When we look round us in this populous city, and conſider how credit and eſteem are lodged, you find men have a great ſhare of the former, without the leaſt portion of the latter. He who knows himſelf for a beaſt of prey, looks upon others in the ſame light; and we are ſo apt to judge of others by ourſelves, that the man who has no mercy is as careful as poſſible never to want it. Hence it is that, in many inſtances, men gain credit by the very contrary methods by which they do eſteem: for wary traders think every affection of the mind a key to their caſh.

But what led me into this diſcourſe was my impatience of pain; and I have, to my great diſgrace, ſeen an inſtance of the contrary carriage in ſo high a degree, that I am out of countenance that I ever read Seneca. When I look upon the conduct of others in ſuch occurrences, as well as behold their equanimity in the general tenor of their life, it very much abates the ſelf-love, which is ſeldom well governed by any ſort of men, and leaſt of all by us authors.

The fortitude of a man, who brings his will to the obedience of his reaſon, is conſpicuous, and carries with it a dignity in the loweſt ſtate imaginable. Poor Martius [r], who now lies lan-

[r] This fictitious name ſeems to imply, that the real perſon here alluded to was a military man, and probably lieutenant-

guiſhing in the moſt violent fever, diſcovers in the fainteſt moments of his diſtemper ſuch a greatneſs of mind, that a perfect ſtranger, who ſhould now behold him, would indeed ſee an object of pity, but at the ſame time that it was lately an object of veneration. His gallant ſpirit reſigns, but reſigns with an air that ſpeaks a reſolution which could yield to nothing but fate itſelf. This is conqueſt in the philoſophic ſenſe; but the empire over ourſelves is, methinks, no leſs laudable in common life, where the whole tenor of a man's carriage is in ſubſervience to his own reaſon, and in conformity both to the good ſenſe and inclination of other men.

Ariſtæus is in my opinion a perfect maſter of himſelf in all circumſtances. He has all the ſpirit that man can have; and yet is as regular in his behaviour as a mere machine. He is ſenſible of every paſſion, but ruffled by none. In converſation he frequently ſeems to be leſs knowing to be more obliging, and chooſes to be on a level with others rather than oppreſs with the ſuperiority of his genius. In friendſhip he is kind without profeſſion. In buſineſs, expeditious without oſtentation. With the greateſt ſoftneſs and benevolence imaginable he is impartial in ſpite of all importunity, even that of his own good-nature. He is ever clear in his

general Cornelius Wood, who came to London about this time, in that languiſhing hopeleſs condition of ill-health to which he was reduced by the unfortunate accident mentioned in a preceding note, and from which he never recovered. See N° 144, note on Sylvius.

judgment; but, in complaiſance to his company, ſpeaks with doubt; and never ſhews confidence in argument but to ſupport the ſenſe of another. Were ſuch an equality of mind the general endeavour of all men, how ſweet would be the pleaſures of converſation? He that is loud would then underſtand that we ought to call a conſtable, and know that ſpoiling good company is the moſt heinous way of breaking the peace. We ſhould then be relieved from thoſe zealots in ſociety, who take upon them to be angry for all the company, and quarrel with the waiters to ſhew they have no reſpect for any body elſe in the room. To be in a rage before you, is, in a kind, being angry with you. You may as well ſtand naked before company as to uſe ſuch familiarities; and to be careleſs of what you ſay is the moſt clowniſh way of being undreſſed.

Sheer-lane, May 24.

WHEN I came home this evening, I found the following letters; and becauſe I think one a very good anſwer to the other, as well as that it is the affair of a young lady, it muſt be immediately diſmiſſed.

'SIR,

'I HAVE a good fortune, partly paternal and partly acquired. My younger years I ſpent in buſineſs; but, age coming on, and having no more children than one daughter, I reſolved to be a ſlave no longer: and accordingly I have diſpoſed of my effects, placed my

money in the funds, bought a pretty ſeat in a pleaſant country, am making a garden, and have ſet up a pack of little beagles. I live in the midſt of a good many well-bred neighbours, and ſeveral well-tempered clergymen. Againſt a rainy day I have a little library, and againſt the gout in my ſtomach a little good claret. With all this I am the miſerableſt man in the world; not that I have loſt the reliſh of any of theſe pleaſures, but am diſtracted with ſuch a multiplicity of entertaining objects, that I am loſt in the variety. I am in ſuch a hurry of idleneſs, that I do not know with what diverſion to begin. Therefore, ſir, I muſt beg the favour of you, when your more weighty affairs will permit, to put me in ſome method of doing nothing: for I find Pliny makes a great difference betwixt *nihil agere* and *agere nihil*; and I fancy, if you would explain him, you would do a very great kindneſs to many in Great Britain, as well as to your humble ſervant,

J. B.'

'SIR,

'THE incloſed is written by my father in one of his pleaſant humours. He bids me ſeal it up, and ſend you a word or two from myſelf; which he would not deſire to ſee until he hears of it from you. Deſire him, before he begins his method of doing nothing, to leave nothing to do; that is to ſay, let him marry off his daughter.

I am your gentle reader,

S. B.'

N° 177. Saturday, May 27, 1710.
STEELE.

——*Malè ſi palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.*
HOR. 1. Sat. ii. 20.

He ſpurns the flatterer, and his ſaucy praiſe.
FRANCIS.

Sheer-lane, May 26.

THE ingenious Mr. Penkethman [s], the comedian, has lately left here a paper or ticket, to which is affixed a ſmall ſilver medal, which is to entitle the bearer to ſee one-and-twenty plays at his theatre for a guinea. Greenwich is the place where, it ſeems, he has erected his houſe; and his time of action is to be ſo contrived, that it is to fall in with going and returning with the tide. Beſides that, the bearer of this ticket may carry down with him a particular ſet of company to the play, ſtriking off for each perſon ſo introduced one of his twenty-one times of admittance. In this warrant of his, he has made me a high compliment in a facetious diſtich, by way of dedication of his endeavours, and deſires I would recommend them to the world. I muſt needs ſay I have not for ſome time ſeen a properer choice than he has made of a patron. Who more fit to publiſh his work than a noveliſt? who to recommend it than a cenſor? This honour done me, has made me

[s] See N° 4, note on Mr. Penkethman.

turn my thoughts upon the nature of dedications in general [t], and the abuſe of that cuſtom, as well by a long practice of my predeceſſors, as the continued folly of my contemporary authors.

In ancient times it was the cuſtom to addreſs their works to ſome perſons eminent for their merit to mankind, or particular patronage of the writers themſelves, or knowledge in the matter of which they treated. Under theſe regards, it was a memorable honour to both parties, and a very agreeable record of their commerce with each other. Theſe applications were never ſtuffed with impertinent praiſes, but were the native product of their eſteem; which was implicitly received, or generally known to be due to the patron of the work: but vain flouriſhes came into the world with other barbarous embelliſhments; and the enumeration of titles and great actions, in the patrons themſelves, or their ſires, are as foreign to the matter in hand, as the ornaments are in a Gothic building. This is clapping together perſons *which* have no manner of alliance; and can for that reaſon have no other effect than making both parties juſtly ridiculous. What pretence is there in nature for me to write to a great man, and tell him, 'My lord, becauſe your grace is a duke, your grace's father before you was an earl, his lordſhip's father was a baron, and his lordſhip's father both a wiſe and a rich man: I Iſaac Bickerſtaff am obliged, and could not poſſibly forbear addreſſing to you the following treatiſe.'

[t] See Guardian, N° 4.

Though this is the plain expoſition of all I could poſſibly ſay to him with a good conſcience, yet the ſilly cuſtom has ſo univerſally prevailed, that my lord duke and I muſt neceſſarily be particular friends from this time forward; or elſe I have juſt room for being diſobliged, and may turn my panegyric into a libel. But to carry this affair ſtill more home; were it granted that praiſes in dedications were proper topics, what is it that gives a man authority to commend, or what makes it a favour to me that he does commend me? It is certain, that there is no praiſe valuable but from the praiſe-worthy. Were it otherwiſe, blame might be as much in the ſame hands. Were the good and evil of fame laid upon a level among mankind, the judge on the bench, and the criminal at the bar, would differ only in their ſtations; and if one's word is to paſs as much as the other's, their reputation would be much alike to the jury. Pliny, ſpeaking of the death of Martial, expreſſes himſelf with great gratitude to him for the honours done him in the writings of that author; but he begins it with an account of his character, which only made the applauſe valuable [u]. He indeed in the ſame epiſtle ſays, 'It is a ſign we have left off doing things which deſerve praiſe, when we think commendation impertinent.' This is aſſerted with a juſt regard to the perſons whoſe good opinion we wiſh for; otherwiſe reputation would be valued according to the number of voices a man has for it, which

[u] C. Plin. Epiſt. lib. iii. ep. 21. Elz. 1659, p. 88.

are not always to be inſured on the more virtuous ſide. But however we pretend to model theſe nice affairs, true glory will never attend any thing but truth; and there is ſomething ſo peculiar in it, that the very ſelf-ſame action, done by different men, cannot merit the ſame degree of applauſe. The Roman [x], who was ſurpriſed in the enemy's camp before he had accompliſhed his deſign, and thruſt his bare arm into a flaming pile, telling the general there were many as determined as himſelf, who, againſt ſenſe of danger, had conſpired his death, wrought in the very enemy an admiration of his fortitude, and a diſmiſſion with applauſe [y]. But the condemned ſlave, who repreſented him in the theatre, and conſumed his arm in the ſame manner, with the ſame reſolution, did not raiſe in the ſpectators a great idea of his virtue, but of him whom he imitated in an action no way differing from that of the real Scævola, but in the motive to it.

Thus true glory is inſeparable from true merit; and whatever you call men, they are no more than what they are in themſelves; but a romantic ſenſe has crept into the minds of the generality, who will ever miſtake words and appearances for perſons and things.

The ſimplicity of the ancients was as conſpicuous in the addreſs of their writings as in any other monuments they have left behind them.

[x] Liv. Hiſt. Dec. i. lib. ii. cap. 12. Script. Hiſt. Rom. Heidelb. 1743, in folio. tom. i. p. 31.

[y] ——Blood wrought on K. Charles in the ſame way, and terrified him by his audaciouſneſs.

Cæſar and Auguſtus were much more high words of reſpect, when added to occaſions fit for their characters to appear in, than any appellations which have ever been ſince thought of. The latter of theſe great men had a very pleaſant way of dealing with applications of this kind. When he received pieces of poetry which he thought had worth in them, he rewarded the writer; but where he thought them empty, he generally returned the compliment made him with ſome verſes of his own.

This latter method I have at preſent occaſion to imitate. A female author has dedicated a piece to me [z], wherein ſhe would make my

[z] Mrs. D. Manley publiſhed at this time one of her ſcandalous chronicles in 8vo. under the title of Memoirs of Europe towards the Cloſe of the 8th Century, written by Eginardus, Secretary, &c. to Charlemagne, and done into Engliſh by the Tranſlator of the New Atalantis.

Prefixed to this ſilly book is an undated dedication to Iſaac Bickerſtaff, eſq; which is a kind of angry letter to captain Steele.

The copy now before me is ſaid to be the 2d edit. corrected, printed for John Morphew, 1711.

Of the nature and occaſion of this dedication, enough has been ſaid in a note to N° 63.

A letter from Steele to Mrs. D. Manley, dated Sept. 6, 1709, is printed as a part of the dedication, and obviouſly alludes to the Tatler publiſhed on the third of Sept. in that year. In that letter Steele tells her, that he was not the Bickerſtaff who had animadverted ſo ſeverely on the author of the Atalantis. The letter is indeed an expreſs declaration, with the ſubſcription of his name to it, that Steele was not the writer of N° 63. This declaration was both formal and true, as appears from what has been adduced in proof of Swift's being the real author of that paper.

The lady goes on to complain of freſh injuries, done, it ſeems, in the interval between the date of Steele's letter, and the publication of her dedication in the end of April, or be-

name, as ſhe has others, the introduction of whatever is to follow in her book; and has ſpoke ſome panegyrical things which I know not how to return, for want of better acquaintance with the lady, and conſequently being out of a capacity of giving her praiſe or blame; all therefore that is left for me, according to the

ginning of May, 1710. 'Soon after [the ſixth of September 1709] two moſt mighty Tatlers,' ſays ſhe, 'came out, levelled directly againſt humble me; but that I could have forgiven, had they not aimed to aſperſe one too great to name, &c.'

It is not worth while to ſearch for the two obnoxious Tatlers in queſtion. Such as are curious to know them, may certainly diſcover them, by examining particularly the papers publiſhed during the courſe of the laſt ſix months; for to that preciſe period the plaintiff herſelf confines them.

Mrs. Manley might probably think, and not untruly, that ſhe was pointed out as the firſt patient to be taken into Bickerſtaff's Bedlam, under the name of lady Fidget, the general viſitant; and perhaps Will Voluble, the fine talker, who was to accompany her to this new-erected habitation, might have been, juſt at that time, her ladyſhip's favourite, and the very perſon who was, as ſhe ſays, 'too great to name.' See N° 174.

Barber the printer had not yet arrived at the ſummit of his greatneſs, for though he was afterwards lord mayor of London, he was not at the time here ſpoken of, 'too great to name.' Mrs. Manley died in his keeping.

She might likewiſe ſuſpect, and it may not be without juſt cauſe, that ſhe was the Mira celebrated in the curious ſonnet publiſhed with criticiſms upon it, in N° 163. The ingenious perſon to whom this *naïve* compoſition is aſcribed, might be no other than the ſame particular friend of her ladyſhip, 'too great to name,' held up to ridicule under another fictitious appellation.

This is mere gueſs-work, and a conjecture formed at random, with which, if the reader is not ſatisfied, he will be pleaſed to conjecture for himſelf. Enough has been ſaid of this lady. See N° 35, and note, &c.

foregoing rules, is to lay the picture of a good and evil woman before her eyes, which are but mere words if they do not concern her. Now you are to obſerve, the way in a dedication is, to make all the reſt of the world as little like the perſon we addreſs to as poſſible, according to the following epiſtle:

'MADAM,

'BUT *M*——
——*Memorabile nullum*
Fœmineâ in pœnâ eſt——'

N° 178. Tueſday, May 30, 1710.
STEELE.

Sheer-lane, May 29.

WHEN we look into the delightful hiſtory of the moſt ingenious Don Quixote of la Mancha, and conſider the exerciſes and manner of life of that renowned gentleman, we cannot but admire the exquiſite genius and diſcerning ſpirit of Michael Cervantes; who has not only painted his adventurer with great maſtery in the conſpicuous parts of his ſtory, which relate to love and honour, but alſo intimated in his ordinary life, in his œconomy and furniture, the infallible ſymptoms he gave of his growing phrenzy, before he declared himſelf a knight errant. His hall was furniſhed with old lances, halbards,

and morions; his food, lentils; his dreſs, amorous. He ſlept moderately, roſe early, and ſpent his time in hunting. When, by watchfulneſs and exerciſe, he was thus qualified for the hardſhips of his intended peregrinations, he had nothing more to do but to fall hard to ſtudy; and, before he ſhould apply himſelf to the practical part, get into the methods of making love and war by reading books of knighthood. As for raiſing tender paſſions in him, Cervantes reports, that he was wonderfully delighted with a ſmooth intricate ſentence; and when they liſtened at his ſtudy-door, they could frequently hear him read loud, 'The reaſon of the unreaſonableneſs, which againſt my reaſon is wrought, doth ſo weaken my reaſon, as with all reaſon I do juſtly complain of your beauty.' Again he would pauſe until he came to another charming ſentence, and, with the moſt pleaſing accent imaginable, be loud at a new paragraph: 'The high heavens, which, with your divinity, do fortify you divinely with the ſtars, make you deſervereſs of the deſerts that your greatneſs deſerves.' With theſe and other ſuch paſſages, ſays my author, the poor gentleman grew diſtracted, and was breaking his brains day and night to underſtand and unravel their ſenſe.

As much as the caſe of this diſtempered knight is received by all the readers of his hiſtory as the moſt incurable and ridiculous of all phrenſies; it is very certain we have crowds among us far gone in as viſible a madneſs as his, though they are not obſerved to be in that condition. As great and uſeful diſcoveries are

ſometimes made by accidental and ſmall beginnings, I came to the knowledge of the moſt epidemic ill of this ſort, by falling into a coffee-houſe, where I ſaw my friend the upholſterer, whoſe crack towards politics I have heretofore mentioned [a]. This touch in the brain of the Britiſh ſubject, is as certainly owing to the reading of news-papers, as that of the Spaniſh worthy above-mentioned to the reading of works of chivalry. My contemporaries the noveliſts have, for the better ſpinning out paragraphs, and working down to the end of their columns, a moſt happy art in ſaying and unſaying, giving hints of intelligence, and interpretations of indifferent actions, to the great diſturbance of the brains of ordinary readers. This way of going on in the words, and making no progreſs in the ſenſe, is more particularly the excellency of my moſt ingenious and renowned fellow-labourer, the Poſt-man [b]; and it is to this talent in him that I impute the loſs of my upholſterer's intellects. That unfortunate tradeſman has, for many years paſt, been the chief orator in ragged aſſemblies, and the reader in alley coffee-houſes. He was yeſterday ſurrounded by an audience of that ſort, among whom I ſat unobſerved, through the favour of a cloud of tobacco, and ſaw him with the Poſt-man in his hand, and all the other papers ſafe under his elbow. He was intermixing remarks, and reading the Paris article of May the thirtieth, which ſays, that ‘ it is

[a] See N° 155, N° 171, N° 160, N° 232, N° 180, and notes.

[b] See N° 91, and note.

given out that an expreſs arrived this day with advice, that the armies were ſo near in the plain of Lens, that they cannonaded each other.' 'Ay, ay, here we ſhall have ſport.' And that 'it was highly probable the next expreſs would bring us an account of an engagement.' 'They are welcome, as ſoon as they pleaſe.' 'Though ſome others ſay, that the ſame will be put off until the ſecond or third of June, becauſe the marſhal Villars expects ſome further reinforcements from Germany, and other parts, before that time.' 'What a-pox does he put it off for? Does he think our horſe is not marching up at the ſame time? But let us ſee what he ſays further.' 'They hope that monſieur Albercotti, being encouraged by the preſence of ſo great an army, will make an extraordinary defence.' 'Why, then, I find, Albercotti is one of thoſe that love to have a great many on their ſide. Nay, I will ſay that for this paper, he makes the moſt natural inferences of any of them all.' 'The elector of Bavaria, being uneaſy to be without any command, has deſired leave to come to court, to communicate a certain project to his majeſty.——Whatever it be, it is ſaid, that prince is ſuddenly expected; and then we ſhall have a more certain account of his project, if this report has any foundation.' 'Nay, this paper never impoſes upon us; he goes upon ſure grounds; for he will not be poſitive the elector has a project, or that he will come, or if he does come at all; for he doubts, you ſee, whether the report has any foundation.'

What makes this the more lamentable is, that this way of writing falls in with the imaginations of the cooler and duller part of her majeſty's ſubjects. The being kept up with one line contradicting another; and the whole, after many ſentences of conjecture, vaniſhing in a doubt whether there is any thing at all in what the perſon has been reading, puts an ordinary head into a vertigo, which his natural dulneſs would have ſecured him from. Next to the labours of the Poſt-man, the upholſterer took from under his elbow honeſt Icabod Dawkes's Letter [c]; and there, among other ſpeculations, the hiſtorian takes upon him to ſay, that 'it is diſcourſed that there will be a battle in Flanders before the armies ſeparate, and many will have it to be to-morrow, the great battle of Ramelies being fought on a Whitſunday.' A gentleman, who was a wag in this company, laughed at the expreſſion, and ſaid, 'By Mr. Dawkes's favour, I warrant you, if we meet them on Whitſunday or Monday, we ſhall not ſtand upon the day with them, whether it be before or after the holidays.' An admirer of this gentleman ſtood up, and told a neighbour at a diſtant table the conceit; at which indeed we were all very merry. Theſe reflections, in the writers of the tranſactions of the times, ſeize the noddles of ſuch as were not born to have thoughts of their own, and conſequently lay a weight upon every thing which they read in print. But Mr. Dawkes

[c] See N° 91.

concluded his paper with a courteous ſentence, which was very well taken and applauded by the whole company. 'We wiſh,' ſays he, 'all our cuſtomers a merry Whitſuntide, and many of them.' Honeſt Icabod is as extraordinary a man as any of our fraternity, and as particular. His ſtyle is a dialect between the familiarity of talking and writing, and his letter ſuch as you cannot diſtinguiſh whether print or manuſcript [d], which gives us a refreſhment of the idea from what has been told us from the preſs by others. This wiſhing a good Tide had its effect upon us, and he was commended for his ſalutation, as ſhewing as well the capacity of a bell-man as an hiſtorian. My diſtempered old acquaintance read, in the next place, the account of the affairs abroad in the Courant [e]: but the matter was told ſo diſtinctly, that theſe wanderers thought there was no news in it; this paper differing from the reſt as an hiſtory from a romance. The tautology, the contradiction, the doubts, and wants of confirmations, are what keep up imaginary entertainments in empty heads, and produce neglect of their own affairs, poverty, and bankruptcy, in many of the ſhop-ſtateſmen; but turn the imaginations of thoſe of a little higher orb into deliriums of diſſatisfaction, which is ſeen in a continual fret upon all that touches their brains, but more particularly upon any advantage obtained by their

[d] Dawkes's Letter was printed, like ſome modern ſermons, in imitation of manuſcripts.

[e] Tat. N° 91.

country, where they are conſidered as lunatics, and therefore tolerated in their ravings.

What I am now warning the people of is, that the news-papers of this iſland are as pernicious to weak heads in England, as ever books of chivalry to Spain; and therefore ſhall do all that in me lies, with the utmoſt care and vigilance imaginable, to prevent theſe growing evils. A flaming inſtance of this malady appeared in my old acquaintance at this time, who, after he had done reading all his papers, ended with a thoughtful air, 'If we ſhould have a peace, we ſhould then know for certain whether it was the king of Sweden that lately came to Dunkirk?' I whiſpered him, and deſired him to ſtep aſide a little with me. When I had opportunity, I decoyed him into a coach, in order for his more eaſy conveyance to Moorfields. The man went very quietly with me; and by that time he had brought the Swede from the defeat by the czar to the Boryſthenes, we were paſſing by Will's coffee-houſe, where the man of the houſe beckoned to us. We made a full ſtop, and could hear from above a very loud voice ſwearing, with ſome expreſſions towards treaſon, that the ſubject in France was as free as in England. His diſtemper would not let him reflect, that his own diſcourſe was an argument to the contrary. They told him, one would ſpeak with him below. He came immediately to our coach-ſide. I whiſpered him, that I had an order to carry him to the Baſtile. He immediately obeyed with great reſignation: for to this ſort of lunatic, whoſe brain is touched for the

French, the name of a gaol in that kingdom has a more agreeable ſound, than that of a paternal ſeat in this their own country. It happened a little unluckily bringing theſe lunatics together, for they immediately fell into a debate concerning the greatneſs of their reſpective monarchs; one for the king of Sweden, the other for the grand monarque of France. This gentleman from Will's is now next door to the upholſterer, ſafe in his apartment in my Bedlam, with proper medicaments, and the Mercury Gallant to ſoothe his imagination that he is actually in France. If therefore he ſhould eſcape to Covent-garden again, all perſons are deſired to lay hold of him, and deliver him to Mr. Morphew, my overſeer. At the ſame time, I deſire all true ſubjects to forbear diſcourſe with him, any otherwiſe than, when he begins to fight a battle for France to ſay, 'Sir, I hope to ſee you in England.'

N° 179. Saturday, June 1, 1710.
STEELE.

——— *Oh! quis me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi*
Siſtat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ?
VIRG. Georg. ii. 488.

Some God conduct me to the ſacred ſhades,——
Or lift me high to Hæmus' hilly crown!
[f] DRYDEN.

From my own Apartment, May 31.

IN this parched ſeaſon, next to the pleaſure of going into the country, is that of hearing from it, and partaking the joys of it in deſcription; as in the following letter:

'SIR,

'I BELIEVE you will forgive me, though I write to you a very long epiſtle; ſince it relates to the ſatisfaction of a country-life, which I know you would lead if you could. In the firſt place, I muſt confeſs to you that I am one of the moſt luxurious men living; and as I am ſuch, I take care to make my pleaſures laſting, by following none but ſuch as are innocent and refined, as well as, in ſome meaſure, improving. You have in your labours been ſo much concerned to repreſent the actions and paſſions of mankind, that the whole vegetable world has almoſt eſcaped your obſervation: but ſure there

[f] See N° 190.

are gratifications to be drawn from thence, which deſerve to be recommended. For your better information, I wiſh you would viſit your old friend in Cornwall. You would be pleaſed to ſee the many alterations I have made about my houſe, and how much I have improved my eſtate without raiſing the rents of it.

'As the winter engroſſes with us near a double portion of the year, the three delightful viciſſitudes being crowded almoſt within the ſpace of ſix months, there is nothing upon which I have beſtowed ſo much ſtudy and expence, as in contriving means to ſoften the ſeverity of it, and, if poſſible, to eſtabliſh twelve cheerful months about my habitation. In order to this, the charges I have been at in building and furniſhing a green-houſe will perhaps be thought ſomewhat extravagant by a great many gentlemen whoſe revenues exceed mine. But when I conſider, that all men of any life and ſpirit have their inclinations to gratify; and when I compute the ſums laid out by the generality of the men of pleaſure, in the number of which I always rank myſelf, in riotous eating and drinking, in equipage and apparel, upon wenching, gaming, racing and hunting; I find, upon the balance, that the indulging of my humour comes at a reaſonable rate.

'Since I communicate to you all incidents ſerious and trifling, even to the death of a butterfly, that fall out within the compaſs of my little empire; you will not, I hope, be ill pleaſed with the draught I now ſend you of my little

winter paradiſe, and with an account of my way of amuſing myſelf and others in it.

'The younger Pliny, you know, writes a long letter to his friend Gallus, in which he gives him a very particular plan of the ſituation, the conveniencies, and the agreeableneſs of his villa [g]. In my laſt, you may remember, I promiſed you ſomething of this kind. Had Pliny lived in a northern climate, I doubt not but we ſhould have found a very complete orangery among his epiſtles; and I probably ſhould have copied his model inſtead of building after my own fancy, and you had been referred to him for the hiſtory of my late exploits in architecture: by which means my performances would have made a better figure, at leaſt in writing, than they are like to make at preſent.

'The area of my green-houſe is a hundred paces long, fifty broad, and the roof thirty feet high. The wall toward the north is of ſolid ſtone. On the ſouth-ſide, and at both the ends, the ſtone-work riſes but three feet from the ground; excepting the pilaſters, placed at convenient diſtances, to ſtrengthen and beautify the building. The intermediate ſpaces are filled up with large ſaſhes of the ſtrongeſt and moſt tranſparent glaſs. The middle ſaſh, which is wider than any of the other, ſerves for the entrance; to which you mount by ſix eaſy ſteps, and deſcend on the inſide by as many. This opens and ſhuts with greater eaſe, keeps the wind out better, and is at the ſame time more uniform than folding-doors.

[g] Plin. Epiſt. lib. ii. ep. xvii. edit. Elz. p. 50.

'In the middle of the roof there runs a ceiling thirty feet broad from one end to the other. This is enlivened by a maſterly pencil, with all the variety of rural ſcenes and proſpects, which he has peopled with the whole tribe of ſylvan deities. Their characters and their ſtories are ſo well expreſſed, that the whole ſeems a collection of all the moſt beautiful fables of ancient poets tranſlated into colours. The remaining ſpaces of the roof, ten feet on each ſide of the ceiling, are of the cleareſt glaſs, to let in the ſky and clouds from above. The building points full eaſt and weſt, ſo that I enjoy the ſun while he is above the horizon. His rays are improved through the glaſs; and I receive through it what is deſirable in a winter ſky, without the coarſe allay of the ſeaſon, which is a kind of ſifting or ſtraining the weather. My greens and flowers are as ſenſible as I am of this benefit. They flouriſh and look cheerful as in the ſpring, while their fellow-creatures abroad are ſtarved to death. I muſt add, that a moderate expence of fire, over and above the contribution I receive from the ſun, ſerves to keep this large room in a due temperature; it being ſheltered from the cold winds by a hill on the north, and a wood on the eaſt.

'The ſhell, you ſee, is both agreeable and convenient; and now you ſhall judge whether I have laid out the floor to advantage. There goes through the whole length of it a ſpacious walk of the fineſt gravel, made to bind and unite ſo firmly that it ſeems one continued ſtone; with this advantage, that it is eaſier to the foot,

and better for walking, than if it were what it ſeems to be. At each end of the walk, on the one and on the other ſide of it, lies a ſquare plot of graſs of the fineſt turf, and brighteſt verdure [h]. What ground remains on both ſides, between theſe little ſmooth fields of green, is flagged with large quarries of white marble; where the blue veins trace out ſuch a variety of irregular windings, through the clear ſurface, that theſe bright plains ſeem full of rivulets and ſtreaming meanders. This, to my eye that delights in ſimplicity, is inexpreſſibly more beautiful than the chequered floors which are ſo generally admired by others. Upon the right and upon the left, along the gravel walk, I have ranged interchangeably the bay, the myrtle, the orange, and the lemon-trees, intermixed with painted hollies, ſilver firs, and pyramids of yew; all ſo diſpoſed, that every tree receives an additional beauty from its ſituation, beſides the harmony that riſes from the diſpoſition of the whole. No ſhade cuts too ſtrongly, or breaks in harſhly upon the other; but the eye is cheered with a mild rather than gorgeous diverſity of greens.

'The borders of the four graſs-plots are garniſhed with pots of flowers. Thoſe delicacies of nature recreate two ſenſes at once; and leave ſuch delightful and gentle impreſſions upon the brain, that I cannot help thinking them of equal force with the ſofteſt airs of muſic, toward the ſmoothing of our tempers. In the center of every plot is a ſtatue. The figures I have made choice of are a Venus, an Adonis, a

[h] See N° 190.

Diana, and an Apollo; ſuch excellent copies, as to raiſe the ſame delight as we ſhould draw from the ſight of the ancient originals.

'The north wall would have been but a tireſome waſte to the eye, if I had not diverſified it with the moſt lively ornaments ſuitable to the place. To this intent, I have been at the expence to lead over arches, from a neighbouring hill, a plentiful ſtore of ſpring-water, which a beautiful Naiad, placed as high as is poſſible in the center of the wall, pours out from an urn. This, by a fall of above twenty feet, makes a moſt delightful caſcade into a baſon, that opens wide within the marble-floor on that ſide. At a reaſonable diſtance, on either hand of the caſcade, the wall is hollowed into two ſpreading ſcollops, each of which receives a couch of green velvet, and forms at the ſame time a canopy over them. Next to them come two large aviaries, which are likewiſe let into the ſtone. Theſe are ſucceeded by two grottoes, ſet off with all the pleaſing rudeneſs of ſhells, and moſs, and cragged ſtones, imitating, in miniature, rocks and precipices, the moſt dreadful and gigantic works of Nature. After the grottoes, you have two niches; the one inhabited by Ceres, with her ſickle and ſheaf of wheat; and the other by Pomona, who, with a countenance full of good cheer, pours a bounteous autumn of fruits out of her horn. Laſt of all come two colonies of bees [i], whoſe ſtations lying eaſt and weſt, the

[i] The bees, to be ſure, had a paſſage through the wall, or window-frame. This t'other day was taken for a contrivance of Wildman. Two new fancies in this ingenious letter are very remarkable. A.

one is ſaluted by the riſing, the other by the ſetting ſun. Theſe all of them, being placed at proportioned intervals, furniſh out the whole length of the wall; and the ſpaces that lie between are painted in freſco, by the ſame hand that has enriched my ceiling.

'Now, ſir, you ſee my whole contrivance to elude the rigour of the year, to bring a northern climate nearer the ſun, and to exempt myſelf from the common fate of my countrymen. I muſt detain you a little longer, to tell you that I never enter this delicious retirement, but my ſpirits are revived, and a ſweet complacency diffuſes itſelf over my whole mind. And how can it be otherwiſe with a conſcience void of offence, where the muſic of falling waters, the ſymphony of birds, the gentle humming of bees, the breath of flowers, the fine imagery of painting and ſculpture; in a word, the beauties and the charms of nature and of art, court all my faculties, refreſh the fibres of the brain, and ſmooth every avenue of thought? What pleaſing meditations, what agreeable wanderings of the mind, and what delicious ſlumbers, have I enjoyed here? And when I turn up ſome maſterly writer to my imagination, methinks here his beauties appear in the moſt advantageous light, and the rays of his genius ſhoot upon me with greater force and brightneſs than ordinary. This place likewiſe keeps the whole family in good humour, in a ſeaſon wherein gloomineſs of temper prevails univerſally in this iſland. My wife does often touch her lute in one of the grottoes, and my daughter ſings to it; while the ladies with you,

amidſt all the diverſions of the town, and in the moſt affluent fortunes, are fretting and repining beneath a louring ſky for they know not what. In this green-houſe [k] we often dine, we drink tea, we dance country-dances; and, what is the chief pleaſure of all, we entertain our neighbours in it, and by this means contribute very much to mend the climate five or ſix miles about us.

I am,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

T. S.'

[k] Steele's Corniſh correſpondent was probably a man of fortune, and does not appear to have been in parliament at this time, as the green-houſe ſeems to have been made to enliven his winter enjoyment in the country.

There were two, indeed three gentlemen, whoſe names correſpond to theſe initial letters, who were, after this time, in the fifth parliament of queen Anne, and the fourth of Great Britain, and voted againſt Steele's expulſion.

But one of them, Thomas Stanwix, eſq; was member for the city of Carliſle, and very remote from Cornwall; another, Thomas Stephens, eſq; member for the county of Glouceſter, died ſoon after, certainly in 1714, perhaps conſiderably advanced in years.

Thomas Smith, the laſt of the three gentlemen abovementioned, who likewiſe voted againſt Steele's expulſion, was member for the borough of Eye, and might, perhaps, be the perſon who wrote this letter, to which the initials of his name are ſubſcribed. See N° 188, let. 1; and N° 203, let. 2.

In the preface to The Examiner, the firſt number of which was publiſhed Auguſt 3, 1710, there is the following paſſage:

'All deſcriptions of ſtage-players and ſtateſmen, the erecting of green-houſes, the forming of conſtellations, the beaus' red-heels, and the furbelows of the ladies, ſhall remain entire to the uſe and benefit of their firſt proprietor.'

N. B. The deſcription of ſtage-players and ſtateſmen, here mentioned, is an alluſion to Downes's letter, and a confirmation of the note upon it. See N° 193, and note.

N° 180. Tueſday, June 3, 1710.
STEELE.

Stultitiam patiuntur opes———

HOR. 1. Ep. xviii. 29.

There folly pleads the privilege of wealth.

From my own Apartment, June 2.

I HAVE received a letter which accuſes me of partiality in the adminiſtration of the cenſorſhip; and ſays, that I have been very free with the lower part of mankind but extremely cautious in repreſentations of matters which concern men of condition. This correſpondent takes upon him alſo to ſay, the upholſterer was not undone by turning politician [1], but became bankrupt by truſting his goods to perſons of quality; and demands of me, that I ſhould do juſtice upon ſuch as brought poverty and diſtreſs upon the world below them, while they themſelves were ſunk in pleaſures and luxury, ſupported at the expence of thoſe very perſons whom they treated with negligence, as if they did not know whether they dealt with them or not. This is a very

It is ev'dent, from a paſſage in the preface to Tat. vol. iv, that Steele himſelf did not know who was the real author of the letter ſigned Downes, at the time when he wrote that preface. In a note on the N° above quoted, N° 193, it is ſaid, on the authority of a late learned prelate, who was a conſiderable contributor to the Spect. and Guard. that the writer of Downes's letter was believed to be Temple Stanyan, eſq; &c.

[1] See N° 155, N° 160, N° 171, N° 232, and notes.

heavy accuſation, both of me, and ſuch as the man aggrieved accuſes me of tolerating. For this reaſon, I reſolved to take this matter into conſideration; and, upon very little meditation, could call to my memory many inſtances which made this complaint far from being groundleſs. The root of this evil does not always proceed from injuſtice in the men of figure, but often from a falſe grandeur which they take upon them in being unacquainted with their own buſineſs; not conſidering how mean a part they act, when their names and characters are ſubjected to the little arts of their ſervants and dependants. The overſeers of the poor are a people who have no great reputation for the diſcharge of their truſt; but are much leſs ſcandalous than the overſeers of the rich. Aſk a young fellow of a great eſtate, who was that odd fellow that ſpoke to him in a public place? he anſwers, 'One that does my buſineſs.' It is with many a natural conſequence of being a man of fortune, that they are not to underſtand the diſpoſal of it; and they long to come to their eſtates, only to put themſelves under new guardianſhip. Nay, I have known a young fellow, who was regularly bred an attorney, and was a very expert one, until he had an eſtate fallen to him. The moment that happened, he who could before prove the next land he caſt his eye upon his own, and was ſo ſharp, that a man at firſt ſight would give him a ſmall ſum for a general receipt, whether he owed him any thing or not: ſuch a one, I ſay, have I ſeen, upon coming to an eſtate, forget all his diffidence of mankind, and

become the moſt manageable thing breathing. He immediately wanted a ſtirring man to take upon him his affairs, to receive and pay, and do every thing which he himſelf was now too fine a gentleman to underſtand. It is pleaſant to conſider, that he who would have got an eſtate, had he not come to one, will certainly ſtarve becauſe one fell to him; but ſuch contradictions are we to ourſelves, and any change of life is inſupportable to ſome natures.

It is a miſtaken ſenſe of ſuperiority, to believe a figure, or equipage, gives men precedence to their neighbours. Nothing can create reſpect from mankind, but laying obligations upon them; and it may very reaſonably be concluded, that if it were put into a due balance, according to the true ſtate of the account, many, who believe themſelves in poſſeſſion of a large ſhare of dignity in the world, muſt give place to their inferiors. The greateſt of all diſtinctions in civil life is that of debtor and creditor; and there needs no great progreſs in logic to know which, in that caſe, is the advantageous ſide. He who can ſay to another, 'pray, maſter,' or, 'pray, my lord, give me my own,' can as juſtly tell him, 'It is a fantaſtical diſtinction you take upon you, to pretend to paſs upon the world for my maſter or lord, when, at the ſame time that I wear your livery, you owe me wages; or, while I wait at your door, you are aſhamed to ſee me until you have paid my bill.'

The good old way among the gentry of England to maintain their pre-eminence over the lower rank, was by their bounty, munificence,

and hoſpitality; and it is a very unhappy change, if at preſent, by themſelves or their agents, the luxury of the gentry is ſupported by the credit of the trader. This is what my correſpondent pretends to prove out of his own books, and thoſe of his whole neighbourhood. He has the confidence to ſay, that there is a mug-houſe near Long-acre, where you may every evening hear an exact account of diſtreſſes of this kind. One complains that ſuch a lady's finery is the occaſion that his own wife and daughter appear ſo long in the ſame gown. Another, that all the furniture of her viſiting apartment are no more hers than the ſcenery of a play are the proper goods of the actreſs. Nay, at the lower end of the ſame table, you may hear a butcher and poulterer ſay, that, at their proper charge, all that family has been maintained ſince they laſt came to town.

The free manner, in which people of faſhion are diſcourſed on at ſuch meetings, is but a juſt reproach of their failures in this kind; but the melancholy relations of the great neceſſities tradeſmen are driven to, who ſupport their credit in ſpite of the faithleſs promiſes which are made them, and the abatement which they ſuffered when paid by the extortion of upper ſervants, is what would ſtop the moſt thoughtleſs man in the career of his pleaſures, if rightly repreſented to him.

If this matter be not very ſpeedily amended, I ſhall think fit to print exact liſts of all perſons who are not at their own diſpoſal, though above the age of twenty-one; and as the trader is made bankrupt for abſence from his abode, ſo

ſhall the gentleman for being at home, if, when Mr. Morphew calls, he cannot give an exact account of what paſſes in his own family. After this fair warning, no one ought to think himſelf hardly dealt with, if I take upon me to pronounce him no longer maſter of his eſtate, wife, or family, than he continues to improve, cheriſh, and maintain them upon the baſis of his own property, without incurſions upon his neighbour in any of theſe particulars.

According to that excellent philoſopher Epictetus, we are all but acting parts in a play; and it is not a diſtinction in itſelf to be high or low, but to become the parts we are to perform. I am by my office prompter on this occaſion; and ſhall give thoſe who are a little out in their parts, ſuch ſoft hints as may help them to proceed, without letting it be known to the audience they were out: but if they run quite out of character, they muſt be called off the ſtage, and receive parts more ſuitable to their genius. Servile compliance ſhall degrade a man from his honour and quality, and haughtineſs be yet more debaſed. Fortune ſhall no longer appropriate diſtinctions, but nature direct us in the diſpoſition both of reſpect and diſcountenance. As there are tempers made for command, and others for obedience; ſo there are men born for acquiring poſſeſſions, and others incapable of being other than mere lodgers in the houſes of their anceſtors, and have it not in their very compoſition to be proprietors of any thing. Theſe men are moved only by the mere effects of impulſe: their good-will and diſeſteem are to be regarded equally; for

neither is the effect of their judgment. This looſe temper is that which makes a man, what Salluſt ſo well remarks to happen frequently in the ſame perſon, to be covetous of what is another's, and profuſe of what is his own [m]. This ſort of men is uſually amiable to ordinary eyes; but in the ſight of reaſon nothing is laudable but what is guided by reaſon. The covetous prodigal is of all others the worſt man in ſociety. If he would but take time to look into himſelf, he would find his ſoul all over gaſhed with broken vows and promiſes; and his retroſpect on his actions would not conſiſt of reflections upon thoſe good reſolutions after mature thought, which are the true life of a reaſonable creature, but the nauſeous memory of imperfect pleaſures, idle dreams, and occaſional amuſements. To follow ſuch diſſatisfying purſuits, is it poſſible to ſuffer the ignominy of being unjuſt? I remember in Tully's Epiſtle, in the recommendation of a man to an affair which had no manner of relation to money, it is ſaid, 'You may truſt him, for he is a frugal man.' It is certain, he who has not regard to ſtrict juſtice in the commerce of life, can be capable of no good action in any other kind; but he who lives below his income, lays up every moment of life armour againſt a baſe world, that will cover all his frailties while he is ſo fortified, and exaggerate them when he is naked and defenceleſs.

[m] *Alieni appetens, ſui profuſus.* Salluſt. Bell. Catal. cap. 1.

ADVERTISEMENT.

'A ſtage-coach ſets out exactly at ſix from Nando's coffee-houſe to Mr. Tiptoe's dancing-ſchool, and returns at eleven every evening, for one ſhilling and four-pence.

'N. B. Dancing ſhoes, not exceeding four inches height in the heels, and periwigs [n], not exceeding three feet in length, are carried in the coach-box gratis.'

N° 181. Tueſday, June 6, 1710.
STEELE.

And now the riſing day renews the year,
A day for ever ſad, for ever dear. DRYDEN.

—— *Dies, ni fallor, adeſt, quem ſemper acerbum,*
Semper honoratum, ſic dii voluiſtis, habebo.
VIRG. Æn. v. 49.

From my own Apartment, June 5.

THERE are thoſe among mankind who can enjoy no reliſh of their being, except the world is made acquainted with all that relates to them, and think every thing loſt that paſſes unobſerved; but others find a ſolid delight in ſtealing by the crowd, and modelling their life after ſuch a

[n] See N° 26, N° 155, N° 42, notes. See alſo Life of C. Cibber, vol. I, p. 268. 12mo, edit. 1756: and a curious inſtance of prince Eugene's contempt for a large wig in Swift's Works, vol. xxiii. p. 133. This prince tried in vain to borrow from one or other in his retinue, ſuch a large wig as was then faſhionable at our court. Vide *ut ſupra*.

manner, as is as much above the approbation as the practice of the vulgar. Life being too ſhort to give inſtances great enough of true friendſhip or good-will, ſome ſages have thought it pious to preſerve a certain reverence for the manes of their deceaſed friends; and have withdrawn themſelves from the reſt of the world at certain ſeaſons, to commemorate in their own thoughts ſuch of their acquaintance who have gone before them out of this life. And indeed, when we are advanced in years, there is not a more pleaſing entertainment than to recollect, in a gloomy moment, the many we have parted with that have been dear and agreeable to us, and to caſt a melancholy thought or two after thoſe with whom, perhaps, we have indulged ourſelves in whole nights of mirth and jollity. With ſuch inclinations in my heart I went to my cloſet yeſterday in the evening, and reſolved to be ſorrowful; upon which occaſion I could not but look with diſdain upon myſelf, that, though all the reaſons which I had to lament the loſs of many of my friends are now as forcible as at the moment of their departure, yet did not my heart ſwell with the ſame ſorrow which I felt at that time; but I could without tears reflect upon many pleaſing adventures I have had with ſome, who have long been blended with common earth. Though it is by the benefit of nature that length of time thus blots out the violence of afflictions; yet, with tempers too much given to pleaſure, it is almoſt neceſſary to revive the old places of grief in our memory, and ponder ſtep by ſtep on paſt life, to lead the mind into that ſobriety

of thought which poizes the heart, and makes it beat with due time, without being quickened with deſire, or retarded with deſpair, from its proper and equal motion. When we wind up a clock that is out of order, to make it go well for the future, we do not immediately ſet the hand to the preſent inſtant, but we make it ſtrike the round of all its hours, before it can recover the regularity of its time. Such, thought I, ſhall be my method this evening; and ſince it is that day of the year which I dedicate to the memory of ſuch in another life as I much delighted in when living, an hour or two ſhall be ſacred to ſorrow and their memory, while I run over all the melancholy circumſtances of this kind which have occurred to me in my whole life.

The firſt ſenſe of ſorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father °, at which time

° This anecdote of Steele's hiſtory ſeems to have eſcaped the notice of the writer of his life in the Biog. Britan. Steele's father was a counſellor at law, and ſome time private ſecretary to James I. duke of Ormond. His ſon [ſir Richard] was born at Dublin, probably about the year 1676; and being brought to London very young, he was put to ſchool at the Charter-houſe, as it ſeems, by the direction of his patron, James I. duke of Ormond, who was one of the governors of that hoſpital, and who, if he had lived long enough, might probably have been very ſerviceable to him.

In Steele's dedication of his play called The Lying Lover, to the late duke of Ormond, there is the following paſſage, which ſeems to vouch this account. 'Out of gratitude to the memorable and illuſtrious patron of my infancy, your grace's grandfather, I preſume to lay this comedy at your feet.' Steele's biographer makes no mention of his mother, who is ſaid here to have been 'a very beautiful woman, of a noble ſpirit.' See N° 190.

I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the houſe meant, than poſſeſſed with a real underſtanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother ſat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling 'Papa;' for, I know not how, I had ſome ſlight idea that he was locked up there. My mother catched me in her arms, and, tranſported beyond all patience of the ſilent grief ſhe was before in, ſhe almoſt ſmothered me in her embraces; and told me in a flood of tears, 'Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again.' She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble ſpirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidſt all the wildneſs of her tranſport; which, methought, ſtruck me with an inſtinct of ſorrow that, before I was ſenſible of what it was to grieve, ſeized my very ſoul, and has made pity the weakneſs of my heart ever ſince. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo; and receives impreſſions ſo forcible, that they are as hard to be removed by reaſon, as any mark with which a child is born is to be taken away by any future application. Hence it is that good-nature in me is no merit; but having been ſo frequently overwhelmed with her tears before I knew the cauſe of any affliction, or could draw defences from my own judgment, I imbibed commiſeration, remorſe, and an unmanly gentleneſs of

mind, which has ſince enſnared me into ten thouſand calamities; from whence I can reap no advantage, except it be that, in ſuch a humour as I am now in, I can the better indulge myſelf in the ſoftneſſes of humanity, and enjoy that ſweet anxiety which ariſes from the memory of paſt afflictions.

We that are very old are better able to remember things which befel us in our diſtant youth than the paſſages of later days. For this reaſon it is that the companions of my ſtrong and vigorous years preſent themſelves more immediately to me in this office of ſorrow. Untimely and unhappy deaths are what we are moſt apt to lament; ſo little are we able to make it indifferent when a thing happens, though we know it muſt happen. Thus we groan under life, and bewail thoſe who are relieved from it. Every object that returns to our imagination raiſes different paſſions, according to the circumſtance of their departure. Who can have lived in an army, and in a ſerious hour reflect upon the many gay and agreeable men that might long have flouriſhed in the arts of peace, and not join with the imprecations of the fatherleſs and widow on the tyrant to whoſe ambition they fell ſacrifices? But gallant men who are cut off by the ſword, move rather our veneration than our pity; and we gather relief enough from their own contempt of death, to make that no evil, which was approached with ſo much cheerfulneſs, and attended with ſo much honour. But when we turn our thoughts from the great parts of life on ſuch occaſions, and, inſtead of

lamenting thoſe who ſtood ready to give death to thoſe from whom they had the fortune to receive it; I ſay, when we let our thoughts wander from ſuch noble objects, and conſider the havoc which is made among the tender and the innocent, pity enters with an unmixed ſoftneſs, and poſſeſſes all our ſouls at once.

Here (were there words to expreſs ſuch ſentiments with proper tenderneſs) I ſhould record the beauty, innocence, and untimely death, of the firſt object my eyes ever beheld with love. The beauteous virgin! how ignorantly did ſhe charm, how careleſsly excel? Oh death! thou haſt right to be bold, to the ambitious, to the high, and to the haughty; but why this cruelty to the humble, to the meek, to the undiſcerning, to the thoughtleſs? Nor age, nor buſineſs, nor diſtreſs, can eraſe the dear image from my imagination. In the ſame week I ſaw her dreſſed for a ball, and in a ſhroud. How ill did the habit of death become the pretty trifler? I ſtill behold the ſmiling earth——A large train of diſaſters were coming on to my memory, when my ſervant knocked at my cloſet-door, and interrupted me with a letter, attended with a hamper of wine, of the ſame ſort with that which is to be put to ſale on Thurſday next at Garraway's coffee-houſe. Upon the receipt of it, I ſent for three of my friends. We are ſo intimate, that we can be company in whatever ſtate of mind we meet, and can entertain each other without expecting always to rejoice. The wine we found to be generous and warming, but with ſuch an heat as moved us rather to be

cheerful than frolicſome. It revived the ſpirits, without firing the blood. We commended it until two of the clock this morning; and, having to-day met a little before dinner, we found that, though we drank two bottles a man, we had much more reaſon to recollect than forget what had paſſed the night before.

N° 182. Thurſday, June 8, 1710.
STEELE.

Spectaret populum ludis attentiùs ipſis.

HOR. 1. Ep. ii. 197.

The crowd would more engage the laughing ſage [p],
Than all the farce, and follies of the ſtage.

FRANCIS.

Sheer-lane, June 7.

THE town grows ſo very empty, that the greater number of my gay characters are fled out of my ſight into the country. My beaux are now ſhepherds, and my belles wood-nymphs. They are lolling over rivulets, and covered with ſhades, while we who remain in town hurry through the duſt about impertinencies, without knowing the happineſs of leiſure and retirement. To add to this calamity, even the actors are going to deſert us for a ſeaſon, and we ſhall not ſhortly have ſo much as a landſcape or a foreſt ſcene to refreſh ourſelves with in the midſt

[p] Democritus.

of our fatigues. This may not perhaps be ſo ſenſible a loſs to any other as to me; for I confeſs it is one of my greateſt delights to ſit unobſerved and unknown in the gallery, and entertain myſelf either with what is perſonated on the ſtage, or obſerve what appearances preſent themſelves in the audience. If there were no other good conſequences in a playhouſe, than that ſo many perſons of different ranks and conditions are placed there in their moſt pleaſing aſpects, that proſpect only would be very far from being below the pleaſures of a wiſe man. There is not one perſon you can ſee, in whom, if you look with an inclination to be pleaſed, you may not behold ſomething worthy or agreeable. Our thoughts are in our features; and the viſage of thoſe in whom love, rage, anger, jealouſy, or envy, have their frequent manſions, carries the traces of thoſe paſſions wherever the amorous, the choleric, the jealous, or the envious, are pleaſed to make their appearaace. However, the aſſembly at a play is uſually made up of ſuch as have a ſenſe of ſome elegance in pleaſure; by which means the audience is generally compoſed of thoſe who have gentle affections, or at leaſt of ſuch as, at that time, are in the beſt humour you can ever find them. This has inſenſibly a good effect upon our ſpirits; and the muſical airs which are played to us put the whole company into a participation of the ſame pleaſure, and by conſequence, for that time, equal in humour, in fortune, and in quality. Thus far we gain only by coming into an audience; but if we find, added to this, the

beauties of proper action, the force of eloquence, and the gaiety of well-placed lights and ſcenes, it is being happy, and ſeeing others happy, for two hours; a duration of bliſs not at all to be ſlighted by ſo ſhort-lived a creature as man. Why then ſhould not the duty of the player be had in much more eſteem than it is at preſent? If the merit of a performance is to be valued according to the talents which are neceſſary to it, the qualifications of a player ſhould raiſe him much above the arts and ways of life which we call mercenary or mechanic. When we look round a full houſe, and behold ſo few that can, though they ſet themſelves out to ſhew as much as the perſons on the ſtage do, come up to what they would appear even in dumb ſhew; how much does the actor deſerve our approbation, who adds, to the advantage of looks and motions, the tone of voice, the dignity, the humility, the ſorrow, and the triumph, ſuitable to the character he perſonates.

It may poſſibly be imagined by ſevere men, that I am too frequent in the mention of the theatrical repreſentations; but who is not exceſſive in the diſcourſe of what he extremely likes? Eugenio can lead you to a gallery of fine pictures, which collection he is always increaſing. Craſſus, through woods and foreſts, to which he deſigns to add the neighbouring counties. Theſe are great and noble inſtances of their magnificence. The players are my pictures, and their ſcenes my territories. By communicating the pleaſure I take in them, it may in ſome meaſure add to men's gratification this

way; as viewing the choice and wealth of Eugenio and Craſſus augments the enjoyments of thoſe whom they entertain, with a proſpect of ſuch poſſeſſions as would not otherwiſe fall within the reach of their fortunes.

It is a very good office one man does another, when he tells him the manner of his being pleaſed; and I have often thought, that a comment upon the capacities of the players would very much improve the delight that way, and impart it to thoſe who otherwiſe have no ſenſe of it.

The firſt of the preſent ſtage are Wilks and Cibber, perfect actors in their different kinds. Wilks has a ſingular talent in repreſenting the graces of nature; Cibber the deformity in the affectation of them. Were I a writer of plays, I ſhould never employ either of them in parts which had not their bent this way. This is ſeen in the inimitable ſtrain and run of good humour which is kept up in the character of Wildair, and in the nice and delicate abuſe of underſtanding in that of Sir Novelty. Cibber, in another light, hits exquiſitely the flat civility of an affected gentleman-uſher, and Wilks the eaſy frankneſs of a gentleman.

If you would obſerve the force of the ſame capacities in higher life, can any thing be more ingenuous than the behaviour of prince Harry when his father checks him? any thing more exaſperating than that of Richard when he inſults his ſuperiors? To beſeech gracefully, to approach reſpectfully, to pity, to mourn, to love, are the places wherein Wilks may be made to

ſhine with the utmoſt beauty. To rally pleaſantly, to ſcorn artfully, to flatter, to ridicule, and to neglect, are what Cibber would perform with no leſs excellence.

When actors are conſidered with a view to their talents, it is not only the pleaſure of that hour of action, which the ſpectators gain from their performance; but the oppoſition of right and wrong on the ſtage would have its force in the aſſiſtance of our judgments on other occaſions. I have at preſent under my tutelage a young poet, who I deſign ſhall entertain the town the enſuing winter. And as he does me the honour to let me ſee his comedy as he writes it, I ſhall endeavour to make the parts fit the geniuſes of the ſeveral actors, as exactly as their habits can their bodies. And becauſe the two I have mentioned are to perform the principal parts, I have prevailed with the houſe to let the Careleſs Huſband be acted on Tueſday next, that my young author may have a view of the play, which is acted to perfection both by them and all concerned in it; as being born within the walls of the theatre, and written with an exact knowledge of the abilities of the performers. Mr. Wilks will do his beſt in this play, becauſe it is for his own benefit; and Mr. Cibber, becauſe he writ it. Beſides which, all the great beauties we have left in town, or within call of it, will be preſent, becauſe it is the laſt play this ſeaſon. This opportunity will, I hope, inflame my pupil with ſuch generous notions, from ſeeing ſo fair an aſſembly as will be then preſent, that his play may be compoſed

of ſentiments and characters proper to be preſented to ſuch an audience. His drama at preſent has only the outlines drawn. There are, I find, to be in it all the reverend offices of life (ſuch as regard to parents, huſbands, and honourable lovers) preſerved with the utmoſt care; and at the ſame time that agreeableneſs of behaviour, with the intermixture of pleaſing paſſions which ariſe from innocence and virtue, interſperſed in ſuch a manner, as that to be charming and agreeable ſhall appear the natural conſequence of being virtuous. This great end is one of thoſe I propoſe to do in my cenſorſhip; but if I find a thin houſe on an occaſion when ſuch a work is to be promoted, my pupil ſhall return to his commons at Oxford, and Sheer-lane and the theatres be no longer correſpondents [q].

[q] Steele ſeems here to announce, in a very friendly manner, but rather prematurely, the only dramatic piece of Mr. Leonard Welſted, a gentleman of good taſte and genius, whom he warmly patronized. Welſted's comedy was not printed till the year 1726, when it appeared in 8vo. under the title of, The Diſſembled Wanton, or, My Son get Money. It is ſaid to be an entertaining play, and to have had tolerable ſucceſs; but whether this be the comedy alluded to here, is left to the determination of the reader. It may be added, in confirmation of the above conjecture, that in the prologue to the play it is ſaid of the author,

> Great tho' he be, he comes with reverence here,
> His entrance long delay'd, avows his fear.

N° 183. Saturday, June 10, 1710.
STEELE.

——*Fuit hæc ſapientia quondam*
Publica privatis ſecernere.——

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 396.

Our ſage forefathers wiſely underſtood
To ſep'rate public from the private good.

From my own Apartment, June 9.

WHEN men look into their own boſoms, and conſider the generous ſeeds which are there planted, that might, if rightly cultivated, ennoble their lives, and make their virtue venerable to futurity; how can they without tears reflect on the univerſal degeneracy from that public ſpirit which ought to be the firſt and principal motive of all their actions? In the Grecian and Roman nations they were wiſe enough to keep up this great incentive, and it was impoſſible to be in the faſhion without being a patriot. All gallantry had its firſt ſource from hence; and to want a warmth for the public welfare was a defect ſo ſcandalous, that he who was guilty of it had no pretence to honour or manhood. What makes the depravity among us in this behalf the more vexatious and irkſome to reflect upon is, that the contempt of life is carried as far amongſt us, as it could be in thoſe memorable people: and we want only a proper application of the qualities which are frequent among us to be as

worthy as they. There is hardly a man to be found who will not fight upon any occaſion which he thinks may taint his own honour. Were this motive as ſtrong in every thing that regards the public, as it is in this our private caſe, no man would paſs his life away without having diſtinguiſhed himſelf by ſome gallant inſtance of his zeal towards it in the reſpective incidents of his life and profeſſion. But it is ſo far otherwiſe, that there cannot at preſent be a more ridiculous animal than one who ſeems to regard the good of others. He in civil life, whoſe thoughts turn upon ſchemes which may be of general benefit, without further reflection, is called a projector; and the man whoſe mind ſeems intent upon glorious achievement, a knight-errant. The ridicule among us runs ſtrong againſt laudable actions; nay, in the ordinary courſe of things, and the common regards of life, negligence of the public is an epidemic vice. The brewer in his exciſe, the merchant in his cuſtoms, and, for aught we know, the ſoldier in his muſter-rolls, think never the worſe of themſelves for being guilty of their reſpective frauds towards the public. This evil is come to ſuch a fantaſtical height, that he is a man of a public ſpirit, and heroically affected to his country, who can go ſo far as even to turn uſurer with all he has in her funds. There is not a citizen in whoſe imagination ſuch a one does not appear in the ſame light of glory as Codrus, Scævola, or any other great name in old Rome. Were it not for the heroes of ſo much per cent, as have regard

enough for themſelves and their nation to trade with her with their wealth, the very notion of public love would long before now have vaniſhed from among us. But however general cuſtom may hurry us away in the ſtream of a common error, there is no evil, no crime, ſo great as that of being cold in matters which relate to the common good. This is in nothing more conſpicuous than in a certain willingneſs to receive any thing that tends to the diminution of ſuch as have been conſpicuous inſtruments in our ſervice. Such inclinations proceed from the moſt low and vile corruption, of which the ſoul of man is capable. This effaces not only the practice, but the very approbation of honour and virtue; and has had ſuch an effect, that, to ſpeak freely, the very ſenſe of public good has no longer a part even of our converſations. Can then the moſt generous motive of life, the good of others, be ſo eaſily baniſhed the breaſt of man? Is it poſſible to draw all our paſſions inward? Shall the boiling heat of youth be ſunk in pleaſures, the ambition of manhood in ſelfiſh intrigues? Shall all that is glorious, all that is worth the purſuit of great minds, be ſo eaſily rooted out? When the univerſal bent of a people ſeems diverted from the ſenſe of their common good, and common glory, it looks like a fatality, and criſis of impending misfortune.

The generous nations we juſt now mentioned underſtood this ſo very well, that there was hardly an oration ever made which did not turn upon this general ſenſe, that the love of their country was the firſt and moſt eſſential quality

in an honeſt mind. Demoſthenes, in a cauſe wherein his fame, reputation, and fortune, were embarked, puts his all upon this iſſue; 'Let the Athenians,' ſays he, 'be benevolent to me, as they think I have been zealous for them.' This great and diſcerning orator knew there was nothing elſe in nature could bear him up againſt his adverſaries, but this one quality of having ſhewn himſelf willing or able to ſerve his country. This certainly is the teſt of merit; and the firſt foundation for deſerving good-will is having it yourſelf. The adverſary of this orator at that time was Æſchines, a man of wily arts and ſkill in the world, who could, as occaſion ſerved, fall in with a national ſtart of paſſion, or ſullenneſs of humour; which a whole nation is ſometimes taken with as well as a private man, and by that means divert them from their common ſenſe, into an averſion for receiving any thing in its true light. But when Demoſthenes had awakened his audience with that one hint of judging by the general tenor of his life towards them, his ſervices bore down his opponent before him, who fled to the covert of his mean arts, until ſome more favourable occaſion ſhould offer againſt the ſuperior merit of Demoſthenes.

It were to be wiſhed that love of their country were the firſt principle of action in men of buſineſs, even for their own ſakes; for when the world begins to examine into their conduct, the generality who have no ſhare in, or hopes of any part in power or riches, but what is the effect of their own labour or property, will

judge of them by no other method than that of how profitable their adminiſtration has been to the whole? They who are out of the influence of men's fortune or favour will let them ſtand or fall by this one only rule; and men who can bear being tried by it are always popular in their fall. Thoſe who cannot ſuffer ſuch a ſcrutiny are contemptible in their advancement.

But I am here running into ſhreds of maxims from reading Tacitus this morning, that has driven me from my recommendation of public ſpirit, which was the intended purpoſe of this Lucubration. There is not a more glorious inſtance of it than in the character of Regulus [r]. This ſame Regulus was taken priſoner by the Carthaginians, and was ſent by them to Rome, in order to demand ſome Punic noblemen, who were priſoners, in exchange for himſelf; and was bound by an oath, that he would return to Carthage if he failed in his commiſſion. He propoſes this to the ſenate, who were in ſuſpenſe upon it, which Regulus obſerving, without having the leaſt notion of putting the care of his own life in competition with the public good, deſired them to conſider, that he was old and almoſt uſeleſs; that thoſe demanded in exchange were men of daring tempers, and great merit in military affairs; and wondered they would make any doubt of permitting him to go back to the ſhort tortures prepared for him at Carthage, where he ſhould have the advantage

[r] Liv. Hiſt. Dec. ii. lib. xviii. cap. lvii. *et ſeq.* Script. Hiſt. Rom. Heidelb. 1743, folio, 3 tom. tom. i. p. 279, *et ſeq.*

of ending a long life both gloriouſly and uſefully. This generous advice was conſented to; and he took his leave of his country and his weeping friends, to go to certain death, with that cheerful compoſure, as a man, after the fatigue of buſineſs in a court or a city, retires to the next village for the air.

N° 184. Tueſday, June 13, 1710.
STEELE.

Una de multis face nuptiali
Digna——— HOR. II. Od. iii. 33.

Yet worthy of the nuptial flame——
Of many, one untainted maid. FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, June 12.

THERE are certain occaſions of life which give propitious omens of the future good conduct of it, as well as others which explain our preſent inward ſtate, according to our behaviour in them. Of the latter ſort are funerals; of the former, weddings. The manner of our carriage when we loſe a friend ſhews very much our temper, in the humility of our words and actions, and a general ſenſe of our deſtitute condition, which runs through all our deportment. This gives a ſolemn teſtimony of the generous affection we bore our friends, when we ſeem to diſreliſh every thing, now we can no more enjoy them, or ſee them partake in our enjoyments. It is very proper and humane to

put ourſelves, as it were, in their livery after their deceaſe, and wear a habit unſuitable to proſperity, while thoſe we loved and honoured are mouldering in the grave. As this is laudable on the ſorrowful ſide, ſo, on the other, incidents of ſucceſs may no leſs juſtly be repreſented and acknowledged in our outward figure and carriage. Of all ſuch occaſions, that great change of a ſingle life into marriage is the moſt important; as it is the ſource of all relations, and from whence all other friendſhip and commerce do principally ariſe. The general intent of both ſexes is to diſpoſe of themſelves happily and honourably in this ſtate; and as all the good qualities we have are exerted to make our way into it, ſo the beſt appearance, with regard to their minds, their perſons, and their fortunes, at the firſt entrance into it, is a due to each other in the married pair, as well as a compliment to the reſt of the world. It was an inſtruction of a wiſe lawgiver, that unmarried women ſhould wear ſuch looſe habits, which, in the flowing of their garb, ſhould incite their beholders to a deſire of their perſons; and that the ordinary motions of their bodies might diſplay the figure and ſhape of their limbs in ſuch a manner, as at once to preſerve the ſtricteſt decency, and raiſe the warmeſt inclinations.

This was the œconomy of the legiſlature for the increaſe of people, and at the ſame time for the preſervation of the genial bed. She, who was the admiration of all who beheld her while unmarried, was to bid adieu to the pleaſure of ſhining in the eyes of many, as ſoon as ſhe took

upon her the wedded condition. However, there was a feſtival of life allowed the new-married, a ſort of intermediate ſtate between celibacy and matrimony, which continued certain days. During that time, entertainments, equipages, and other circumſtances of rejoicing, were encouraged; and they were permitted to exceed the common mode of living, that the bride and bridegroom might learn from ſuch freedoms of converſation to run into a general conduct to each other, made out of their paſt and future ſtate, ſo to temper the cares of the man and the wife with the gaieties of the lover and the miſtreſs.

In thoſe wiſe ages the dignity of life was kept up, and on the celebration of ſuch ſolemnities there were no impertinent whiſpers, and ſenſeleſs interpretations put upon the unaffected cheerfulneſs or accidental ſerioufneſs of the bride; but men turned their thoughts upon the general reflections, on what iſſue might probably be expected from ſuch a couple in the ſucceeding courſe of their life, and felicitated them accordingly upon ſuch proſpects.

I muſt confeſs, I cannot from any ancient manuſcripts, ſculptures, or medals, deduce the riſe of our celebrated cuſtom of throwing the ſtocking; but have a faint memory of an account a friend gave me of an original picture in the palace of Aldobrandini in Rome. This ſeems to ſhew a ſenſe of this affair very different from what is uſual among us. It is a Grecian wedding; and the figures repreſented are a perſon offering ſacrifice, a beautiful damſel dancing,

and another playing on the harp. The bride is placed in her bed, the bridegroom ſits at the feet of it, with an aſpect which intimates, his thoughts were not only entertained with the joys with which he was ſurrounded; but alſo with a noble gratitude, and divine pleaſure in the offering, which was then made to the gods to invoke their influence on his new condition. There appears in the face of the woman a mixture of fear, hope, and modeſty; in the bridegroom a well-governed rapture. As you ſee in great ſpirits grief, which diſcovers itſelf the more by forbearing tears and complaints, you may obſerve alſo the higheſt joy is too big for utterance; the tongue being of all the organs the leaſt capable of expreſſing ſuch a circumſtance. The nuptial torch, the bower, the marriage ſong, are all particulars which we meet with in the alluſions of the ancient writers; and in every one of them ſomething is to be obſerved, which denotes their induſtry to aggrandize and adorn this occaſion above all others.

With us all order and decency in this point is perverted, by the inſipid mirth of certain animals we uſually call 'wags[s].' Theſe are a ſpecies of all men the moſt inſupportable. One cannot without ſome reflection ſay, whether their flat mirth provokes us more to pity or to ſcorn; but if one conſiders with how great affectation they utter their frigid conceits, commiſeration immediately changes itſelf into contempt.

[s] See N° 79.

A wag is the laſt order even of pretenders to wit and good humour. He has generally his mind prepared to receive ſome occaſion of merriment, but is of himſelf too empty to draw any out of his own ſet of thoughts; and therefore laughs at the next thing he meets, not becauſe it is ridiculous, but becauſe he is under a neceſſity of laughing. A wag is one that never in its life ſaw a beautiful object; but ſees what it does ſee in the moſt low and moſt inconſiderable light it can be placed. There is a certain ability neceſſary to behold what is amiable and worthy of our approbation, which little minds want, and attempt to hide by a general diſregard to every thing they behold above what they are able to reliſh. Hence it is, that a wag in an aſſembly is ever gueſſing how well ſuch a lady ſlept laſt night, and how much ſuch a young fellow is pleaſed with himſelf. The wag's gaiety conſiſts in a certain profeſſed ill-breeding, as if it were an excuſe for committing a fault, that a man knows he does ſo. Though all public places are full of perſons of this order; yet, becauſe I will not allow impertinence and affectation to get the better of native innocence and ſimplicity of manners, I have, in ſpite of ſuch little diſturbers of public entertainments, perſuaded my brother Tranquillus, and his wife my ſiſter Jenny, in favour of Mr. Wilks, to be at the play to-morrow evening.

They, as they have ſo much good ſenſe as to act naturally, without regard to the obſervation of others, will not, I hope, be diſcompoſed, if any of the fry of wags ſhould take upon them

to make themſelves merry upon the occaſion of their coming, as they intend, in their wedding clothes. My brother is a plain, worthy, and honeſt man; and as it is natural for men of that turn to be mightily taken with ſprightly and airy women, my ſiſter has a vivacity which may perhaps give hopes to impertinents, but will be eſteemed the effect of innocence among wiſe men. They deſign to ſit with me in the box, which the houſe have been ſo complaiſant as to offer me whenever I think fit to come thither in my public character [t].

I do not in the leaſt doubt, but the true figure of conjugal affection will appear in their looks and geſtures. My ſiſter does not affect to be gorgeous in her dreſs; and thinks the happineſs of a wife is more viſible in a cheerful look than gay apparel. It is a hard taſk to ſpeak of perſons ſo nearly related to one with decency; but I may ſay, all who ſhall be at the play will allow him to have the mien of a worthy Engliſh gentleman; her, that of a notable and deſerving wife [u].

[t] See N° 122. [u] N° 95, and N° 79.

N° 185. Thurſday, June 15, 1710.
STEELE.

Notitiam primoſque gradus vicinia fecit,
Tempore crevit amor, tædæ quoque jure coiſſent,
Sed vetuere patres. Quod non potuere vetare,
Ex æquo captis ardebant mentibus ambo.
OVID. de Pyr. et Thiſb. Met. iv. 59.

Their neighbourhood acquaintance early bred,
Acquaintance love, and love in time had led
The happy couple to the nuptial bed,
Their fathers ſtopt them. But in vain oppoſe
Their mutual paſſion, ſource of all their woes.

From my own Apartment, June 14.

As ſoon as I was up this morning, my man gave me the following letter; which, ſince it leads to a ſubject that may prove of common uſe to the world, I ſhall take notice of with as much expedition as my fair petitioner could deſire.

'Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

'SINCE you have ſo often declared yourſelf a patron of the diſtreſſed, I muſt acquaint you that I am daughter to a country gentleman of good ſenſe, and may expect three or four thouſand pounds for my fortune. I love and am beloved by Philander, a young gentleman who has an eſtate of five hundred pounds per annum, and is our next neighbour in the country every ſummer. My father, though he has been a long time acquainted with it, conſtantly refuſes to comply with our mutual inclinations: but

what moſt of all torments me is, that, if ever I ſpeak in commendation of my lover, he is much louder in his praiſes than myſelf; and profeſſes, that it is out of pure love and eſteem for Philander, as well as his daughter, that he can never conſent we ſhould marry each other; when, as he terms it, we may both do ſo much better. It muſt indeed be confeſſed, that two gentlemen of conſiderable fortunes made their addreſſes to me laſt winter, and Philander, as I have ſince learned, was offered a young heireſs with fifteen thouſand pounds; but it ſeems we could neither of us think that accepting thoſe matches would be doing better than remaining conſtant to our firſt paſſion. Your thoughts upon the whole may perhaps have ſome weight with my father, who is one of your admirers, as is your humble ſervant, SYLVIA.

'P. S. You are deſired to be ſpeedy, ſince my father daily preſſes me to accept of, what he calls, an advantageous offer.'

There is no calamity in life that falls heavier upon human nature than a diſappointment in love; eſpecially when it happens between two perſons whoſe hearts are mutually engaged to each other. It is this diſtreſs which has given occaſion to ſome of the fineſt tragedies that were ever written, and daily fills the world with melancholy, diſcontent, phrenzy, ſickneſs, deſpair, and death. I have often admired at the barbarity of parents, who ſo frequently interpoſe their authority in this grand article of life. I would

fain aſk Sylvia's father, whether he thinks he can beſtow a greater favour on his daughter than to put her in a way to live happily? Whether a man of Philander's character, with five hundred pounds per annum, is not more likely to contribute to that end, than many a young fellow whom he may have in his thoughts with ſo many thouſands? Whether he can make amends to his daughter by any increaſe of riches, for the loſs of that happineſs ſhe propoſes to herſelf in her Philander? Or, whether a father ſhould compound with his daughter to be miſerable, though ſhe were to get twenty thouſand pounds by the bargain? I ſuppoſe he would have her reflect with eſteem on his memory after his death: and does he think this a proper method to make her do ſo, when, as often as ſhe thinks on the loſs of her Philander, ſhe muſt at the ſame time remember him as the cruel cauſe of it? Any tranſient ill-humour is ſoon forgotten; but the reflection of ſuch a cruelty muſt continue to raiſe reſentments as long as life itſelf; and by this one piece of barbarity an indulgent father loſes the merit of all his paſt kindneſſes. It is not impoſſible but ſhe may deceive herſelf in the happineſs which ſhe propoſes from Philander; but as in ſuch a caſe ſhe can have no one to blame but herſelf, ſhe will bear the diſappointment with greater patience; but if ſhe never makes the experiment, however happier ſhe may be with another, ſhe will ſtill think ſhe might have been happier with Philander. There is a kind of ſympathy in ſouls, that fits them for each other; and we may be aſſured, when we ſee

two perſons engaged in the warmths of a mutual affection, that there are certain qualities in both their minds which bear a reſemblance to one another. A generous and conſtant paſſion in an agreeable lover, where there is not too great a diſparity in other circumſtances, is the greateſt bleſſing that can befal the perſon beloved; and, if overlooked in one, may perhaps never be found in another. I ſhall conclude this with a celebrated inſtance of a father's indulgence in this particular; which, though carried to an extravagance, hath ſomething in it ſo tender and amiable, as may juſtly reproach the harſhneſs of temper that is to be met with in many a Britiſh father.

Antiochus, a prince of great hopes, fell paſſionately in love with the young queen Stratonice, who was his mother-in-law, and had bore a ſon to the old king Seleucus his father. The prince, finding it impoſſible to extinguiſh his paſſion, fell ſick; and refuſed all manner of nouriſhment, being determined to put an end to that life which was become inſupportable.

Eraſiſtratus, the phyſician, ſoon found that love was his diſtemper; and obſerving the alteration in his pulſe and countenance whenſoever Stratonice made him a viſit, was ſoon ſatisfied that he was dying for his young mother-in-law. Knowing the old king's tenderneſs for his ſon, when he one morning inquired of his health, he told him, that the prince's diſtemper was love; but that it was incurable, becauſe it was impoſſible for him to poſſeſs the perſon whom he loved. The king, ſurpriſed at his account, deſired to

know how his ſon's paſſion could be incurable? 'Why, ſir,' replied Eraſiſtratus, 'becauſe he is in love with the perſon I am married to.'

The old king immediately conjured him, by all his paſt favours, to ſave the life of his ſon and ſucceſſor. 'Sir,' ſaid Eraſiſtratus, 'would your majeſty but fancy yourſelf in my place, you would ſee the unreaſonableneſs of what you deſire!' 'Heaven is my witneſs,' ſaid Seleucus, 'I could reſign even my Stratonice to ſave my Antiochus.' At this the tears ran down his cheeks; which when the phyſician ſaw, taking him by the hand, 'Sir,' ſays he, 'if theſe are your real ſentiments, the prince's life is out of danger; it is Stratonice for whom he dies.' Seleucus immediately gave orders for ſolemnizing the marriage; and the young queen, to ſhew her obedience, very graciouſly exchanged the father for the ſon.

N° 186. Saturday, June 17, 1710.
STEELE.

——— *Emitur ſolâ virtute poteſtas.* CLAUD.

Virtue alone ennobles human kind,
And power ſhould on her glorious foot-ſteps wait.
R. WYNNE.

Sheer-lane, June 16.

As it has been the endeavour of theſe our labours to extirpate, from among the polite or buſy part of mankind, all ſuch as are either

prejudicial or inſignificant to ſociety; ſo it ought to be no leſs our ſtudy to ſupply the havoc we have made, by an exact care of the growing generation. But when we begin to inculcate proper precepts to the children of this iſland, except we could take them out of their nurſes arms, we ſee an amendment is almoſt impracticable; for we find the whole ſpecies of our youth, and grown men, is incorrigibly prepoſſeſſed with vanity, pride, or ambition, according to the reſpective purſuits to which they turn themſelves; by which means the world is infatuated with the love of appearances inſtead of things. Thus the vain man takes praiſe for honour; the proud man ceremony for reſpect; the ambitious man, power for glory. Theſe three characters are indeed of very near reſemblance, but differently received by mankind. Vanity makes men ridiculous; pride, odious; and ambition, terrible. The foundation of all which is, that they are grounded upon falſehood: for if men, inſtead of ſtudying to appear conſiderable, were in their own hearts poſſeſſors of the requiſites for eſteem, the acceptance they otherwiſe unfortunately aim at would be as inſeparable from them, as approbation is from truth itſelf. By this means they would have ſome rule to walk by; and they may ever be aſſured, that a good cauſe of action will certainly receive a ſuitable effect. It may be an uſeful hint in ſuch caſes for a man to aſk of himſelf, whether he really is what he has a mind to be thought? If he is, he need not give himſelf much further anxiety. What will the world ſay? is the common queſtion in matters

of difficulty; as if the terror lay wholly in the ſenſe which others, and not we ourſelves, ſhall have of our actions. From this one ſource ariſe all the impoſtors in every art and profeſſion, in all places, among all perſons, in converſation, as well as in buſineſs. Hence it is, that a vain fellow takes twice as much pains to be ridiculous as would make him ſincerely agreeable.

Can any one be better faſhioned, better bred, or has any one more good-nature, than Damaſippus? But the whole ſcope of his looks and actions tends ſo immediately to gain the good opinion of all he converſes with, that he loſes it for that only reaſon. As it is the nature of vanity to impoſe falſe ſhews for truth, ſo does it alſo turn real poſſeſſions into imaginary ones. Damaſippus, by aſſuming to himſelf what he has not, robs himſelf of what he has.

There is nothing more neceſſary to eſtabliſh reputation, than to ſuſpend the enjoyment of it. He that cannot bear the ſenſe of merit with ſilence, muſt of neceſſity deſtroy it: for fame being the general miſtreſs of mankind, whoever gives it to himſelf inſults all to whom he relates any circumſtances to his own advantage. He is conſidered as an open raviſher of that beauty, for whom all others pine in ſilence. But ſome minds are ſo incapable of any temperance in this particular, that on every ſecond in their diſcourſe, you may obſerve an earneſtneſs in their eyes, which ſhews they wait for your approbation; and perhaps the next inſtant caſt an eye on a glaſs, to ſee how they like themſelves. Walking the other day in a neighbouring inn

of court, I ſaw a more happy and more graceful orator than I ever before had heard or read of. A youth of about nineteen years of age was in an Indian night-gown and laced cap, pleading a cauſe before a glaſs. The young fellow had a very good air, and ſeemed to hold his brief in his hand rather to help his action, than that he wanted notes for his further information. When I firſt began to obſerve him, I feared he would ſoon be alarmed; but he was ſo zealous for his client, and ſo favourably received by the court, that he went on with great fluency to inform the bench, that he humbly hoped they would not let the merit of the cauſe ſuffer by the youth and inexperience of the pleader; that in all things he ſubmitted to their candor; and modeſtly deſired they would not conclude, but that ſtrength of argument, and force of reaſon, may be conſiſtent with grace of action, and comelineſs of perſon.

To me (who ſee people every day in the midſt of crowds, whomſoever they ſeem to addreſs to, talk only to themſelves, and of themſelves) this orator was not ſo extravagant a man as perhaps another would have thought him: but I took part in his ſucceſs, and was very glad to find he had in his favour judgment and coſts, without any manner of oppoſition.

The effects of pride and vanity are of conſequence only to the proud and vain; and tend to no further ill than what is perſonal to themſelves, in preventing their progreſs in any thing that is worthy and laudable, and creating envy inſtead of emulation of ſuperior virtue. Theſe ill qua-

lities are to be found only in ſuch as have ſo little minds, as to circumſcribe their thoughts and deſigns within what properly relates to the value, which they think due to their dear and amiable ſelves: but ambition, which is the third great impediment to honour and virtue, is a fault of ſuch as think themſelves born for moving in an higher orb, and prefer being powerful and miſchievous to being virtuous and obſcure. The parent of this miſchief in life, ſo far as to regulate it into ſchemes, and make it poſſeſs a man's whole heart without his believing himſelf a dæmon, was Machiavel [x]. He firſt taught, that a man muſt neceſſarily appear weak to be honeſt. Hence it gains upon the imagination, that a great is not ſo deſpicable as a little villain; and men are inſenſibly led to a belief, that the aggravation of crimes is the diminution of them. Hence the impiety of thinking one thing and ſpeaking another. In purſuance of this empty and unſatisfying dream, to betray, to undermine, to kill in themſelves all natural ſentiments of love to friends or country, is the willing practice of ſuch as are thirſty of power for any other reaſon, than that of being uſeful and acceptable to mankind.

ADVERTISEMENT.

'Whereas Mr. Bickerſtaff has lately received a letter out of Ireland, dated June the ninth, importing, that he is grown very dull, for the

[x] See N° 123, and N° 214, note on Cardan.

poſtage of which Mr. Morphew charges one ſhilling; and another without date of place or time, for which he, the ſaid Morphew, charges two-pence: it is deſired that, for the future, his courteous and uncourteous readers will go a little further in expreſſing their good and ill-will, and pay for the carriage of their letters; otherwiſe the intended pleaſure or pain, which is deſigned for Mr. Bickerſtaff, will be wholly diſappointed [y].'

[y] See N° 164, note on poſtage.

*** Adv. 'Upon the death of a learned clergyman in Suſſex, about five years ago, there was taken out of his ſtudy, among other things [as yet unknown by whom] a very ancient Eng. MS. entitled The Whole Body of the Catholic Religion, by one Father Bennet, a Monk,' £. 20 offered for the delivery of it entire to Mr. Keble, bookſeller, in Weſtminſter-hall. Brit. Apollo, Feb. 27, 1708.

N° 187. Saturday, June 20, 1710.
STEELE.

——— *Pudet hæc opprobria nobis*
Et dici potuiſſe, et non potuiſſe refelli.
OVID. Met. ii. 759.

To hear an open ſlander is a curſe:
But not to find an anſwer is a worſe. DRYDEN.

From my own Apartment, June 19.

PASQUIN OF ROME TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF OF LONDON.

'HIS holineſs is gone to Caſtel Gandolpho, much diſcompoſed at ſome late accounts from the miſſionaries in your iſland: for a committee of cardinals, which lately ſat for the reviving the force of ſome obſolete doctrines, and drawing up amendments to certain points of faith, have repreſented the church of Rome to be in great danger, from a treatiſe written by a learned Engliſhman; which carries ſpiritual power much higher than we could have dared to have attempted even here. His book is called, An Epiſtolary Diſcourſe, proving from the Scriptures, and the firſt Fathers, that the Soul is a principle naturally mortal. Wherein is proved, that none have the power of giving this divine immortalizing Spirit, ſince the Apoſtles, but the Biſhops. By Henry Dodwell, M. A. [z] The

[z] See N° 118, note on Dodwell.

aſſertion appeared to our literati ſo ſhort and effectual a method of ſubjecting the laity, that it is feared auricular confeſſion and abſolution will not be capable of keeping the clergy of Rome in any degree of greatneſs, in competition with ſuch teachers, whoſe flocks ſhall receive this opinion. What gives the greater jealouſy here is, that in the catalogue of treatiſes which have been lately burnt within the Britiſh territories, there is no mention made of this learned work; which circumſtance is a ſort of implication, that the tenet is not held erroneous, but that the doctrine is received among you as orthodox. The youth of this place are very much divided in opinion, whether a very memorable quotation which the author repeats out of Tertullian, be not rather of the ſtyle and manner of Meurſius? *In illo ipſo voluptatis ultimæ æſtu, quo genitale virus expellitur, nonne aliquid de animâ quoque ſentimus exire, atque adeo marceſcimus et devigeſcimus cum lucis detrimento?* This piece of Latin goes no farther than to tell us how our fathers begot us; ſo that we are ſtill at a loſs how we afterwards commence eternal; for *creando infunditur, et infundendo creatur*, which is mentioned ſoon after, may allude only to fleſh and blood, as well as the former. Your readers in this city, ſome of whom have very much approved the warmth with which you have attacked freethinkers, atheiſts, and other enemies to religion and virtue, are very much diſturbed, that you have given them no account of this remarkable diſſertation. I am employed by them to deſire you would, with all poſſible expedition,

ſend me over the ceremony of the creation of ſouls, as well as a liſt of all the mortal and immortal men within the dominions of Great Britain. When you have done me this favour, I muſt trouble you for other tokens of your kindneſs; and particularly I deſire you would let me have the religious handkerchief [a], which is of late ſo much worn in England, for I have promiſed to make a preſent of it to a courteſan of a French miniſter.

'Letters from the frontiers of France inform us, that a young gentleman [b], who was to have been created a cardinal on the next promotion, has put off his deſign of coming to Rome ſo ſoon as was intended; having, as it is ſaid, received letters from Great Britain, wherein ſeveral virtuoſi of that iſland have deſired him to ſuſpend his reſolutions towards a monaſtic life, until the Britiſh grammarians ſhall publiſh their explication of the words "indefeazable" and "revolution." According as theſe two hard terms are made to fit the mouths of the people, this gentleman takes his meaſures for his journey hither.

'Your new Bedlam has been read and conſidered by ſome of your countrymen among us; and one gentleman, who is now here as a traveller, ſays, your deſign is impracticable; for that there can be no place large enough to contain the number of your lunatics. He adviſes

[a] Handkerchiefs printed with repreſentations of Dr. Sacheverell.

[b] The pretender.

you therefore to name the ambient ſea for the boundary of your hoſpital. If what he ſays be true, I do not ſee how you can think of any other incloſure: for, according to his diſcourſe, the whole people are taken with a vertigo; great and proper actions are received with coldneſs and diſcontent; ill-news hoped for with impatience; heroes in your ſervice are treated with calumny, while criminals paſs through your towns with acclamations [c].

'This Engliſhman went on to ſay, you ſeemed at preſent to flag under a ſatiety of ſucceſs, as if you wanted misfortune as a neceſſary viciſſitude. Yet, alas! though men have but a cold reliſh of proſperity, quick is the anguiſh of the contrary fortune. He proceeded to make compariſons of times, ſeaſons, and great incidents. After which he grew too learned for my underſtanding, and talked of Hanno the Carthaginian [d], and his irreconcileable hatred to the glorious commander Hannibal. "Hannibal," ſaid he, "was able to march to Rome itſelf, and brought that ambitious people,

[c] Dr. Sacheverell, whilſt under the ſentence that ſuſpended him from preaching, made a ſort of triumphal journey, and was received into ſome towns with ringing of bells, and other demonſtrations of welcome approbation.

[d] John Smith, corn-cutter, and operator for the toes, in a real or fictitious letter to his much-eſteemed friend Mr. Jacob Kit Cat [Tonſon] writes, or is ſuppoſed to write, in the following words, Examiner, Vol. iv. N° 37. 'Politics belonged only to me and the upholſterer; for, if you remember, our author [Steele], for offering once to ſet matters upon a right foot between Hanno and Hannibal, was voted an invader of the rights and privileges of the upholſterer and corn-cutter.' See N° 190.

who deſigned no leſs than the empire of the world, to ſue for peace in the moſt abject and ſervile manner; when faction at home detracted from the glory of his actions, and after many artifices, at laſt prevailed with the ſenate to recal him from the midſt of his victories, in the very inſtant when he was to reap the benefit of all his toils, by reducing the then common enemy of all nations which had liberty, to reaſon. When Hannibal heard the meſſage of the Carthaginian ſenators, who were ſent to recal him, he was moved with a generous and diſdainful ſorrow; and is reported to have ſaid, 'Hannibal then muſt be conquered, not by the arms of the Romans, whom he has often put to flight, but by the envy and detraction of his countrymen. Nor ſhall Scipio triumph ſo much in his fall, as Hanno, who will ſmile to have purchaſed the ruin of Hannibal, though attended with the fall of Carthage [e].'

'I am, Sir, &c.

PASQUIN.'

Will's Coffee-houſe, June 19.

THERE is a ſenſible ſatisfaction in obſerving the countenance and action of the people on ſome occaſions. To gratify myſelf in this plea-

[e] The concluſion of Paſquin's letter alludes to the following allegorical piece, the publication of which was juſt then recent: The Hiſtory of Hannibal and Hanno, &c. collected from the beſt Authors, by A. M. Eſq. It is reprinted in The Life and Poſthumous Writings of its author, Arthur Maynwaring, Eſq. Lond. 1715, 8vo. See N° 190. lett. 1.

ſure, I came hither with all ſpeed this evening with an account of the ſurrender of Douay. As ſoon as the Battle-critics[f] heard it, they immediately drew ſome comfort, in that it muſt have coſt us a great number of men. Others were ſo negligent of the glory of their country, that they went on in their diſcourſe on the full houſe which is to be at Othello on Thurſday, and the curioſity they ſhould go with, to ſee Wilks[g] play a part ſo very different from what he had ever before appeared in, together with the expectation that was raiſed in the gay part of the town on that occaſion.

This univerſal indolence and inattention among us to things that concern the public, made me look back with the higheſt reverence on the glorious inſtances in antiquity, of a contrary behaviour in the like circumſtances. Harry Engliſh, upon obſerving the room ſo little rouſed on the news, fell into the ſame way of thinking. 'How unlike,' ſaid he, 'Mr. Bickerſtaff, are we to the old Romans! There was not a ſubject of their ſtate but thought himſelf as much concerned in the honour of his country, as the firſt officer of the commonwealth. How do I admire the meſſenger, who ran with a thorn in his foot to tell the news of a victory to the ſenate! He had not leiſure for his private pain, until he

[f] See N° 65.

[g] See C. Cibber's Apology for his own Life, 4th edit. 2 vols. 12mo. 1756, vol. ii. p. 36 and 37. Wilks died in Sept. 1731. See Cibber's Apology, &c. *ut ſupra*, vol. i. p. 117, p. 172, *et paſſim*, Wilks's character as an actor, &c. See alſo Spect. N° 182.

had expreſſed his public joy; nor could he ſuffer as a man, until he had triumphed as a Roman.'

N° 188. Thurſday, June 22, 1710.
STEELE.

Quæ regio in terris noſtri non plena laboris?

VIRG. Æn. i. 464.

What clime, what region, ſo remote and ſtrange,
Where theſe our labours are not known?

R. WYNNE.

From my own Apartment, June 21.

I WAS this morning looking over my letters, that I have lately received from my ſeveral correſpondents; ſome of which, referring to my late papers, I have laid aſide, with an intent to give my reader a ſight of them. The firſt criticiſes upon my green-houſe, and is as follows:

South Wales, June 7.

'Mr. BICKERSTAFF,

'THIS letter comes to you from my orangery, which I intend to reform as much as I can, according to your ingenious model; and ſhall only beg of you to communicate to me your ſecret of preſerving graſs-plots in a covered room [h]; for in the climate where my country-ſeat lies, they require rain and dews as well as

[h] See N° 179, and note.

ſun and freſh air, and cannot live upon ſuch fine food as your "ſifted weather." I muſt likewiſe deſire you to write over your green-houſe the following motto:

"*Hic ver perpetuum, atque alienis menſibus æſtas.*"

"Here vernal bloom, and ſummer's genial warmth,
Reign all the year———" R. WYNNE.

'Inſtead of your

"*O! quis me gelidis ſub montibus Hæmi*
Siſtat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra?"
VIRG. Geor. ii. 448.

"Some god convey me to the cooling ſhades
Of dewy Hæmus!———" R. WYNNE.

'Which, under favour, is the panting of one in ſummer after cool ſhades, and not of one in winter after a ſummer-houſe. The reſt of your plan is very beautiful; and that your friend, who has ſo well deſcribed it, may enjoy it many winters, is the hearty wiſh of

His and yours unknown, &c.[i].'

This overſight of a graſs-plot in my friend's green-houſe puts me in mind of a like inconſiſtency in a celebrated picture where Moſes is repreſented as ſtriking a rock, and the children of Iſrael quenching their thirſt at the waters that flow from it, and run through a beautiful landſcape of groves and meadows, which could

[i] See N° 203, lett. 2.

not flouriſh in a place where water was to have been found only by a miracle.

The next letter comes to me from a Kentiſh yeoman, who is very angry with me for my advice to parents, occaſioned by the amours of Sylvia and Philander, as related in my paper, N° 185.

'SQUIRE BICKERSTAFF,

'I DO not know by what chance one of your Tatlers is got into my family, and has almoſt turned the brains of my eldeſt daughter Winifred; who has been ſo undutiful as to fall in love of her own head, and tells me a fooliſh heathen ſtory that ſhe has read in your paper, to perſuade me to give my conſent. I am too wiſe to let children have their own wills in a buſineſs like marriage. It is a matter in which neither I myſelf, nor any of my kindred, were ever humoured. My wife and I never pretended to love one another like your Sylvias and Philanders; and yet if you ſaw our fire-ſide, you would be ſatisfied we are not always a ſquabbling. For my part, I think that where man and woman come together by their own good liking, there is ſo much fondling and fooling, that it hinders young people from minding their buſineſs. I muſt therefore deſire you to change your note; and, inſtead of adviſing us old folks, who perhaps have more wit than yourſelf, to let Sylvia know that ſhe ought to act like a dutiful daughter, and marry the man that ſhe does not care for. Our great grandmothers were all bid

to marry firſt, and love would come afterwards; and I do not ſee why their daughters ſhould follow their own inventions. I am reſolved Winifred ſhall not.

Yours, &c.'

This letter is a natural picture of ordinary contracts, and of the ſentiments of thoſe minds that lie under a kind of intellectual ruſticity. This trifling occaſion made me run over in my imagination the many ſcenes I have obſerved of the married condition, wherein the quinteſſence of pleaſure and pain are repreſented, as they accompany that ſtate, and no other. It is certain, there are many thouſands like the above-mentioned yeoman and his wife, who are never highly pleaſed or diſtaſted in their whole lives. But when we conſider the more informed part of mankind, and look upon their behaviour, it then appears that very little of their time is indifferent, but generally ſpent in the moſt anxious vexation, or the higheſt ſatisfaction. Shakſpeare has admirably repreſented both the aſpects of this ſtate in the moſt excellent tragedy of Othello. In the character of Deſdemona he runs through all the ſentiments of a virtuous maid and a tender wife. She is captivated by his virtue, and faithful to him as well from that motive as regard to her own honour. Othello is a great and noble ſpirit, miſled by the villany of a falſe friend to ſuſpect her innocence, and reſents it accordingly. When, after the many inſtances of paſſion, the wife is told the huſband is jealous, her ſimplicity makes her incapable

of believing it, and ſay, after ſuch circumſtances as would drive another woman into diſtraction,

'——I think the ſun where he was born
Drew all ſuch humours from him.'

This opinion of him is ſo juſt, that his noble and tender heart beats itſelf to pieces, before he can affront her with the mention of his jealouſy; and he owns this ſuſpicion has blotted out all the ſenſe of glory and happineſs which before it was poſſeſſed with, when he laments himſelf in the warm alluſions of a mind accuſtomed to entertainments ſo very different from the pangs of jealouſy and revenge. How moving is his ſorrow, when he cries out as follows:

'I had been happy, if the gen'ral camp,
Pioneers and all, had taſted her ſweet body,
So I had nothing known. O now! for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind! farewel content!
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big wars
That make ambition virtue! Oh farewel!
Farewel the neighing ſteed, and the ſhrill trump,
The ſpirit-ſtirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumſtance, of glorious war!
And, oh ye mortal engines! whoſe rude throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! Othello's occupation's gone.'

I believe I may venture to ſay there is not in any other part of Shakſpeare's works more ſtrong and lively pictures of nature than in this. I ſhall therefore ſteal incognito to ſee it, out of curioſity to obſerve how Wilks and Cibber touch

thoſe places, where Betterton and Sandford [k] ſo very highly excelled. But now I am got into diſcourſe of acting, with which I am ſo pro-

[k] See N° 134, and Examiner, vol. iv. N° 11, in folio, where lord Wharton is compared to Sandford. Whether Swift was or was not the author of the ſevere cenſure on lord Wharton, referred to in the Examiner, he certainly has recorded his perfect hatred to this nobleman under the ſame odious appellation of Verres in the firſt volume of The Examiner, N° 15, and N° 18, and moſt avowedly in his other writings.

Lord Wharton's character appears to have been in too many reſpects abominable; but Swift's abomination is expreſſed in ſo marked and virulent a manner, both in proſe and verſe, that it requires ſome explanation. The reader will not perhaps be diſpleaſed to find here a curious and authentic account of it, on the reſpectable authority and in the very words of Dr. Samuel Salter, late maſter of the Charter-houſe, recorded by Mr. Nichols in A Supplement to Swift's Works, vol. i. p. 258, 259, cr. 8vo. 1779.

'Lord Somers recommended Swift at his own very earneſt requeſt to lord Wharton, when that earl went lord lieutenant to Ireland in 1708, but without ſucceſs; and the anſwer Wharton is ſaid to have given, was never forgotten or forgiven by Swift; but ſeems to have laid the foundation of that peculiar rancour with which he always mentions lord Wharton. I ſaw and read two letters of Jonathan Swift, then prebendary of St. Patrick's, Dublin, to lord Somers: the firſt earneſtly intreating this favour, pleading his poverty, and profeſſing the moſt unalterable attachment to his lordſhip's perſon, friends, and cauſe; the ſecond acknowledging lord Somer's kindneſs, in having recommended him; and concluding with the like ſolemn profeſſions, not more than a year before Swift deſerted lord Somers and all his friends, writing avowedly on the contrary ſide, and (as he boaſts himſelf) libelling all the junto round. I ſaw alſo the very letters which lord Somers wrote to lord Wharton, in which Swift is very heartily and warmly recommended; and I well remember the ſhort and very ſmart anſwer lord Wharton is ſaid to have given; which, as I have obſerved, Swift never forgave or forgot; it was to this purpoſe: "Oh, my lord, we muſt not prefer or countenance theſe fellows; we have not character enough ourſelves."

feſſedly pleaſed, I ſhall conclude this paper with a note I have juſt received from the two ingenious friends, Mr. Penkethman and Mr. Bullock.

Lord Wharton's remarkable words allude, not only to the odium Swift had contracted as the known or ſuppoſed author of the Tale of a Tub, &c. but they ſeem to point more particularly to a flagrant part of his early criminalty at Kilroot, not ſo generally known. In conſequence of an attempt to raviſh one of his pariſhioners, a farmer's daughter, Swift was carried before a magiſtrate of the name of Dobbs, (in whoſe family the examinations taken on the occaſion are ſaid to be ſtill extant at this day) and to avoid the very ſerious conſequences of this raſh action, immediately reſigned the prebend, and quitted the kingdom. This intelligence was communicated, and vouched as a fact well known in the pariſh even now, by one of Swift's ſucceſſors in the living, and is reſted on the authority of the preſent prebendary of Kilroot, Feb. 6, 1785.

It might be wrong to cloſe the note without adding the following remarks.

The chaplaincy here ſpoken of was conferred on Dr. Lambert, by the intereſt of archbiſhop Teniſon and other biſhops, who expreſsly interpoſed and ſolicited in a body on this occaſion. 1. Swift mentions this himſelf; 2. he mentions likewiſe lord Somers's letters to lord Wharton; 3. he ſignifies his expectation of the chaplainſhip; 4. he ſeems diſpleaſed at the preference given to Dr. Lambert; 5. archbiſhop King, in 1708, a little before the date of this tranſaction, charges Swift with artifice in attempting to paſs himſelf for a whig; 6. Swift expreſsly affirms to archbiſhop King, that he made no application for this chaplaincy; 7. he poſitively denies to Dr. Sterne his having made any manner of application; 8. he calls lord Somers 'a falſe deceitful raſcal,' and groſsly abuſes him in the Examiner.

Theſe remarks being made, the reader is left to form his own judgment the beſt way he can, of Swift's ſincerity, veracity, and gratitude, in the caſes in queſtion.

For the evidences of theſe eight points, in the order abovementioned, ſee Swift's Works, crown 8vo. [1.] vol. xiv. p. 48; [2.] vol. xxii. p. 4; [3.] vol. xiv. p. 44; [4.] vol. xix. p. 25; [5.] vol. xix. p. 27; [6.] vol. xiv. p. 49, and vol. xix. p. 21; [7.] vol. xix. p. 25; [8.] vol. xxii. p. 145; and Examiner, Vol. i. N° 27.

'SIR,

'FINDING by your paper, N° 182, that you are drawing parallels between the greateſt actors of the age; as you have already begun with Mr. Wilks and Mr. Cibber, we deſire you would do the ſame juſtice to your humble ſervants,

'WM. BULLOCK and WM. PENKETHMAN.'

For the information of poſterity, I ſhall comply with this letter, and ſet theſe two great men in ſuch a light as Salluſt has placed his Cato and Cæſar.

Mr. William Bullock and Mr. William Penkethman are of the ſame age, profeſſion, and ſex. They both diſtinguiſh themſelves in a very particular manner under the diſcipline of the crab-tree, with this only difference, that Mr. Bullock has the more agreeable ſquall, and Mr. Penkethman the more graceful ſhrug. Penkethman devours a cold chick with great applauſe; Bullock's talent lies chiefly in aſparagus. Penkethman is very dexterous at conveying himſelf under a table; Bullock is no leſs active at jumping over a ſtick. Mr. Penkethman has a great deal of money; but Mr. Bullock is the taller man [1].

[1] See Tatler, N° 4, N° 7; and Spectator, N° 44. Notes on Penkethman and Bullock. See alſo C. Cibber's Apology for his own Life, *ut ſupra*, vol. i. p. 112, *et paſſim*. The book here referred to contains the beſt account of the ſtage, during the period to which it relates.

N° 189. Saturday, June 24, 1710.
STEELE [m].

Eſt in juvencis, eſt in equis patrum
Virtus; nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.

HOR. 4. Od. iv. 30.

In ſteers laborious, and in generous ſteeds
We trace their ſires, nor can the bird of Jove
Intrepid, fierce, beget th' unwarlike dove.

FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, June 23.

HAVING lately turned my thoughts upon the conſiderations of the behaviour of parents to children in the great affair of marriage, I took much delight in turning over a bundle of letters, which a gentleman's ſteward in the country had ſent me ſome time ago. This parcel is a collection of letters written by the children of the family, to which he belongs, to their father; and contains all the little paſſages of their lives, and the new ideas they received as their years advanced. There is in them an account of their diverſions as well as their exerciſes; and what I thought very remarkable is, that two ſons of the family, who now make conſiderable figures in the world, gave omens of that ſort of character which they now bear, in the firſt rudi-

[m] This paper is aſcribed to Steele, but probably Addiſon was concerned in this, the preceding, and the two following numbers, which ſeem to have been communicated to Steele, under an injunction of ſecrecy and concealment. See Ded. of the Drummer to Mr. Congreve, 12mo.

ments of thought which they ſhew in their letters. Were one to point out a method of education, one could not, methinks, frame one more pleaſing or improving than this; where the children get an habit of communicating their thoughts and inclinations to their beſt friend with ſo much freedom, that he can form ſchemes for their future life and conduct from an obſervation of their tempers; and by that means be early enough in chooſing their way of life, to make them forward in ſome art or ſcience at an age when others have not determined what profeſſion to follow. As to the perſons concerned in this packet I am ſpeaking of, they have given great proofs of the force of this conduct of their father in the effect it has upon their lives and manners. The elder, who is a ſcholar, ſhewed from his infancy a propenſity to polite ſtudies, and has made a ſuitable progreſs in literature; but his learning is ſo well woven into his mind, that, from the impreſſion of it, he ſeems rather to have contracted an habit of life than manner of diſcourſe. To his books he ſeems to owe a good œconomy in his affairs, and a complacency in his manners, though in others that way of education has commonly a quite different effect. The epiſtles of the other ſon are full of accounts of what he thought moſt remarkable in his reading. He ſends his father for news the laſt remarkable ſtory he had read. I obſerve he is particularly touched with the conduct of Codrus, who plotted his own death, becauſe the oracle had ſaid, if he were not killed the enemy ſhould prevail over his country. Many other incidents

in his little letters give omens of a ſoul capable of generous undertakings; and what makes it the more particular is, that this gentleman had, in the preſent war, the honour and happineſs of doing an action, for which only it was worth coming into the world [n]. Their father is the moſt intimate friend they have; and they always conſult him rather than any other, when any error has happened in their conduct through youth and inadvertency. The behaviour of this gentleman to his ſons made his life paſs away with the pleaſures of a ſecond youth; for as the vexations which men receive from their children haſten the approach of age, and double the force of years; ſo the comforts, which they reap from them, are balm to all other ſorrows, and diſappoint the injuries of time. Parents of children repeat their lives in their offspring; and their concern for them is ſo near, that they feel all their ſufferings and enjoyments as much as if they regarded their own proper perſons. But it is generally ſo far otherwiſe, that the common race of eſquires in this kingdom uſe their ſons as perſons that are waiting only for their funerals, and ſpies upon their health and happineſs; as indeed they are, by their own making them ſuch. In caſes where a man takes the liberty after this manner to reprehend others, it is commonly ſaid, let him look at home. I am ſorry to own it; but there is one branch of the houſe of the Bickerſtaffs, who have been as erroneous

[n] Concerning theſe brothers, who ſeem to have been men of ſome figure, and whoſe father appears to have been alive at the date of this paper, any information would be very acceptable.

in their conduct this way as any other family whatſoever. The head of this branch is now in town, and has brought up with him his ſon and daughter, who are all the children he has, in order to be put ſome way into the world, and ſee faſhions. They are both very ill-bred cubs; and having lived together from their infancy, without knowledge of the diſtinctions and decencies that are proper to be paid to each other's ſex, they ſquabble like two brothers. The father is one of thoſe who knows no better than that all pleaſure is debauchery, and imagines, when he ſees a man become his eſtate, that he will certainly ſpend it. This branch are a people who never had among them one man eminent either for good or ill; however, have all along kept their heads juſt above water, not by a prudent and regular œconomy, but by expedients in the matches they have made into their houſe. When one of the family has, in the purſuit of foxes, and in the entertainment of clowns, run out the third part of the value of his eſtate, ſuch a ſpendthrift has dreſſed up his eldeſt ſon, and married what they call a good fortune; who has ſupported the father as a tyrant over them, during his life, in the ſame houſe or neighbourhood. The ſon in ſucceſſion has juſt taken the ſame method to keep up his dignity, until the mortgages he has ate and drunk himſelf into, have reduced him to the neceſſity of ſacrificing his ſon alſo, in imitation of his progenitor. This had been, for many generations, the whole that had happened in the family of Sam Bickerſtaff, until the time of my preſent couſin Samuel, the

father of the young people we have juſt now ſpoken of.

Samuel Bickerſtaff, eſquire, is ſo happy as that, by ſeveral legacies from diſtant relations, deaths of maiden ſiſters, and other inſtances of good fortune, he has, beſides his real eſtate, a great ſum of ready money. His ſon at the ſame time knows he has a good fortune, which the father cannot alienate; though he ſtrives to make him believe he depends only on his will for maintenance. Tom is now in his nineteenth year, Mrs. Mary in her fifteenth °. Couſin Samuel, who underſtands no one point of good behaviour as it regards all the reſt of the world, is an exact critic in the dreſs, the motion, the looks, and the geſtures of his children. What adds to their miſery is, that he is exceſſively fond of them, and the greateſt part of their time is ſpent in the preſence of this nice obſerver. Their life is one continued conſtraint. The girl never turns her head, but ſhe is warned not to follow the proud minxes of the town. The boy is not to turn fop, or be quarrelſome; at the ſame time not to take an affront. I had the good fortune to dine with him to-day, and heard his fatherly table-talk as we ſat at dinner, which, if my memory does not fail me, for the benefit of the world, I ſhall ſet down as he ſpoke it; which was much as follows, and may be of great uſe to thoſe parents who ſeem to make it a rule, that their children's turn to enjoy the world is not to commence until they themſelves have left it.

° See N° 10, note 1; and N° 13, note.

'Now, Tom, I have bought you chambers in the inns of court [p]. I allow you to take a walk once or twice a day round the garden. If you mind your buſineſs, you need not ſtudy to be as great a lawyer as Coke upon Littleton. I have that that will keep you; but be ſure you keep an exact account of your linen. Write down what you give out to your laundreſs, and what ſhe brings home again. Go as little as poſſible to the other end of the town; but if you do, come home early. I believe I was as ſharp as you for your ears; and I had my hat ſnatched off my head coming home late at a ſtop by St. Clement's church, and I do not know from that day to this who took it. I do not care if you learn to fence a little; for I would not have you be made a fool of. Let me have an account of every thing, every poſt; I am willing to be at that charge, and I think you need not ſpare your pains. As for you, daughter Molly, do not mind one word that is ſaid to you in London; for it is only for your money [q].'

[p] Sir Richard Lloyd uſed to ſay this to his ſon. A.

[q] The latter part of this paper ſeems to glance at Dr. Gilbert Budgell, and his unfortunate ſon Euſtace, 'the man,' ſaid Addiſon, 'who calls me couſin.' See Grand Magazine, vol. i. p. 381. *et ſeq.* and Shiels's Lives of the Poets, &c. vol. v. edit. 1723, 12mo.

N. B. Be this conjecture as it may, Mr. E. Budgell was certainly of the houſe of Bickerſtaff, ſeveral branches of which are hitherto unknown. Memoirs of this family are requeſted, and will be very acceptable; and all intelligence relative to the writers or ſubjects of theſe papers ſhall be properly attended to, if directed, poſt paid, to Mr. Deputy Nichols, printer, in Red-lion-paſſage, Fleet-ſtreet.

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END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.